

"Octoich," printed in Tzetyinyé A.D. 1493, occupies a conspicuous place. The Montenegrines have legitimate cause for pride, since they are able to say that not only a long time before the Russians knew what a printing-press was, but a long time before the first book was printed in England, they in their rocky mountains had printing-presses, and issued printed books. It is most praiseworthy that they should hold a national festival to honour the memories of their Prince George Tzrnoyevich (who brought the first printing-press and letters from Venice) and of their first printer, the monk Makariyé. Oxford has done a good and graceful thing in sending a special delegate to congratulate the Prince and the people of Montenegro; and we have no doubt that all those Englishmen and Englishwomen who admired the courage with which the Montenegrines fought for freedom, heartily sympathise now with them in their demonstrations of respect for the art which has been associated with all modern struggles for liberty and progress.

THE opportunities which the last oppositions of our two nearest major planets, Mars and Jupiter, afforded were by no means lost sight of, and we have learnt much both with respect to the planets themselves and to their satellites. In an earlier note we have referred to the observations made on the appearance of the Martian surface, so we will confine ourselves here to those made on Jupiter and his moons. The observations of his surface have not led us to anything of more than ordinary interest, but it is otherwise with those of his satellites. Professor E. E. Barnard's important discovery last year of the tiny little orb that has all this time been revolving round the primary, and only now seen with the help of an experienced eye and the fine Lick refractor, must first be mentioned. This satellite, which does not show a round disc, but one very flattened at the poles, revolves at a mean distance of about 112,000 miles from its primary, accomplishing this revolution in a little less than twelve hours. No less important, but not so popularly recognised, are the observations that Professor Pickering, in the clear skies of Arequipa, in Peru, has been making with reference to the other four satellites. The third, the largest and most easily observed of the group, is in the form of an oblate spheroid, and its period of rotation, or the time that it takes to turn once round its axis, is equal to the time it takes to accomplish one journey round Jupiter himself. The first satellite, besides having a very small density and an elongated shape, has a retrograde motion of rotation, and appears round in form about every six hours. The other satellites are found also to assume at regular intervals different forms in the appearance of their discs.

MR. C. G. EDMONDES, the Archdeacon of St. David's and late Principal of Lampeter College, was a man of remarkable natural gifts who won a great youthful reputation at Oxford, and must have attained high distinction in literature but for his modesty and the want of ambition in his temper. He was, however, widely known and respected in South Wales, not only for his classical scholarship and command of English literature, but for the moderation and catholicity of his views and the geniality of his character. He was one of those (too few) Welsh clergymen of the Established Church who never said a word against Dissenters, and showed himself steadily patriotic in the sense of wishing to draw all Welshmen together by educational influence and stimulate their intellectual life by a use of the old traditions and literature. Those who knew his quiet wisdom, which was all the better for being tinged with abundant humour, often wished that he had been placed on the Episcopal Bench, where an in-

fluence like his might have done much to mitigate the asperities of ecclesiastical strife.

WE have also to note the deaths of Mr. James Henderson, Senior Superintending Inspector of Factories, whose relief work during the great cotton famine will be remembered, and who latterly acted as chairman of the inquiry into the white-lead industry; Professor W. C. Aufray, a 'vert from Romanism, and husband of Miss O'Gorman, the "escaped nun"; two eminent officers of the United States Navy, Commodore S. Lockwood and Rear-Admiral Earl English; General Rodriguez Arias, Governor of Havannah, who had seen much active service; M. Marié Davy, the French electrician and astronomer; and Signor A. Ghislanzoni, the Italian novelist, poet, and librettist.

#### AFTER THE STORM.

THE week of comparative calm through which the House of Commons has passed has not been without a significance of its own. Since Mr. Chamberlain was balked of his eagerly anticipated victory on Clause IX. of the Home Rule Bill, the Opposition have practically acknowledged that, so far as that particular measure is concerned, the battle is at an end. Almost all the dangerous points in its course have been passed, and by the middle of next month it ought to be ready to meet the tender mercies of the Peers. This is recognised by the Opposition as well as the Ministerialists, and as a consequence men are thinking not so much of the Home Rule Bill as of what is to follow it, and what the tactics of the Ministry will be with regard to other questions of pressing importance. No doubt in the first instance Supply must be dealt with, and certain of the baser order of Tories are already prophesying great things as to their operations in Committee of Supply. They believe that, by harrying Ministers with frivolous resolutions, they may keep Supply back until so late a period of the year that it will be impossible to hold an Autumn Session for the passing of the English Local Government Bill. Their one great purpose is to show that the whole of the year has been expended in the discussion of a Home Rule Bill which has been contemptuously slain by the House of Lords. If this policy were likely to be successful, its wisdom would still be open to question. After all, even the most besotted admirer of the House of Lords can hardly pretend that it is a body which is generally in favour with the public. Hitherto it has only escaped a ruinous collision with national sentiment by its prudent exercise of the better part of valour. It may be said that, so far as the Home Rule Bill is concerned, it is really a truer representative of national opinion than the House of Commons. For ourselves we deny the assertion; but admitting it for the sake of the argument, we do not think that it will add to the general popularity of the House of Lords in the country, if it not only kills the Home Rule Bill, but, conjointly with obstructionists like Mr. T. G. Bowles, succeeds in rendering a whole year of arduous legislative work absolutely barren. Even those who might approve of its action regarding Home Rule would feel very differently about its destruction of measures of Scotch and English legislation.

All this is so clearly manifest that we do not believe the leaders of the Opposition will approve of the tactics advocated by some of their hot-headed followers. It may be the middle of September before Supply is finished; but we fancy that it will not be later. This is all the more likely to be the case

because the Government will unquestionably keep faith with the Liberal party, and will convene an autumn session for British legislation, no matter how prolonged may be the discussion of the Estimates. No Minister ever had a more loyal, cordial, and self-sacrificing support than that which Mr. Gladstone has received from his party during the present session, and no one acknowledges this more freely than Mr. Gladstone himself. In these circumstances he is bound to show an equal loyalty in return. He has undertaken that it shall not be the fault of Ministers if 1893 closes without seeing at least one great measure of importance to England placed upon the Statute Book. To the pledge he thus gave he is certain to prove faithful. We may take it, therefore, that those Radicals who have so wisely and generously pocketed their own special questions, in order that precedence might be given to the paramount subject of Home Rule, will not at the end of the year be sent empty away. The Local Government Bill ought to pass the House of Commons, at all events, before Christmas. What its fate may be in the House of Lords we do not pretend to foretell. But if, like the Home Rule Bill, it should be defeated, then so much the worse for the Peers, and so much the better for those who advocate great and sweeping changes in the British Constitution. It is not necessary to carry speculation further than this point at present. No doubt the Home Rule Bill will be presented again to the House of Lords after its first rejection; but in what manner it will be carried through the House of Commons next year, or what will follow its second rejection, need not be discussed here. It is enough to note with satisfaction the complete falsification of the predictions which were so freely indulged in when the present Ministry took office. The wisecracks of the Opposition were loud in declaring that the Government had only been born to die, and the only difference of opinion amongst them was as to whether it would perish before Christmas, 1892, or before Easter, 1893. We ventured to remind them at the time that the life of the Government depended, not upon the vigour of their maledictions, but upon the loyalty of the Ministerialists. We have now long passed the date which was fixed by these knowing persons twelve months ago as that beyond which Ministers could not possibly survive. The Ministry still lives, has acquired strength during its eleven months of official life, and seems likely to be in all respects as healthy and full of vitality twelve months hence as it is to-day. If any proof were needed of the utter futility of the kind of attacks to which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have been subjected since they took office, it may be found in this fact.

But whilst the general situation is thus eminently satisfactory, it is not to be denied that those Radicals whose loyalty has contributed so largely to the success of the Government have a right to demand something for themselves, now that the chief stress of the Home Rule conflict is abated. Some of them gave proof on Tuesday of the fact that they are not satisfied with the manner in which the Lord Chancellor is carrying out the recent resolution of the House of Commons on the question of the County Magistracy. They see in the extreme caution which he is showing, and in the care with which he is following the old plan of acting upon the recommendations of the Lord-Lieutenants, proof that he is not in sympathy with the Liberal policy on this occasion. Before they blame Lord Herschell they ought, we think, to remember how difficult it must be for a Lord Chancellor, of all men in the world, to rid himself of the chains of precedent. The legal mind has a natural bias of its own in favour of old-established usage, and of custom which has had the

effect of law. But whilst we are far from joining in the censures which some have passed upon the Lord Chancellor, we are not sorry that the Radical party continues to impress upon the Government the extreme importance that it attaches to this question of the magistracy. The Lord Chancellor has done well, so far as he has gone. But it would be a mistake to suppose that he has yet gone even a fourth part of the way towards satisfying the legitimate demands of his party in the House of Commons. He wisely insists upon having time, and upon being allowed to act with due circumspection and deliberation. To all this he is fully entitled. But the Liberal party, on the other hand, has a right to be satisfied as to his determination to carry out in a loyal and sympathetic manner the policy embodied in the resolution which was adopted—chiefly for his guidance—by the House of Commons a few weeks ago. We have touched upon this question in our survey of the general political situation, because it is evident that the only dangers which can really threaten the life of the Government are those that are to be found in its relations with the Radical party. So long as the members of that party can feel assured that Ministers in their administrative capacity will act in harmony and sympathy with those principles which are now for the first time represented by a majority of the House of Commons, there is no reason to fear our fortunes either during that which remains of the present year, or during the year which is to come. The question of the County Magistracy is not one, perhaps, of the highest importance. But it is a typical question; and it is upon the manner in which such problems are solved that the future of the Government will depend.

#### FRANCE AND SIAM.

BEFORE discussing the events which have brought the Franco-Siamese question into such prominence within the week, let us say one word as to the tone of the press, both in France and England, in dealing with the subject; for it seems to us that in a matter of this kind, which involves the very gravest issues between two great nations, the temper in which it is approached is everything. In the main, it is gratifying to note that, allowing for a little natural high-falutin' and the putting forward of pretensions which we are in no way bound to admit, the serious French journals have been showing both moderation and a sense of responsibility; while our own press has shown its readiness to distinguish between the utterances of these journals and those of the more reckless Paris sheets. We have our own reckless journalists, and we are bound to say they are not confined to the ordinary Jingo party, who discuss this question with as much giddiness, rancour, and innocence of the sense of responsibility as any crack-brained scribblers of the boulevards—men who adopt a line which, if it were taken seriously in Siam, could have no other effect than to encourage the Siamese, by a vain hope, to assume a most foolish attitude. But, on the whole, the British press, in dealing with a very delicate and dangerous matter, has proved itself worthy of its traditions. Our Foreign Office, on its part, speaking as it was able to do for the entire nation irrespective of party, has acted with so much skill and wisdom that British subjects may sleep easily in the thought that the interests of the Empire are in fitting hands.

The essential thing in all this matter is to disentangle the really vital questions in which England and France are concerned from the mass of secondary and irrelevant details. A French merchantman and



two French gunboats were fired upon by a Siamese fort as they were making for the bar of the Menam. The merchantman was sunk; the gunboats returned fire; three Frenchmen were killed and some twenty Siamese; and the gunboats took up their station opposite Bangkok. These are events about which we may all have our opinion, and we do not conceal that in our opinion, judging from the imperfect evidence before us, the action of the French in resolving to cross the bar of the Menam was high-handed and indefensible. But as a nation, to use Lord Rosebery's expression, these events are no concern of ours. France has used them as a reason for pressing forward, with the extreme urgency of an ultimatum, her various claims against Siam: claims which resolve themselves broadly into two classes—indemnities for damages done in the course of acts of alleged Siamese aggression (the sinking of the *J. B. Say*, for instance, the killing of French seamen, the murder of M. Groscurin), and demands for a delimitation of the Franco-Siamese frontier. Again, with one reservation of which we shall speak presently, these are matters which do not concern us. The money value of the indemnities claimed is about £120,000, and France asks, if that sum cannot be paid at once, for a lien upon the revenues of the Lake Tonle-Sap fisheries in the provinces of Angkor and Battambang (not for the cession of these provinces, as was erroneously represented during the week) until the liability is discharged. The Siamese, we understand, admit the validity of these claims for indemnity in the main; and we think, on the whole, they will act wisely in not plunging into serious difficulties with France on account of them.

The question of delimiting the Franco-Siamese frontier raises issues of larger importance and greater complexity. Here, too, if the French claim were what Lord Rosebery seemed to understand it to be when making his statement on Monday, we should be ready to say it is no affair of ours: let the French and Siamese settle it between them. We shall show presently why we think this delimitation of the Franco-Siamese frontier is a question in which we may be bound to interest ourselves. But for the moment let us make it clear that there is no reason why the presence of the French on the left bank of the Mekong, generally speaking, should present any objection from the point of view of British interests. French colonials have long had their eye on what is known as the Valley of the Mekong River, a river along which French adventurers have done the chief work of exploration. The French Government, too, has put forward claims to this territory deduced from Annamese suzerain rights which, it is contended, in 1838 extended even to the right bank of the river. These claims are well enough as rags of decency to cover the nakedness of aggression, and it is not for us to assume airs of virtuous ridicule in considering them. The point is that, if they were conceded, we should lose nothing in any way, nor do we believe that France would gain much. The Mekong Valley, by the accounts of all travellers, is a poor and unpopulous region; the Mekong itself is practically unnavigable, and the dreams of French colonials of tapping a rich source of trade of which France would have the monopoly, and whose outlet would be Saigon, are even more chimerical than French colonial dreams usually are. The buffer State would remain—perhaps a more compact buffer State than Siam is to-day. But the French claim to the left bank of the Mekong extends north of the Mekong Valley to the point at which the river leaves China. This would bring the question of the Franco-Siamese frontier into a region where it would be no longer possible for us to remain quite indifferent spectators. There is a corner of

territory here which is an entirely debatable land. Siam has no more right to it than China, nor Tonking than Burmah; and on the Burmese side the French frontier, according to this claim, would run beside that of the Shan States, which come loosely under our protection through Burmese suzerain rights (somewhat in the same manner, by the way, as the Mekong Valley is claimed to come under French protection through Annam). Now, it is as well to recognise once for all, and better sooner than later, that just at this point for a limited distance the French and English frontiers must eventually march together. In one sense they may be said to do so at present, for there is nothing between our protectorate and theirs but a debatable tribal country to which each of us has as good a claim as the other. The question then arises, How is this Anglo-French frontier to be determined? The Mekong may be as good a line for our purposes as one further east; it very probably is. But that is not a point that can be settled off-hand, nor one that we can be expected to allow to be determined for us by France and Siam while we stand wholly indifferent. Under the circumstances it seems to us that the wisest course for all parties would be the appointment of a frontier commission. The question is narrowed within a small compass, and with goodwill on both sides it ought to present no genuine difficulties.

The whole Franco-Siamese question, as it now stands, with all its thorny features, seems to us capable of adjustment by the methods of diplomacy. We have M. Develle's word for it that the independence of Siam is not threatened; while most French statesmen recognise that the preservation of Siam as a buffer State is as important from their point of view as it is from ours. It is possible that M. Develle may recognise that buccaneering at all in Siam, even to the extent to which he has gone, is a game which is not worth the candle, and that French colonial enterprise is only wasting itself in that part of the world, to the jeopardising of its more genuine interests elsewhere. Whether he does or not, he is fully alive, as Lord Rosebery is alive, to the vastly greater issues with which this lesser matter is surrounded. Both countries recognise how little worth while it is for them to fall out over such a question; how important it is for both that England should be free to maintain that neutrality in Continental complications which now, under the auspices of a Liberal Government, it is more than ever her desire to maintain; and how easily, in such a quarrel as the present, it would be for both to play the game of their respective ill-wishers. This being their mood, there is little likelihood that either country will adopt courses in the present business which the honour of the other will feel bound to resist.

#### THE MALTA INQUIRY.

THE court-martial on the survivors of the *Victoria*, though a strikingly dramatic illustration of the fashion in which justice is administered in Her Majesty's Fleet, has really added very little to our knowledge of the essential facts connected with the loss of a noble vessel. The one material fact that the Admiral blundered, and that it was in consequence of that blunder that the ship was lost, was known to us beforehand. The most satisfactory result of the inquiry is the proof it has afforded us that at the last moment, when the overwhelming catastrophe had occurred and death confronted him, Admiral Tryon justified the confidence so long reposed in him by making full and spontaneous admission of his own responsibility for the disaster. "It was all my fault," he said to Lord Gillford; and

to Commander Hawkins Smith, who remained with him to the end, he said, "It was entirely my doing; entirely my fault." These admissions will be cherished not only by the surviving officers and their friends, but by the family of the Admiral himself. They show that, having committed a fatal mistake, Sir George Tryon had the courage and manliness to acknowledge his error, and to exonerate those who served under him. Nor is this the only gleam of light that is cast upon the gallant but ill-fated officer's last moments. His very latest words, as they are reported by Commander Hawkins Smith, were worthy of his whole life, down to the moment at which an inexplicable failure of judgment brought ruin upon himself and his ship. Seeing a midshipman remaining at his post on the bridge when the vessel was about to sink, he said to him, "Don't stop there, youngster. Go to a boat"; he, and his captain and staff officers, remaining the while to meet their doom. It is sad to think that Sir George Tryon's noble forgetfulness of himself in that supreme moment was not rewarded by the saving of the boy's life, but the incident will be remembered to his lasting honour, amid the darker records of the scene. Face to face with death, it is clear that Admiral and crew were worthy of each other, and whatever may be thought or felt regarding the tragical blunder that had results so terrible, it is consolatory to know that when the worst came there was not even a momentary loss of courage or self-possession on the part either of the chief or his subordinates.

How he came to blunder as he did, how the man who was universally regarded as the ablest officer in the fleet committed an error the character of which was instantly recognised by everybody else, is one of those mysteries upon which it seems useless to dwell. What we know is, that for a moment that fine intellect lost its balance, and, in the losing of it, was undone. Thrice was his attention called by different officers to the obvious consequences of his order as they understood it, but each time he put aside the remonstrance, if such it could be called, with something like impatience; and his officers, trusting him, and believing in him, as in no other man living, were driven to the conviction that he meant to carry out some manœuvre which they did not understand, and that, in the words of one of them, "he was going to do something and knew how to get out of it." A fatal confidence, alas! but by no means an ignoble one. It is, indeed, when the subordinates of a fleet or an army are inspired by this feeling towards their chief that they are most formidable as a fighting force. We dare not blame Captain Bourke and the other officers of the *Victoria* because for the moment they allowed their own judgment to be warped by their implicit faith in the man who commanded them. Attention has been called to a remarkable memorandum, issued no further back than January last by Admiral Tryon, in which he touched upon the very point involved in the conduct of the officers on this occasion. In that memorandum occurred the following passage: "When the literal obedience to any order, however given, would entail a collision with a friend, or endanger a ship by running on shore, or in any other way, paramount orders direct that the danger is to be avoided, while the object of the order should be attained if possible. Risks that are not only justifiable, but which ought to be incurred during war, are not justifiable in peace." It is to be noted, however, that this instruction, which seems to bear so directly upon the case of the *Victoria*, refers to occasions when the officer who has given the order has been unaware of special difficulties rendering its execution dangerous or impossible. It certainly did not contemplate the case of an impossible order given by an admiral who

remains on the bridge and in charge of his vessel, even after the character of his order has been pointed out to him. Perhaps if it had not been a question of three or four minutes only, Captain Bourke would have offered a stronger resistance to the execution of Admiral Tryon's order, but he had scarcely had time to remonstrate when the mischief was done.

Apart from the tragedy itself, the proceedings attendant upon the loss of the *Victoria* can have given no one cause for dissatisfaction. The magnificent discipline which prevailed on board, down to the moment when ship and crew sank bodily, has received full recognition, not only in this country, but abroad. The liberal outpouring of subscriptions at the request of the Lord Mayor has shown how universally the public has been touched by an exceptional and terrible tragedy, and the expressions of sympathy which have been received from foreign states have been soothing and gratifying, not only to the bereaved, but to the nation as a whole. The practical lessons to be learned from the disaster will come later on. The faddists, it is true, are already in the field. There is no subject upon which the faddists are at once a more dangerous and a more irrepressible race than they are upon that of the navy. Sensible people will take the communications of these gentlemen to the newspapers with more than a pinch of salt. That it is a risk to place too many eggs in one basket; that a ship may be made so powerful that it ceases to be a ship at all; that in constructing defensive works for the protection of the crew we may really be building a vault in which that crew is to be buried alive; that the ram is an instrument of terrible power, destined to exercise an immense influence in the naval warfare of the future—all these are but the truisms, the copyhead platitudes of the question. Let the faddist rejoice in repeating them *ad nauseam* in the newspapers. Sensible people will be content to wait with patience for the mature and well-considered verdict of qualified experts upon the lessons of a grievous and irreparable disaster.

#### THE FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENTS BETWEEN IRELAND AND THE EMPIRE.

IT is no easy task to disentangle Irish from Imperial finance. In almost every other department of administration Ireland remains, ninety-three years after the Act of Union, separate from Great Britain. Education (except that part of it which comes under the Science and Art Department), local government, law and justice, can be handed over to the Irish Cabinet without any alteration of the present administrative machinery. But the Irish Exchequer was united with that of Great Britain nearly eighty years ago. The Treasury, which is certainly not the least aggressive of departments, has so consolidated its power that nobody can now tell how much is actually paid by each part of the United Kingdom towards the support of the whole, or how much of each item of expenditure should be debited to England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively. The statistics of the Revenue Departments have turned out to be inaccurate, and Mr. Gladstone has had to admit that both his proposals of 1886 and his proposals of 1893 for a permanent financial settlement between Great Britain and Ireland are impracticable. He has produced instead, in new clauses which the Committee began to discuss yesterday, a scheme admittedly provisional, and which leaves the collection of revenue throughout the United Kingdom for six years precisely as it is to-day. This change of front may perhaps account



for a certain amount of legitimate confusion in the mind of the public as to what the Government actually do propose; but some Unionist critics seem, like the pickpocket in a crowd, to be presuming too far on the general confusion in the extraordinary statements which they place before their readers.

It is not true, as some people have represented, that Mr. Gladstone's scheme will to any appreciable extent hamper the Imperial Chancellor of the Exchequer during the six provisional years. The Imperial authority will, during that period, not merely collect the Irish revenue, but it will also spend a good deal more than half of it; and though two-thirds of the revenue contributed by Ireland will in form be available for Irish purposes, the Irish Government will actually receive a much smaller sum. So far as we are able to calculate, the total sum which will annually be under the order and disposition of the Irish Parliament will not exceed £3,000,000. Of the gross Irish revenue, estimated at £6,922,000, £2,262,000 will be under the entire control of the Imperial Chancellor. Another million, being two-thirds of the cost of police, will also never pass through the Irish Exchequer. Add to this the cost of the salaries and pensions of the existing judges and civil servants, of model-school teachers, and such like, which will be paid directly out of the Imperial Exchequer, and it will be found that not merely will far more than half the Irish revenue be still spent at Imperial discretion, but that the total sum which (even as a matter of account) will pass through the Irish Exchequer will be considerably less than half the £7,189,663 of Imperial revenue which is at present in effect hypothecated to local purposes under Mr. Goschen's scheme of grants-in-aid. Mr. Goschen set apart over £7,000,000, the product of three specific branches of revenue, as grants-in-aid to local authorities, without inducing the local authorities to take over any appreciable part of the Imperial burden. Mr. Gladstone sets apart about £3,000,000, to be derived not from a few taxes, but from the total Irish revenue, as a grant to the Irish local authority, and in return the local authority will undertake to assume almost the whole charge of Irish administration. Which is the better guardian of the Imperial Exchequer? We do not look upon Mr. Gladstone's present scheme as a scientific division of British and Irish finance. Six years hence, when a Royal Commission has reported and the facts are accurately known, it will be possible to make such a division. Now, for lack of the necessary knowledge, it is not possible. Mr. Gladstone has, instead, agreed with a future Irish local authority (or with the Irish Members as trustees on its behalf) to take over a large part of the Irish administration, in return for a grant-in-aid less than the average amount which it would cost the Imperial authority to perform the same services directly. Future Chancellors of the Exchequer, instead of being hampered, will be immensely aided by Mr. Gladstone's wise and provident bargain.

The *Economist* has attempted to show that the bargain is a bad one, by straining the facts in a way our contemporary would certainly not adopt if it were merely discussing a foreign loan or the affairs of a City company. It alleges, firstly, that Ireland will pay less towards the Empire than she pays now; and, secondly, that she will pay less than she ought to pay in proportion to her taxable capacity. Let us take the two charges separately. During the year 1891-2, the last for which Mr. Goschen was wholly responsible, and the last for which precise figures of expenditure are obtainable, the nett contribution of Ireland to Imperial expenditure—after defraying the expenses of Irish Government—was, according

to the Treasury figures, £1,833,000. The *Economist* produces this as the "latest revised and most reduced estimate." It gives its readers to understand that the Treasury authorities really believe that a sum of that amount was in 1891-2 contributed by Ireland. But what are the facts? The mistake in the estimate of Excise revenue (calculated for 1892-3 at £350,000) had not been rectified in this "latest revised" estimate, as the Treasury warned its readers in a footnote, and as the *Economist* must have known. Make a similar deduction for 1891-2, as in fairness we are bound to do, and we find that the nett contribution of Ireland was less than £1,500,000. Thus the *Economist* misstates the present Irish contribution. It also misstates the future Irish contribution. The gross future contribution of Ireland is calculated at £2,262,000. From this must, in the first year, be deducted £490,000, the maximum amount of the gradually diminishing payment which the Empire is to make towards winding up what is essentially an Imperial police force. But the *Economist* would further deduct £230,000, which it alleges to be the cost of the collection of the Irish revenue. As a matter of fact, however, £230,000 is not the cost of collection of the Irish revenue, but the cost of collection of all the revenue collected in Ireland, including over £2,000,000 of Excise revenue which is collected in Ireland on spirits consumed in England, and will be paid to the British Exchequer. Surely it is not fair to debit Ireland with the cost of collection of British revenue. If we deduct £160,000, which is the very outside amount of the cost of collection of the Irish revenue, we find the net contribution of Ireland under Mr. Gladstone's plan £1,612,000, or, at the least, £112,000 more than it was in Mr. Goschen's last year. But this is not all. The first year will be the worst for Great Britain under Mr. Gladstone's plan. Every year the British contribution towards the Irish police will decline, while the gross Irish contribution will be practically stationary. Under the Unionist system, on the other hand, the Irish nett contribution was year by year steadily declining, owing to the constantly increasing cost of governing Ireland against her will. Mr. Gladstone makes the Irish contribution a steadily improving, instead of a steadily declining, part of the Imperial revenue.

Nor is the *Economist* any more fair when it tries to prove that Ireland will pay less than its fair share according to taxable capacity. Taxable capacity is the measure not of what a country can pay towards one branch of national expenditure, but of what it can pay in taxes altogether. According to that definition—which is surely a truism—Ireland pays at the present moment far more in proportion to her taxable capacity than either England or Scotland. But it so happens that in Ireland an exceptionally large part of the taxes levied has been spent, for Imperial reasons, on the local service. The Irish Parliament are to take over this expensive service with its very slowly diminishing liabilities. The *Economist's* argument really comes to this. Ireland is more heavily taxed than England or Scotland, But England and Scotland, pursuing a policy opposed by Ireland, have spent four-fifths of the Irish taxes in the administration of Ireland, while they have only spent one-third of the English and Scotch taxes in administering England and Scotland. Ireland must be, accordingly, further over-taxed to make up for the extravagance of a system she has steadily opposed. The argument is, on the face of it, preposterous, and will not blind the British taxpayer to the fact that in getting rid of a constant financial leakage, he is doing the best bit of business he has done for many a day.

## LIGHT FROM THE QUARTERLY.

TO the weighty reviews which appear once a quarter one turns periodically with a certain piety. Three months' contemplation in the remote solitudes whence these voices issue ought to result in a judgment on current politics as detached and sublimated as that of the fathers of the Thebais on the brawls and corruptions of Alexandria. Even as the Churchmen in those days sought light from the hermits upon their dusty controversies, so does the hope periodically recur that in our arid strife we may get some assistance from the quarterlies, some refreshment as from the wells of pure unadulterated thought. It is a hope generally doomed to disappointment. This week, for example, when the midsummer numbers come out, we find in the *Edinburgh* only a blank and helpless astonishment at the stubbornness of facts in the presence of mere wisdom. "By the end of June," it exclaims, "Mr. Gladstone's new constitution had been torn to shreds in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Henry James had turned the measure inside out. Yet the Government had never been outvoted!" Worse than that: "It has been pointed out again and again in the pages of this Journal that the Home Rule conception of a constitution for the United Kingdom is radically unsound;" yet politicians do not heed, and still the Bill goes on. The world, in fact, is going wrong once more, and the *Edinburgh* is still in the groaning stage. Next quarter it may have become more contemplative and helpful. But the *Quarterly* is in a much better case. It has, for one thing, discovered Professor Dicey's measure as a controversialist. Mr. Albert Dicey, says the *Quarterly*, is a lawyer, and "he has all the instincts of the profession to which he belongs"—instincts which lead him to ignore an opponent's plea under certain circumstances. "In matters of law this view of an advocate's functions is unimpeachable, but in matters of history there is something to be said for a different point of view." Indeed, the *Quarterly* altogether is unusually and most remarkably inspired this month, and as a prophet of Unionism it holds forth in the manner of a veritable Balaam.

Of late there have been three leading grounds of Unionist hope which the orators and journalists of the party have expatiated upon in various moods and tenses. There has been the resistance of the House of Lords, there has been Lord Salisbury's Referendum, and there has been the persuasive powder and shot of Professor Dicey. All three the *Quarterly* brushes aside with something like contempt. It perceives clearly that the House of Lords cannot dare to throw out the Home Rule Bill, if it is sent up to them again in the entirely probable event of the Liberals being returned at the next election. "It is folly to lose sight of the possibility that the Liberals may obtain a new and even larger majority on a second appeal to the constituencies. In this contingency the position of the Unionists and the attitude of the House of Lords would be materially changed. It is impossible for the hereditary Chamber to place itself in permanent opposition to the declared will of the people, as signified at the polls. As things are, nobody can gainsay the right, and even the duty, of the Lords to reject the Home Rule Bill, on the ground that it has never yet really received the sanction of the country. But if, no matter on what grounds or by what devices, the country should be induced, after the rejection of the Bill, to return again a majority favourable to Mr. Gladstone and his Home Rule policy, this plea would be no longer available." This, of course, is the very plainest and soundest

common-sense, but what a douche of cold water it is, coming unexpectedly from so friendly a hand. The utmost the *Quarterly* thinks the Lords would be justified in doing in such a case would be making their consent conditional upon the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster—in other words (and mark this), cutting one of the chief props from under the Liberal Unionist case. On the device of the Referendum, resorted to by Lord Salisbury, as it seems to us, as a drowning man clutches at a straw, and advocated with zealous fervour by Mr. Dicey, the *Quarterly* is not less killingly candid. The Referendum may do very well for "small States where the great mass of the electors have an individual, if not an intelligent, opinion on the issues submitted to them;" but "it would not work in England." Even if it did, the comfort Lord Salisbury expects is not to be derived from it: it would not reverse the verdict of the polls. "If the United Kingdom returned a Gladstonian or a Unionist majority at the next election we feel confident that a plebiscite on the subject of Home Rule, if held at or about the same time, would result in the proposal being approved or rejected by much the same proportion of votes." In dealing with Professor Dicey's arsenal of arguments the *Quarterly* is most contemptuous of all. It finds some of the weapons antiquated, and others as unreliable in the hands of the user as a German bayonet. A favourite argument of the Professor's, on which he and the Unionist pleaders have rung all the changes, is the contention that no modification of the Act of Union would be valid unless it receives the separate consent of Great Britain as well as of Ireland, signified by a vote of the majority of the representatives of each country. But, says the *Quarterly*, Professor Dicey overlooks the fact that "by the terms of the Union the Imperial Parliament was constituted the supreme authority in all affairs concerning the United Kingdom. In fact, though not in name, the British Parliament, equally with the Irish Parliament, ceased to exist when the Act of Union was passed." This is good constitutional doctrine (having a wider application, by the way, than is made of it here); but the *Quarterly* should remember that Professor Dicey in his latest book has expressly stated that "the word unconstitutional has no terrors for him." Again, says this new adversary of the Unionist case, "throughout all his writings Professor Dicey, in common, for that matter, with most of the Liberal Unionists" (pray note this ungrateful way of putting it), "seems to us to attach a somewhat excessive importance to the finding of the Parnell Commission. . . . We cannot conceal from ourselves that if the Nationalists had turned to bay and been able to speak the truth without endangering their cause, they would have had a defence it would not have been easy to answer. That defence would have, in effect, been this: 'We have been making a revolution, and revolutions are not made with rose-water.'" The *Quarterly* goes through the whole of Professor Dicey's arguments in a similar style, taking pains to show at ample length how easily they are demolished by Gladstonian logic.

Now, we have a theory as to this truly extraordinary article in the *Quarterly*. To put it bluntly, it has to us all the appearance of being a first attempt to prepare the way for a Tory right-about-face on the question of Home Rule. It is of a piece with those hints which the smaller men of the party, like Mr. Rentoul in the House the other evening, have been blurring out about the Conservative "Local Government" Bill of 1895, and with Mr. Balfour's reference in his recent article to his objections to "this particular Home Rule Bill." The *Quarterly* goes so far as to posit the following proposition, which



amounts to an adroit abandonment of Mr. Balfour's perpetual Coercion Act and Lord Salisbury's "twenty years of resolute government":—"If Ireland cannot be ruled except by coercion, if coercion is incompatible with the instincts and convictions of the British nation, then Home Rule is the only solution of the dilemma; and to show that this solution is surrounded by any number of difficulties and dangers is not a sufficient answer to its adoption." Finally, having overthrown all the important arguments against Home Rule of other controversialists, the *Quarterly* sums up its own single objection in these terms: "The demand for Home Rule is no new development, but a mere outbreak of popular impatience, stirred up by unscrupulous agitators. . . . Similar outbreaks have repeatedly occurred before, and have as repeatedly died away for lack of inherent vitality"—in other words, the Irish demand for Home Rule will not continue. It is not worth while to show that the whole illustration by which this statement is supported proves the direct contrary, namely, the intense and tenacious vitality of the Irish national demand. The *Quarterly* itself perceives that the reason why other Home Rule movements failed was because their leaders knew not the secret of success discovered by Mr. Parnell—an Irish party which "should absolutely decline to accept office under the Imperial Government, or to identify their fortunes with those of any English party." It is enough here to point out that the *Quarterly's* single objection is of a terminable nature, and that if the demand for Home Rule continues in 1895 it is quite open to declare that its single objection has ceased. We shall watch for that epoch with interest. In the meantime, we shall only further point out that the tendency to throw those inconvenient allies, the Liberal Unionists, overboard is, as may be gathered even from our extracts, a significant feature of this noteworthy article.

#### FINANCE.

**A** GAIN this week the Stock Exchange has been a prey to anxiety and apprehension, sometimes bordering upon panic. Every day the state of affairs in the United States is growing more and more dangerous. Throughout the West, and more particularly in the silver-producing States and Territories, there is an utter disorganisation of all business. Numbers of work-people have been thrown out of employment, credit is utterly gone; there is, or there has been, a run upon the banks, very many of them have had to close their doors, and it is feared that, unless there is an early improvement, those remaining, or most of them at all events, will have to do the same. To protect themselves the banks have been withdrawing from New York the deposits they usually keep there, and in consequence the New York banks have been compelled, in order to save the weaker amongst them, to agree not to exact cash from one another, but to issue Clearing House certificates, which shall pass amongst them as cash. Meantime the banks in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Chicago, are nearly at the end of their resources. In New York, for example, the Associated banks have been calling in loans quite recently at the rate of about a million sterling per week. That means, of course, that the great operators on the Stock Exchange not only cannot get the accommodation from their bankers to which they were accustomed, but are compelled to pay back to the bankers immense sums. In order to do so, they have been compelled to sell their securities for whatever they would fetch, and prices naturally have gone down with a run. The fall in prices has involved speculators and members of the Stock Exchange in London in great loss. During the fortnightly settlement here last week, and since

then, ten Stock Exchange firms have failed, and it is reported that several others still more important would also have failed were it not that they got assistance from powerful financial houses.

Naturally, the banks that usually lend largely upon the Stock Exchange have grown alarmed, and, like the banks in New York, they have called upon their Stock Exchange customers to repay loans. The brokers in their emergency have compelled their clients to pay them, and the clients in consequence, like those in New York, have been obliged to sell for whatever they could get. The selling has led to a further fall in prices, and in the early part of this week it looked at times as if a panic were inevitable. Apparently, however, the banks have grown alarmed at the consequences of their own action, and have intimated that they will not press their clients as they had threatened. It is an open secret that many of the great operators in the United States are enabled to work on the scale they do only by borrowing very largely in London. Usually the rates of interest here are very much lower than in New York. At present they are markedly so; and besides, the supply of money here is much larger than in New York. Powerful operators, therefore, usually find it easier to get accommodation here, and this has probably influenced the banks most powerfully. Under the circumstances it is natural that the City should look forward to the fortnightly settlement, which will begin on Wednesday next, with great apprehension. Since Wednesday afternoon there has been some recovery, but the recovery is only temporary, and in all likelihood will be followed by another scare before long.

In spite of all the excitement on the Stock Exchange, however, and the apprehension outside, the Money Market has been very little affected, the rate of discount in the open market being little better than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The truth, of course, is that bankers are unwilling just now to deal largely. They are exercising very great caution, and they are especially discriminating in the case of American bills, many of which they do not care to take on any terms. In the silver market there has been little fresh movement, the price still being about 33d. per ounce. The general impression is that Congress will repeal the Sherman Act, but that the Silver Party will make a strong opposition, and that probably the repeal will not be effected for two, or it may be even three, months or more. In the meantime the United States Treasury will have to go on buying 4,500,000 ounces of metal every month, and that being so, there is no further fall in the price. At the same time there is a good demand both for China and for Cochin-China. Apparently the French preparations against Siam are inducing the Government to buy largely. At all events, it is noteworthy that whereas Mexican dollars, which are the main currency in the Far East, are usually about a penny lower than the ounce of silver, this week they have actually been higher than silver; people are paying a premium, that is to say, for the coined metal rather than wait any time, which would seem to point to hurried preparations of some kind. The India Council has again this week been unable to sell bills or telegraphic transfers; practically, the Indian banks have stopped buying. They find that they can obtain Rupee Paper on better terms, and as there is a good market for that in India, it serves their purpose quite as well as Council drafts.

#### THE APPROACH OF THE HOLIDAYS.

**T**HE faithful chroniclers of the ways and moods of the House of Commons have been reporting for some days past that that interesting patient is showing symptoms of the approaching holidays. Pairing is on the increase, and Mr. Gladstone has been leaving Mr. Morley to do the piloting of the Home Rule Bill. Even he, say the bulletins,

with his mighty energies, his abnormal nerve-power, has begun to relax. When the House of Commons gets into this mood, the experienced will tell you smooth weather for Government business may be predicted. With the Twelfth of August in sight, and the First of September within measurable distance, the stoutest Opposition loses its *morale*. The bounding hopes of the earlier weeks are replaced by a resigned feeling in presence of the unmistakable fact that the Government is going to stay in for at least another Session; the fury of the battle abates, and the paramount disposition of the warriors becomes an eagerness to reach an armistice in such time that sport will not be spoiled. Sooth to say, this sentiment is reciprocated on the Ministerial benches, and it becomes suddenly easy to find pairs. For though to the majority of members "the Twelfth" and "the First" may have no personal significance, though they be men who have not grouse-moors, nor have friends who have grouse-moors, stern Radical bosoms for the most part, entirely irresponsive to the joys of *venerie*, yet the approach of August means the approach of the holiday season for them as well as for the sporting Tories of the Opposition, and the collapse of the latter is simply an answer to a touch of Nature which makes the whole House kin. The inevitable moment comes for human beings in the House of Commons as well as elsewhere when Nature cries aloud for relaxation. Perhaps it comes even sooner in the House than elsewhere.

Some people are inclined to laugh at the House of Commons for its schoolboyish, or, as it may appear, its somewhat otiose preoccupations about its holidays. It is a thoughtless scoff, and we would fain say a word for the harried M.P. Seven or eight or nine months of the year may, to some, seem not too heavy a spell of work; but it is the pace that kills. The pressure, the excitement, the anxiety, the worries and disappointments, the strain of responsibility, which so largely enter into the life of the average M.P. who gives a serious attention to his duties, make such a draft upon the nervous system as no amount of regular work at a profession, however hard—even the work of journalism—is able to exact. And to this is to be added the physical conditions under which some twelve hours' labour a day has to be discharged. The atmosphere of Westminster, low-lying as the district is, is singularly depressing, and the House of Commons, for all the money that has been spent on it, is a very ill-ventilated building. The industrious legislator has to breathe this mephitic air from noon in the committee-room till midnight in the division lobby (where he does his miles and miles of treadmill tramping), with scarce a five minutes' interval to refresh his lungs and soothe his nerves. If he goes down for a blow on the terrace, half a dozen ladies will claim his agreeable attentions, or a batch of constituents will have to be shown over the premises and provided with orders, which are not to be procured without annoyance. The worst, the most deadly misery of all, remains to be recorded. Several evenings a week, when dinner-pairs are not allowed (these evenings have been more numerous than ever during the stress of the present exacting Session), the M.P. has to live upon a diet of beef-steaks and chops, the only viands to which the *cuisine* of "the best club in London" appears to be able to impart any quality of eatability. There are some men, gifted with the digestion of an ostrich and frames of brass, who can stand a steady course of this sort of thing; but the average House of Commons legislator is not built that way. The high-strung Radical, too, who is often a man of enthusiasm and dyspepsia, is likely to be even a keener sufferer from such a life than another; so that it comes to pass that, as August draws near, he is ready to meet the advances of his Tory colleague on the subject of holidays in a more reciprocal spirit than might be imagined; and both of them for awhile, in the neutral territory of the smoking-room, lose the irritability of temper with which the wear and tear has begun to afflict them

in mutually contemplating the relief which is so close at hand.

The House of Commons, in fact, is enduring—perhaps in a more acute degree—only that species of demoralisation, relapse after strain, which is to be witnessed about this time of the year in every scene of sustained labour in the Kingdom. One of our medical contemporaries had some sound professional remarks on this general subject the other day, from which we are moved to quote a passage. Many an M.P. will recognise in the advice thus bestowed gratis a remarkable similarity to the sensible and comforting discourse delivered in return for a handsome fee by his courteous friend in Harley Street when he went to consult him within the past week or two on the subject of his disordered nerves or liver. "The spiders of the brain," writes our contemporary, "spin with extraordinary rapidity as July progresses and August draws near. We are conscious of obfuscations, of disproportions of all kinds. The 'sweetness' of the most reasonable temper becomes acidulated; the 'light' of the clearest intellect is clouded, and gives distorted presentations even of common things. Under these conditions the tasks of life swell out and assume the sizes and shapes of impossibility; the conscious capacity, on the other hand, shrinks and halts, until we begin to think that there is nothing for it but to surrender and let other hands take up that work which has proved too much for ourselves. It is all nonsense, fellow-workers! We want our holiday, that is all. The annual holiday is part of the contract in strenuous civilised life. It is as real a necessity as a house, or a winter overcoat. . . . We must take it, even though some of us may say in these bad times we cannot afford it. The truth is, we cannot afford not to take it. A month's change, a month's fellowship with sea or country, with life from which strenuousness has ceased for a time, will make new men and women of us all." When we reach that obfuscated, acidulated, down-in-the-mouth stage which our medical friend so graphically describes, there is, indeed, nothing for it, whether we be Parliament men or not, but the genuine holiday which he recommends. The little Saturday-to-Monday trip, a useful expedient at an earlier stage, will no longer have any effect, except, indeed, to aggravate the malady. The port-manteau-packing, the cab-and-train-taking, the unpacking and repacking, and re-cabbing and re-training, common and unconsidered matters at other times, swell out, to use the language of our friend, and assume sizes and shapes and distorted presentations in most intolerable disproportion to the exiguous modicum of value to be enjoyed. No; the bow must be fully unbent; Rosinante must be really put out to grass. While we await the desirable moment we may strengthen ourselves by dwelling in advance upon the joys we mean to share: these anticipations are often the best part of them. Some will dream of the heathery mountain, away among inaccessible wilds, where a post is only delivered three times a week; of the defiant, thrilling cry of the cock-grouse as he rises, and the splendid scarlet from which his eye gleams out before he falls in his pride; of the luncheon, when joyous friends compare their spoils; of the tramp homeward through the evening with wolfish appetites; of the game displayed in rows around the floor of the old shooting-box—birds together, hares together—to be regarded during dinner with hunters' pride and satisfaction; of the smoke in arm-chairs around the fire when one by one the wholesome weariness begot by physical exercise and strong air claims its willing captives. Others will dream of the sea, the foreign tour, perhaps even of the pleasures of walking around in a ring to the music of a band, with a tumbler of water in your hand, at a German spa. *Tot homines, tot sententie*. Only let us recognise, Liberals and Tories, Unionists and Nationalists, that the holiday season is approaching, and that it responds to a need of

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our common human nature. We may perhaps regard each other with more amenity, and we can wish, at least, that the weather will be propitious.

### THE ILLUSIONS OF LONDON.\*

NO English writer—not even Dickens—has done for London at any time what Balzac and Zola have done for Paris. The shadow of our stupendous social organism falls across many books; the eternal antithesis of misery and luxury in a great city has made many pictures; but the total impression remains, vague, blurred, amorphous, like an interminable dream with occasionally acute spasms of nightmare. Every observant man in London must spend some part of his life in trying to reduce his sensations of the immensity around him to something like a definite outline, to get his psychological latitude, to map out, at all events, his particular segment of this bewildering universe, with the rocks and shoals and the seductive lotus islands clearly marked on the chart. The struggle to make this sort of Admiralty survey of life in London is probably continuous with many of us, but it is not very fruitful. It is so difficult to trace even our own little tracks across this ever-changing sea; to classify in any sensible register the ship in which we started on the voyage; to identify our Goodwin Sands, where we escaped so narrowly, with the smooth and smiling spot over which other vessels ride in safety; or to present any intelligible compass to other navigators. Mr. Henry James says, justly enough, that the British capital is the particular place in the world "which communicates the greatest sense of life," and as a rule you find this is the one reflection which you share with men who take London as the theme of philosophy and personal reminiscence. Mr. Henry James remembers that when he arrived in town he was struck at once by the fact that a man may come and go in this vast community without being noticed. It is not everybody to whom this sense of being swallowed up is "a luxury." You may recollect that the indifference of your neighbours in the London street to your very existence awoke in your mind something like personal resentment. Again, Mr. Henry James says that London "may take away reputations, but she forms character"; and as you pass in review the squadrons of your acquaintance, Londoners born and bred, with as little individuality as the sea-gulls skimming the surface of the social ocean, you wonder what may be the ingredients of character in the judgment of Mr. Henry James, till you notice that he apparently means a sublimated kind of apathy. Our reputations may go, but we don't mind. The chief gift of London to her children is an *insouciance* which is the modern equivalent of Stoicism. How can Mr. Henry James expect the elect who have been anointed in Highbury, or the democrats who have received the baptism of truncheons in Trafalgar Square, to take him seriously?

Our genial essayist confesses that his post of observation is chiefly behind the apron of a hansom. His standpoint is that of the cultivated diner-out, and we admit freely that many points of view are much less intelligent. He is tolerant of everything except, perhaps, the London idiom. He can see much beauty in our capital, although her dominant characteristic is not architectural, like that of Paris. His eye roams with contentment over the parks, even over St. James's Park when "greasy corduroys" have turned it into "a *salon* of the slums"; he has a particular affection for the bridge that spans the Serpentine; but it is chiefly Piccadilly that he loves, especially in the evening, when it is gay with hansoms in which sit portraits of gentlemen in white ties going out to dinner. He has no unkind word for our atmosphere, and positively enjoys the fog on

the club staircase, and on the November mornings when it envelops the writing-room, and "during the lamplit days the white page he tries to blacken becomes on his table, in the circle of the lamp, with the screen of the climate folding him in, more vivid and absorbent." He is comforted by the thought that in order to know everybody and go everywhere, you need not be rich. Poverty in London is no disgrace, he says; meaning the poverty which prevents the clubman from indulging his hospitable instinct to invite his friends to make merry very often, and from paying calls on the great in a magnificent equipage. In poverty, in the sense of the misery which makes the sinister background of all these delights of London, Mr. Henry James finds no affinity save that of the picturesque. The idea that there is suffering somewhere suggests to him the "sound that is supremely dear to the London-lover—the rumble of the tremendous human mill. This is the note which, in all its modulations, haunts and fascinates and inspires him. And whether or no he may succeed in keeping the misery out of the picture, he will freely confess that the latter is not spoiled for him by some of its duskiest shades." To our social problems Mr. Henry James frankly avows the indifference of his æsthetic conscience. "Whether the poor will improve away the rich, or the rich will expropriate the poor, or they will all continue to dwell together on their present imperfect terms of intercourse," he knows not, nor surmises, nor cares. London at bottom may be a veritable Malebolge, but the sounds which come up from the awful depths make the harmonies and the fantasies of our essayist's prose. In his lamplit ease they help to colour the dainty phrases on the "vivid and absorbent" page. Such a self-revelation of method may sufficiently denote a particular artist's remoteness from the heart of things; but it has the merit of defining with unimpeachable candour the mental attitude of the diner-out who to the social qualities of his class lends a notable instrument of expression.

Still, it may be allowed that the artist who treats the misery of London simply as a colour in his palette, or an undertone in his fugue, is no worse than any other cultivator of illusions. Each of us inhabits not London as a whole, but only his little patch of it. He constructs his system of morality, philosophy, or art on a parochial basis. He finds it difficult to understand that people who cannot live in his orbit should cling to a wretched existence. For a man who is accustomed to survey his kind from a club window in Pall Mall, a visit to Brixton or Camden Town is like a journey to Patagonia. He finds himself observing the manners and customs of the aliens in those parts of London as if they belonged to a strange and uncomfortable race. He returns to the club with quaint stories of his travels, and takes away the appetite of his cronies at dinner by horrible speculations as to the *cuisine* in the Camberwell New Road. Another illusion, which is sincere enough in spite of its deliberate exaggerations, induces the clubman to betake himself now and then to the realm of cheap foreign restaurants, where he cheerfully suspends the faculty of smell, and closes his eyes to a primitive mechanism of service. Within her huge bulk London comprises several cities which are Continental in nearly every respect except the geographical; and the Londoner accepts without a murmur the odours of a civilisation consecrated by the traditions of Paris, Naples, or Madrid. It was his taste for this manner of excursion to foreign capitals which made him so thoroughly at home with Venice, when the Bride of the Adriatic was spending her honeymoon at Olympia. To find æsthetic joy in passing the paste-board palace of the Doges in a gondola at West Kensington was, perhaps, a lower function of the imagination than the disposition of the "*salon* of the slums" in Mr. Henry James's perspective. Both may be said to illustrate the vagaries of the artistic sense which spring from our metropolitan inheritance.

\* Essays on London. By Henry James. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

## OVER THE LINE.

IN "Borderland" we have Mr. Stead's latest achievement in journalism. Having exploited the political world, the world of philanthropists, and the world of social enthusiasts, this remarkable man now seeks to exploit the world of the unknown. It must be confessed that the first number of his new journal is not a little disappointing. There is nothing novel in its treatment of a subject which has always had a distinct attraction for certain classes amongst us. No new ideas or new principles are to be found within its covers, though the old ideas, it must be acknowledged, are set forth with all Mr. Stead's accustomed vigour of diction. The chief interest of his narrative lies in the tales he has to tell us of the remarkable success attained by some of his "spooks" in the line of prophesy; and of these by far the most remarkable is the prediction which Mr. Stead's own familiar conveyed to him, that Mr. Morley would have a majority at his last election for Newcastle of 1,400. As a matter of fact Mr. Morley's majority was over 1,700. Still, we may admit that, considering the circumstances of the time, Mr. Stead's spook on this occasion achieved a distinct success. But what would a hundred successes of this kind prove in face of the evidence accumulated through long centuries of the absolute ignorance of the human mind concerning the supernatural world? The spiritualist has his small triumphs, and out of what may be mere chance coincidences he builds theories which, carried to their logical end, would upset all the ascertained phenomena of Nature. He never tells us of his failures, or of the extent to which coincidences, such as he regards as supernatural, may constantly be met with in ordinary life, where no suspicion or room for suspicion of supernatural agency exists. If he were to do so he might find tales far more extraordinary than any he has given us, and coincidences far more startling, in the every-day experiences of most of his fellow-creatures.

We do not propose to argue with Mr. Stead. That would be a superfluous task. But against his stories of modern wizardry we propose to set forth here, in plain and definite language, some incidental experiences of one particular person in the matter of natural coincidence, leaving Mr. Stead to say whether in his whole armoury of supernatural phenomena he can find anything to surpass them. The narrative we append can be absolutely vouched for. Nothing but some of the names and places have been changed, for obvious reasons. We print the story, for greater simplicity, in the first person:—

In the early autumn of 1881 I happened to be in Holland, and was staying at the Hôtel Belle Vue at the Hague. One afternoon I went by steam-tram to Scheveningen, and presently found myself sitting in one of the straw arm-chairs upon the beach facing the sea. Unexpectedly I was accosted by the person occupying the chair nearest my own. Looking up, I recognised him as a man who had crossed from Grimsby in the same steamer as myself. We exchanged a few commonplace remarks, and then the conversation was continued as follows:—

He.—I believe you live in X.?

I.—Yes.

He.—Do you happen to know a Mr. Richard Burton there?

I.—I do.

He.—What a good fellow he is! And what a successful man he has been!

I.—Is he a friend of yours?

He.—Well, not exactly; but I have met him, and know him quite well by reputation. Besides, a great friend of mine married his daughter.

I.—Indeed! What was your friend's name?

He.—Smith—John Smith, of F.—

I.—Well, do you know, I think you are mistaken.

He.—Oh, no! I assure you I am not. I know Smith very well indeed, and I know that he married Richard Burton's daughter.

I.—But I was in the church when that young lady was married, and I can assure you that she did not marry anybody called John Smith.

He.—Indeed! Then, pray, whom did she marry?

I.—As it happens, she married me.

I left my chance acquaintance with a feeling of amusement at the coincidence that had led to my meeting a man who could talk thus confidently and ignorantly of my own wife. But the incident was a trivial one, and would have been absolutely forgotten long ago but for something that happened the same evening. I had finished my dinner in the *salle-à-manger* at the Belle Vue, and had gone into the *salon* to get a glance at the *Times*. Of course, I found that it was in hand, and prepared to spend the interval of waiting until the elderly gentleman who was perusing it had completed his task, in turning over the tattered pages of an old *Graphic*. To my surprise, however, I had no sooner taken my seat than "the man in possession," turning to me, said, "You would like to see the *Times*, sir," and handed me the paper in question. I thanked him for an act of courtesy not over-common among Englishmen abroad, and we fell into conversation.

He.—You will find a very interesting account of Cardiff Docks [Cardiff was not, of course, the town named] in the paper.

I.—Shall I? Thank you very much.

He.—May I ask if you know Cardiff?

I.—Very slightly. I was only there once in my life.

He.—Do you know anyone living there?

I.—Yes: I know a clergyman named Simmons.

He.—What, do you know the Rev. Henry Simmons? Why, sir, he is one of my dearest friends. May I ask if you know him intimately?

I.—No; I cannot say that I do. But I knew his son Alfred, and so got to know the father.

He.—Ah, poor Alfred! You are aware that he died at Malta last winter?

I.—Yes, I know that. In fact, I went out in the same ship with him to Malta a few weeks before he died.

He.—Well, as you knew Alfred Simmons, sir, I think you might be interested in reading a little account of his life which has been privately published by his friends; and if so, I think I could procure the loan of a copy for you.

I.—Thank you very much; but his father sent me a copy some weeks ago.

He.—You have read it, have you? Then I am sure, my dear sir, as you have read that little work you will be interested in knowing that I am the publisher of it.

I.—Well, as it happens, I am interested, for I am the writer of it.

This double coincidence in one day unquestionably did interest me, as proving how small the world is. At the urgent request of a heart-broken father I had written a few reminiscences of his son, an admirable fellow, and had sent them to him; to receive them later in the shape of a handsome little memorial volume. Of its printer and publisher I knew nothing. It was curious that on one day I should have met with strangers who thus touched me at two points in my own life.

Just about two months later I found myself steaming through the Straits of Messina in a great vessel of the Transatlantique Line. At Messina we had taken aboard a single passenger, and, as it chanced, an Englishman. Sitting on the hurricane deck with this gentleman after dinner, our talk fell upon travel, and upon the well-worn theme of the smallness of the world. At last I told him the two stories I have set forth here. When I had finished he turned to me and said, "Then you are Mr. —," and he named me correctly. "Pray, how do you know my name?" I inquired. "I live at Malta," was his reply. "My house was the last that Alfred Simmons entered before his death; and the last thing I read before leaving home was the sketch of

his life, his father.

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his life, which you wrote. I only received it from his father a month ago."

We both wondered at the way in which my story of coincidences had been capped, and then I continued: "Do you know that before I left Malta yesterday I crossed the harbour and went to the cemetery where poor Simmons is buried. I wanted to see his grave, and I plucked this from it" (taking a flower from my pocket-book) "to send to his father when I get home."

"Ah!" said he. "Did you do that? Well, you will scarcely believe it, but that was exactly what I did the day before I left home, and here is the flower I gathered to send to our friend's father;" and as he spoke he laid beside the withered blossom in my hand its very fellow.

There is here no touch or trace or possible hint of the occult or supernatural. The story is one of coincidence merely. Yet how many millions of chances to one were there against not the chain of coincidence which is described in the foregoing narrative, but against any one of its links? And supposing the events recorded had touched upon that borderland of which Mr. Stead writes, how triumphantly he would have cited them as evidence on his behalf!

#### AMERICAN THEOLOGY BEFORE COLUMBUS.

IN the public library of Milan, a copy of a letter from Christopher Columbus to the Treasurer of the King of Spain is illustrated by a curious engraving, after a sketch made by the great discoverer himself. A Spanish galley is seen coasting the shore of the New World. The natives crowd to the beach and exchange gifts with the strangers, their tall, naked forms towering above the mast of the galley and above the hills of Hispaniola. The representation—partly, no doubt, the result of defective ideas of perspective—may yet be taken as an indication of the interest with which the navigators regarded the new specimens of humanity which met their gaze. "It was not," says Emerson, "the wild and unknown animals or fruits, or even the silver and gold, of the New World, but the wild *man* that concentrated the curiosity of the contemporaries of Columbus." The manners and customs of the natives, and, not least, their religion, were observed with interest and astonishment. The Spaniards found their new acquaintances to be believers in one Supreme Being, immortal, omnipotent, and invisible. Worship was offered in hymns, sung to the accompaniment of rude timbrels made of shells, and drums constructed from the bark of trees. Amongst them were preserved strange legends of the Creation and the Flood. They believed in apparitions of their deceased friends, and hence in the survival of the soul and its happy future existence in the company of friends and ancestors in the bowers of a terrestrial Paradise.

If the Conquerors had been able to preserve for us the words of the sacred songs used in the primitive American worship, it is certain that interesting results would have been obtained for the purposes of comparative theology. Some of these have, indeed, been handed down in writings attributed by expert occidental scholars to the centuries immediately preceding the Conquest. We are necessarily dependent on translations, but through this medium, notwithstanding its uncertainty, some glimpses may be obtained of the faiths and hopes which were cherished through those dim centuries by which the native races of the New World were separated from their ancestors in the Old. In these relics may be found pathetic utterances of human weakness and sorrow, mingled with occasional higher notes of triumphant faith.

The following is a simple prayer from the extreme south of the great continent, translated from the Patagonian, in which, although the petitions relate to the simplest wants of the body, there is a suggestion, in the human aspect of the Divine Being,

and in the primitive idea of sacrifice and communion, of the deeper needs of the soul:—

"O Father! Great Man!  
King of this land!  
Favour us, dear Friend, every day,  
With good food,  
With good water,  
With good sleep!  
Poor am I, poor is this meal:  
Take of it, if Thou wilt!"

Turning to the northern half of the continent, and to the homes of a more warlike race, we gain a vivid insight into the horrors of needless barbaric warfare, and a pathetic view of the possibilities of faith, in the national prayer of the Lenapes Indians, which is here rendered from a prose translation by M. Quatrefages:—

"O poor me,  
Who now goes forth the enemy to meet,  
And knows not if, with home-returning feet,  
He shall come back, and wife and children greet!  
O poor creature,  
Who cannot guide his life from day to day;  
Who has no power his body to preserve;  
Who tries to do his duty as he may,  
The welfare of his native tribe to serve!  
O Thou Great Spirit, dwelling in the skies,  
Take pity on my children and my wife;  
Keep them from sorrowing for my threatened life;  
Give me success in this my enterprise.  
O grant that I may kill my enemy,  
And win the trophies of victorious fight;  
Have pity, and preserve me by Thy might,  
And I will offer sacrifice to Thee!"

With this may be compared the following ancient prayer still in use amongst the Iroquois Indians at their New Year religious dances, quoted in a paper of the United States Census issued for the present year:—

"Hail! Hail! Hail!  
Listen now, with an open ear, to the words of Thy people, as they ascend to Thy dwelling!  
Give to the keepers of Thy faith wisdom rightly to do Thy commands.  
Give to our warriors and to our mothers strength to perform the sacred ceremonies appointed.  
We thank Thee that Thou hast preserved them pure to this day.  
Listen to us still!  
We thank Thee that Thou hast spared the lives of so many of Thy children to participate in these exercises.  
We thank Thee for the increase of the earth, for the rivers and streams, for the sun and moon, for the winds that banish disease, for the herbs and plants that cure the sick, and for all things that minister to good and to happiness.  
Lastly we return thanks unto Thee, our Creator and Ruler.  
In Thee are embodied all things!  
We believe that Thou canst do no evil.  
We believe that Thou doest all things for our good and for our happiness.  
Should Thy people disobey Thy commands, deal not harshly with them!  
Be kind to us, as Thou hast been to our fathers in times long gone by!  
Hearken to our words as they ascend, and may they be pleasing to Thee, our Creator, the Preserver of all things visible and invisible!"

It is, however, in the remnants of sacred song that have come down to us in the languages of Central America, the speech of more highly civilised races, that the gleaner finds most to reward his toil. The most important work in this field is the Popol Vuh, translated by the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, from the language of the Quichés, the chief nation, at the time of the Conquest, in what is now the Republic of Guatemala. In this book the native author incorporated the ancient traditions of his people concerning the Creation, the Flood, and the migration from the East of the original inhabitants of the New World. The creation of four successive races of man is narrated—the first a race made of earth and without intelligence; the second made of wood, the third from pith, both these heartless and impious; the last of the three the ancestors of monkeys. The fourth creation was that of four men and four women, the ancestors of the present inhabitants of the world. Brasseur prints the original Quiché, a language still spoken by about

half a million people, with a French translation on the opposite pages. The following is extracted from the latter, care being taken, in giving a metrical form to the prayer, to vary the phrases as little as possible:—

"Thus spoke from below those who saw the sun rise. Now all had but one language; they did not as yet pray to wood or stone; they remembered only the word of the Creator and Fashioner, the Heart of heaven and Heart of the earth; and they spoke while meditating on that which the dawn concealed; and full of the sacred word, full of love, obedience, and fear, they made their petitions, and, lifting their eyes to heaven, asked for daughters and sons:—

"Hail! O Creator and Fashioner, Thou who seest and hearest!  
Do not forsake us, O God, who dwellest in earth and in heaven!  
Thou art the Heart of the earth, and Thou art the Heart of the heavens!  
Long as the day shall dawn, O give to us sons, and give daughters.  
Let there be seed for the ground, and let there be light for our footsteps.  
Lead us in open paths, and let not an ambush surprise us.  
Let us ever be quiet, and dwell in peace with our dear ones.  
Give to us joy in our days, and a life secure from reproaches."

(Popol Vuh, Book III., c. 3.)

From the neighbouring country of Yucatan, in the Maya dialect, are preserved to us some of the prophecies said to have been delivered by the Mexican priests in the generation or generations preceding the Spanish Conquest, such as the following:—

"What time the sun shall shine brightly  
Tearful will be the eyes of the King!  
Four ages yet shall be inscribed,  
Then shall come the holy priest, the holy God!  
With grief I speak what now I see!  
Watch well the road, ye dwellers in Itza!  
The master of the earth shall come to us!  
Thus prophesies Nahall Pech the seer,  
In the days of the fourth age,  
At the time of its beginning."

(From the Book of Chilán Balam.)

The American archaeologist, Dr. Brinton, describes these "prophecies" as "evidently the originals or echoes of the mystic songs of the devotees of the Maya Pantheon."

But it is in the writings of the royal psalmist of Mexico, King Nezahualcoyotl, composed about A.D. 1450, seventy years before the Spanish Conquest, that we find the nearest approach to the ethics and theology of the Old World. There does not appear to be sufficient ground for suspecting that the hand of the translators from the original Otomí language is betrayed in them. The sentiment and thought contained in these odes, though elevated, is not more so than may be paralleled in other so-called "heathen" countries, and if they had been, to any important extent, coloured by Spanish Catholics we might expect to find unmistakable evidence of it. The following from a prose version by M. Michel Chevalier, is here given with literal accuracy:—

"Live thou in peace with all, and injuries suffer with meekness.  
Leave thine avenging to God, unto Him who doth look upon all things.  
Feed thou and clothe the poor, whatever thy cares and privations.  
Verily their flesh is thy flesh: men are they even as thou art!  
God, in whose life is our life, O Thou who art everywhere present,  
Thou to whom all things are known, Dispenser of all that is perfect,  
Thou whom no eye can behold, Thou boundless perfection of goodness,  
Under Thy wings is repose, and infinite shelter for ever!"

Of the seventy psalms and odes left in the memory of his people by this "prophet of their own," the following, with which we conclude our review of ancient American thought, seems to contain some

echo of a primitive revelation, and some reflection of "the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world":—

"Like to the willow-trees green are the transient pomps of our life-time:  
They, if they live to be old, meet their end in the flame that devours them;  
Else are they hewn by the axe, or upturned by the blast of the tempest.  
Saddened are we, and bowed down, by age and corruption approaching;  
All things on earth pass away, predestined to fade and to perish.  
So, in the height of enjoyment, there cometh un pitying weakness,  
Suddenly seizing upon them, until in the dust they are fallen.  
All the round earth is a tomb, and of all that doth live on its surface,  
Nought is there born or upreared but what to the dust is returning!  
Glories of monarchs and victors all vanish to nothing together,  
E'en as the threatening smoke from the crater of Popocatepetl.  
Earliest and latest of men alike in earth's bosom are mingled!  
Yet, let us stand, O friends, sustained by a confident courage!  
Let us aspire unto heaven, where all is unchanged and eternal:  
Everything there liveth on, and defieth approach of corruption.  
Even the tomb, with its woe, is only the sun's lowly cradle,  
And sorrowful shadows of death are but stars for the sky in its glory!"

H. C. LEONARD.

## THE DRAMA.

### THE DALY COMPANY.

THERE used to be a saying on the Isis that "One 'Varsity oar is enough to spoil any boat." With all respect, indeed with an admiration which borders on fanaticism, for the talent of Miss Ada Rehan, I cannot help suspecting that she is to Mr. Daly's repertory what a solitary 'Varsity oar was said to be to a College eight. The repertory, I take it, has been selected solely with a view to the exhibition of the leading actress—with results which are not exactly admirable for her, and are certainly deplorable for the repertory. It is impossible to suppose that such a play, for instance, as *The Hunchback* can have been revived—no, not revived, for the play is as dead as a door-nail, but exhumed—except for the sake of showing Miss Rehan in various moods and characters—the hoyden, the City madam, laughing, weeping, scornful, petitioner, everything by turns and everything too long. The play itself is an outrage. Its production at this time of day fills me with a sort of blank despair. "Do I sleep, do I dream, or is visions about?" What can Mr. Daly be thinking of? Why was evolution invented, and why the process of the suns? Why have we all been fighting, hammer-and-tongs, for a dozen years past over the Old and New Drama, if it is all to go for nothing, and Mr. Daly is to be allowed calmly to produce such an abomination of desolation as *The Hunchback*? Much of the genuine Elizabethan drama is tedious enough, but the sham Elizabethan—ugh! From one point of view the thing is a collection of odiously vulgar and essentially false commonplaces: that human nature in the country is quite unlike human nature in town, that the typical woman is always fickle, wayward, and silly, that bookworms are idiots, that plumed cavaliers in reduced circumstances become secretaries (performing not secretarial but menial duties) in black velvet. From another point of view the thing is a collection of conundrums. Why has Julia been brought up in rustic seclusion by the will of a stern father, whom she has never even asked to see? Why does she accept Sir Thomas Clifford five minutes

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after being introduced to him? Why does a walk down Gracechurch Street induce her to reject him? Why is he not Sir Thomas but somebody else? Why is Master Walter not Master Walter but somebody else? Why does Julia pledge herself to marry an unknown "lord" by a written document? Why does she, in her interviews with Sir Thomas when he is not Sir Thomas, always talk to the opposite wall? Why does she always communicate with the unknown and unseen "lord" through his secretary? Why the blank verse of Sheridan Knowles, and why is it so very blank? Why the "comic" servants, who slap one another on the back throughout a whole scene? I give it up, I give it all up, and indeed, for his cold-blooded production of this play, I am tempted to give Mr. Daly up. One thing, however, there was to forgive in the affair—the Master Walter of Mr. George Clarke, whose sonorous elocution and quiet dignity of bearing almost made that absurd part respectable.

After my despair over *The Hunchback* I hoped to be comforted by something of to-day, *Love in Tandem*, understood to be an adaptation by Mr. Daly from *La Vie d Deux* of MM. Bocage and De Courcy. But this was another disappointment. The first act is a combination of *La Boule* of Meilhac and Halévy and Sardou's *Divorçons*—both spoiled; the second and third acts are a dreary wilderness of voluble Mexican widows, dumb Russian countesses, and an irrelevant "poppa" from Chicago. Mr. James Lewis is the irrelevant "poppa," Miss Rehan and Mr. Arthur Boucher are the quarrelsome, divorce-seeking, jealousy-reconciled young couple of whom we are all getting so tired after seeing them in every divorce-farce for the last half-dozen years, and Miss Isabel Irving is the inevitable American "bud" with her hair down her back, who ought to have her ears boxed and be sent to bed. I feel that I am speaking with some acerbity; but, really, this extraordinary repertory of Mr. Daly's puts too great a strain on one's good-nature. Why build a new theatre, and import an exotic company of comedians, only to give us this sort of thing? A. B. W.

#### HALF A DOZEN PICTURES IN THE ACADEMY.

IN a few days the Academicians will close their doors, and the worst collection they have ever gathered together will be dispersed. Even the ignorant public has not applauded; even the daily papers have ventured into slight protest; even the regions of Bushey and the distant suburb that Mr. Wells inhabits have become tremulously aware that the present exhibition is not—well, "not up to the average." The collection will be dispersed, and Heaven knows where the historical and religious anecdotes will find their way. Who will henceforth gaze on the Vikings? An Australian millionaire has paid 6,000 pounds for the continual pleasure of the Assyrian monarch pouring a libation of blood or wine over dead lions. Three hundred a-year, nineteen shillings and how many pence a day? But should the millionaire weary of contemplation, the picture might go to one of the broken banks; and I can imagine the millionaires of yesteryear leaning over their deserted counters taking their fill of it. Mr. David Murray's "Hampshire" also goes to Australia; and there it may prove a solace to the unemployed clerks who wander at noon about their old haunts. Something must be done with the broken banks; why should not they be turned into receptacles for the pictures that are about to be removed from the Academy? If this were done, the directors might be induced to recognise the existence of a large working population, and, during the process of reconstruction, personally-conducted tours might be arranged for. Armed with showmen's wands, the

directors might take the people round and relate the various tales which the Academicians have so amply illustrated. In this way the working classes would be able to participate in the great art movement of our century, and the broken banks be turned to some real account. An alternative project would be to assemble the creditors— But suggestion is vain; only fate can deal adequately with so momentous a question as "What will become of the Academy pictures?" So, leaving this question to solve itself, we will walk through the Academy, noting only the few inconspicuous trifles which might be detained in England.

In the first room there is Mr. Sargent's much-praised portrait of Lady Agnew. It represents the artistic ideal of the present day, so all artists have stood before it open-mouthed, wondering at the ease and fluency of its accomplishment. I admit that it is very well done. I, too, admire its fluency, but I demand more than ease and fluency from an artist. In the next room there is a cottage-girl by Mr. Clausen, which seems to me to be a definite something. The painting is not easy, nor is it fluent, but the desire of the painter to express his thought makes the picture live. All over it there is trace of human will, and that is more interesting than any impersonal representation of surfaces, however fluent. Had I to choose between the pictures, I should not hesitate—I should choose the Sargent; nevertheless—well, the word expresses my meaning. In the Long Gallery I failed to discover a single picture that interested me. In the next gallery, Gallery V., there is Mr. Matthew Corbet's picture of "Evening"—great yellow corn under a pink-and-green evening sky. This picture is not what I am naturally disposed to like, but it is painted in a recognisable style. Nature set the theme, and the artist has developed it; so it is a picture. A picture is either the harmonious development of a set of lines or the harmonious development of a passage of colour. A book is the development of a moral idea—the theme is stated in the first chapter, and every succeeding chapter is but a phase of its logical development. An opera is the symphonious development of a single phrase; during four hours a phrase is repeated in different forms, as in *Tristan*. Musical, pictorial, and literary anecdotes leave me untouched. A most unpopular aestheticism, I am aware; one that shuts me out from admiration of nearly all that my generation goes mad over—for instance, Mr. Hardy's "Tess" and Mr. Pinero's *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. These popular masterpieces are to me bundles of little anecdotes ununited by a philosophic idea, and therefore (to me) void of artistic interest.

But my pen is playing truant, and wanders far from the Academy. Perhaps it is the pen's instinct, and I might do well to let it wander as it pleases. In Gallery V. I noticed a portrait by Mr. George Harcourt—a girl in a dark green evening dress, standing by a window filled with the blue night. I regret that Mr. Harcourt should have thought it necessary to quote five lines of Keats. Why drag in Keats to explain a purely pictorial effect—a girl standing by a window, the lamp-light shining on her arms? The matter is not without importance, for it indicates a tendency. I looked out Mr. Harcourt's address in the catalogue, and found it was Bushey, Herts. So I am alarmed for Mr. Harcourt's safety. His picture is interesting—it is really full of promise—and the question rises, Will that promise be fulfilled? If he burns his poets, and changes his address, I think it may. But if he remains where he is, I fear the German cigars and the moon will have their way with him. Those who have not read "Modern Painters" will be puzzled by the reference to German cigars and the moon.

In Gallery VIII. I noticed a picture called "The Fisherman's Breakfast," by Mr. Bernades J. Bombers. I don't think that it has been noticed—it is hidden away in a corner. The picture is a reminiscence of Pieter de Hoogh. The fisherman sits at a

table drawn up under a high window; the blind is down, and the light is warm and subdued; the fisherman's wife stands on the other side of the table with a baby in her arms. The drawing is awkward and wooden. There is nearly as much wood in Mr. Bommers as there is soap in Sir Frederick Leighton. Still, with all its deficiencies, the picture is one of the very few unobjectionable pictures in the Academy. Another picture that has been praised a good deal by artists is "Girls Bathing," by Mr. William Strang. It seems to me like a faint echo from Puvis de Chavannes. Perhaps it is not great nor remarkably original, but it is distinguished, and the work of a refined mind. But the picture that I personally would choose to possess would be "Evening Song," by Mr. George Clausen. I do not care for the picture as I did for the picture of "The Mowers," exhibited in last year's Academy, but I like it a good deal better than I did when I first saw it. It was the old story—a pleasure spoilt by too much anticipation. I was, frankly, disappointed; but when I went to the Academy last week to find material for this article, I saw that Mr. Clausen's picture was a great deal better than I had thought it. I still think that painting in so high a key is a mistake—it allows of hardly any modulation. It seems to me like writing a story in the present tense—you get it all on the flat. But I have explained my theories on the subject of *le plein air* a hundred times—everyone who reads me at all, knows them; it would be intolerable to drag through it again. Suffice it to say that as far as the medium of expression he has chosen to work in allows, Mr. Clausen has painted a charming and original picture. In another article I spoke of the influence of Monet in this work. I do not desire to withdraw what I said. I daresay it is possible to trace the influence of Monet in this picture; I daresay it is a combination of Lepage and Monet. But for all that, the picture is clearly and emphatically Clausen—neither Monet nor Lepage could have painted it—no one could have painted it but Clausen; and whoever buys it will grow to like his picture better every day he lives with it.

I have forgotten to speak of Mr. Lorrimer's picture "Evening." I am sorry I did not remember this picture before. I should have liked to have spoken of it at greater length. It is now too late, and I am anxious to bid good-bye to this terrible exhibition. Other misfortunes are in store for me doubtless, but not the misfortune of having to write another word concerning the exhibition of 1893. In two or three weeks the pictures will be dispersed. Let the Australian banks have them.

G. M.

#### A DOCTOR'S STORY.

ONCE in the course of a medical career of nearly fifty years I saved a patient's life. In other cases I have my doubts; but in that one I'm certain of it. You'll take another cigarette? What, no? Then black coffee!

The patient was a lady—young, and not unpleasant. That gave me an interest in the case. She lived at Surbiton. I had never seen her before I was called in for this particular illness; but one day her husband came to my house in Harley Street and wanted me to go down post-haste with him to look at her. He was particularly anxious to get a first-rate London specialist's opinion. They'd had a general practitioner down at their own place, he said, but that wasn't enough for him; he distrusted G.P.'s. He insisted upon getting the very best advice for her.

A tall dark man, the husband, with keen deep-sunken eyes. He looked like a Spaniard, and might have been Grand Inquisitor. But what struck me most about him was the queer little fact that, though he expressed the greatest anxiety, and desired to show the deepest affection, I couldn't help

feeling it was my opinion he wanted far more than my assistance. He laid great stress upon the point of my being an undoubted authority. Whatever I thought of the case he would know it was right. He didn't care about the diagnosis of these suburban doctors; he didn't trust their prognosis; but I—if I told him his wife would live, he could be sure she would recover; and if I told him—well, the worst—why, he knew he must accept it with resignation. (Cambric pocket-handkerchief.)

I went down with him and saw her. She was very ill indeed. A most pathetic young woman. She roused my keenest sympathy. But it was the queerest case I ever knew in my life. I could make nothing of it. I told the husband she was seriously ill; I doubted her recovery, she had sunk so low; but I didn't understand it. His eyes had an inscrutable gleam in them when I told him that; but he answered very anxiously, "Can't you put a name to it? It would be satisfactory at least to know what it is that's the matter with her."

"No, I can't," I replied. "In the whole course of my experience I never yet saw anything like it."

His face fell a little. Long medical practice has made me observe the quick shades of emotion that pass over faces. "I was in hopes you would have understood it," he said, very slowly, with a hard look into my eyes, pointing each word with emphasis. "It was for that I went to the best London authority. I thought these ordinary suburban men might fail to make it out, but that I was sure of an opinion from a great London specialist. They told me your forte was diagnosis."

Clever of him, I felt at the time, to try thus to work upon my professional pride and my professional susceptibilities. He fancied he could force me or cajole me into giving it a name. That was decidedly sharp of him, but it overshot the mark. It gave me a first clue to the real nature of her illness.

Next day, and next again, I went down to see my patient. Money was no object, the affectionate husband said often. All he wanted was to be sure his dear wife had the benefit of the very best medical advice and assistance. The third day I was so puzzled I took my assistant down with me without telling him why. I sent him in to see her. When he came out I said to him, "Well, Harvey, what do you make of it?"

"I don't make anything of it," he answered. "I can't. It looks to me unique. I don't in the least understand it."

"Neither do I," I replied, stroking my chin. "That's why I brought you to see it."

We sat and stared at one another in silence for a minute. Then my assistant said, very dubiously, "The fact is, Sir Everard, it appears to me—"

"Well; go on, man! Out with it!"

"Not a case of natural disease at all, but a case of poisoning."

"Precisely my opinion," I answered, giving a start. "I brought you here to confirm it."

I went into the sick woman's room again. "I want to ask you one question," I said, in as soothing a voice as possible. "You may think it an odd one. Is there anybody who would benefit in any way by your death?"

She gazed up at me feebly. "Not a soul," she answered. "All I have in the world I've left by will to dear Archie."

That settled the question. I felt sure I knew a prescription that would cure her. I went down again to the dining-room. The husband was there, sitting uneasily by the window. He looked at me with an anxious face. "Well, I've formed an opinion on the case at last," I said, "and so has Dr. Harvey here; but perhaps it may distress you or annoy you to hear it."

He glanced nervously at my assistant; then at me in return. I had placed myself on purpose so that both our eyes were upon him from every angle. He shuffled in his chair. "Oh, I'm prepared for the

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worst," he answered with a sickly smile. "I know she can't recover."

"Then do you desire me to give you the honest opinion I've formed," I asked, "at the risk of offending you?"

"Yes, I want your opinion," he answered; but his lips quivered faintly. "It's that that I called you in for."

I stared straight into his eyes. I fixed him with mine. He couldn't avoid them without catching Harvey's. "Then my opinion is this," I said slowly and distinctly: "that if your wife dies—you'll be hanged for it."

He never moved a muscle of his face; but his colour went with a rush—he was white as a ghost in a moment. He rose with an effort. "This is a *mauvaise plaisanterie*," he cried, "at such a time as this! A *mauvaise plaisanterie*!" (He was more than half French, and his native language came natural to him at these critical moments.)

"No *plaisanterie* at all," I answered, very grim, "but a simple statement of my medical opinion. Look here, Mr. So-and-so, we are two; you are one. Now I give you fair warning. This lady upstairs is being slowly poisoned. Unless she recovers, we will hold you answerable. You wanted the best advice. Well, now you have got it. Don't suppose you can deceive me by using a little-known poison. I won't let you murder her. Your wife must recover. I have my eye upon you. If anything ever happens to her, now or hereafter, I shall take good care there is full inquiry; and so will Dr. Harvey. I say no more than that. And I wish you a very good morning. To-morrow, when I come, I shall expect to see a marked improvement."

And so I did. She was decidedly better. In three weeks she was well. In a month she was at Harrogate. I never deceived her. She loved the creature; and I allowed her to go on loving him. But I confess I was relieved when four years later he providentially broke his wretched neck on the Schreckhorn. It unburdened my mind of the responsibility of watching him.

In other cases, I have my doubts; but in that one, I'm confident I really saved my patient's life; and I should think you agree with me.

GRANT ALLEN.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### CLAUSE IX.

SIR,—I see that in an article on "Clause IX." in to-day's *SPEAKER* you say I am "opposed to Scotch Home Rule." That is not so. I am in favour of Scotch Home Rule if, when, and as, it is desired by the Scotch people. At present I do not see that Scotland is ripe for an aggressive and defined Home Rule movement.—Yours truly,  
JULY 15th, 1893.

ROBERT WALLACE.

### ETHICS AND ECONOMICS.

SIR,—The present generation of economists insistently recognise the connection between ethics and economics, and endeavour in so doing to make up that which is lacking in the more abstract and theoretical works of their illustrious predecessors. But some ethical critics of the "dismal science," not content with what has been done in this direction to render economics, as they think, more moral, seem to desire to make the connection between the two sciences so intimate that they shall virtually be merged into one.

Such a desire is conspicuous in Mr. Girdlestone's last letter. There are, says he, three conceivable motives to action—egoism, altruism, and "isophily"; and there are, correspondingly, three types of economics—individualistic, altruistic, and socialistic. (Why, by the way, introduce this word "isophily?" Is its meaning not identical with what has been the principle of Utilitarianism ever since Bentham formulated that principle in the words, "Everyone to count for one and no one for more than one"?)

I object to this identification of economics as at present known with one ethical system, and of socialistic economics with another. It seems to involve confusion of two distinct spheres of knowledge. Ethics stands alone as the science of what *ought to be*; economics is one of the many sciences which treat of what *is*. Economics is neutral as between different social systems.

It furnishes considerations by which all such systems may be tested, while it explains in particular, as is its business, the working of the "individualistic" system now actual; but it in no way identifies itself with the present, or any, social system.

Further (1) our present social system is not a reduction to practice of merely egoistic principles, (2) nor, conversely, is it obvious that a system of State Socialism—such as, I believe, Mr. Girdlestone advocates as based on utilitarian principles—would not to a large extent work on the principles which regulate industrial society to-day.

Thus (1) have we not now, in the matters of poor relief, education, trade combinations, etc., action based on utilitarian principles? Yet economics, as at present understood, can take account of these as well as of action more egoistic in character. (2) On the other hand, under State Socialism might there not still be a sphere for "free competition?" Must not wages and prices even then be largely determined by competition, only kinder than the competition of to-day, because "freer," more perfect? And so long as this is the case the "central doctrine" of economics, the theory of value, will remain, not only theoretically true (which it must always be), but practically important.

The fact is, the ethical assumptions of economics are principles of human action, some of which—as, e.g., that a man will *cet. par.* always prefer a greater gain to a smaller—do not appear subject to change; others change very gradually, others more quickly.

Mr. Girdlestone's economic ideal, "equality of economic opportunity," is, I venture to say, as heartily approved in theory, and as earnestly promoted in practice, by many Individualists to-day as by Socialists. It is on the question how it can best be realised that they differ.—Yours truly,

Melbourne, Derby, July 17th, 1893.

MARY S. EARP.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

WILLIAM ROBERT HICKS, OF BODMIN.

"I WAS born in Bodmin," says somebody in one of T. W. Robertson's plays, and adds—"one of the most disagreeable towns to be born in you can imagine." William Robert Hicks was born in Bodmin in 1808, and died in Bodmin on September 5th, 1868. Now, as I was born in Bodmin on November 21st, 1863, it follows that my years must have been fewer than five on the only occasion I remember to have seen Hicks and heard him speak. A man seldom remembers much that happened before his fifth year; and in my case some eight or ten blurred and trivial impressions are all that remain of that period. Perhaps the most distinct of them is this—I was sitting on a footstool by the drawing-room hearth at home, with a book (a picture-book, of course) on my knees, when the door was burst violently open, and in came, like a bomb, a short rotund man, with a laugh that seemed to roll round and round inside his fat cheeks before it rolled out of his mouth. I believe he had raced the servant who should have announced him, and won by a short neck—he had a very short neck. I know he came in with some small jest, though I forget what the jest was. But I never forgot the face and figure—the round paunch, the dewlaps, the small oases of feature in the ample countenance; and eighteen or nineteen years after, happening to put up my fishing-rod in a gamekeeper's lodge in the Glyn valley and catching sight of a small plaster-of-Paris bust on the window-ledge, I recognised the portrait at once.

This was William Robert Hicks, the best storyteller that ever lived in the West Country. You may happen on some of his tales to-day, perhaps in a Cornish vicarage, perhaps even in an Oxford common-room; and you may hear them excellently well told. But I think it is agreed that Hicks was, and remains, inimitable. The by-play, the mirth dawning in the creases of his large chin and spreading over his face in ripples as the jest broke out, the modulation of voice and feature—these were his and his only: and his only, of course, was the amazing memory that could retain every small detail of what might be said to him, by an old labourer for example, or a garrulous countrywoman—the exact turn of speech, the tone of voice, the punctuation even.

These were the tales in which he excelled, though he had stores of anecdotes that did not depend upon

dialect or the humours of provincial manners and intelligence; anecdotes of celebrated men, very often—of Thackeray, for instance, whom he used to meet at the Garrick Club, or of Lowe, who was fond of staying at Pencarrow, Sir William Molesworth's place, where Hicks was a frequent guest. The "I didn't endow you with *that*, my dear" story, which went round the newspapers a few weeks ago, was one of Hicks's, and I believe it was at Pencarrow and in Hicks's presence that Lowe made the now celebrated retort. But to hear Hicks at his best, you would persuade him to relate the solemn absurdities of some local public body—some bench of magistrates, or petty jury, or highway board, or board of guardians, or vestry—any assembly, indeed, of half-educated men impressed and perhaps over-weighted by the importance of their office. Hicks himself was Governor of the County Lunatic Asylum at Bodmin, Clerk of the Board of Guardians and of the Highway Board, and a very useful public man wherever he served. So that he never lacked material. One day, as Clerk of the Board of Guardians, he was taking down the minutes at a meeting while a member of the Board looked over his shoulder. "I beg to call your attention to a error, Mr. Hicks," said this guardian. "What is that?" "You've a-left out the *h* in 'over-plush.'"

At another public meeting he heard a man say in his speech, "An Englishman's house is his castle. The storms may assail it and the winds whistle round it, but the king cannot do so." And a farmer, bewailing the decay of agriculture in a speech at a public dinner, observed that "those was troublous times; and when a man laid hisself down at night he did not know that he should get up in the same position in the morning."

He had many stories of local magistrates and their dependence for their law upon Burn's famous treatise. One magistrate was asked why he never acted as justice of the borough where he lived. He said: "A chap was brought to me, and I sent 'un to prison by an old Burn's *Jistice* that had been repealed. And he had me up and vined me dree hundred pound; zo I've a din nothing to justicing since."

A second magistrate was approached by a blacksmith who wished to lodge a complaint against a man for cutting his bellows. There followed this delicious dialogue. Said the magistrate:

"Hath a cut your bellus? You shall have mine. They're always blowing out the vire with 'em, and I hates the sight of 'em."

*Blacksmith.* "But 'tes my forge bellers he's a-cut."

*Magistrate.* "Then you'm a ruined man."

*Blacksmith.* "But I want to know what I can do by 'un."

*Magistrate.* "I'll zee what Burn's *Jistice* will do to 'un. Let's zee—B—bellus; B—bellus; B—bellus. There's nothing about a bellus in Burn's *Jistice*. You can't do nothing by 'un."

Hicks, as I have said, was Governor of the County Lunatic Asylum. He was also a man of taste, and had many friends among painters as well as musicians. (He played on the violin very prettily.) One of these friends, an artist and a tuneful singer, was painting a sea-scape at East Looe on the rocks at low tide. Hicks drove over from Bodmin to see him, and arrived at West Looe to be taken across the harbour in a boat. To his astonishment he found a boatman waiting for him, who said, "I've been a-looking out for 'ee the last day or two; I know'd you'd come. He's over there now. He's been hollering and screeching. He zits at low water down among the weed, a-painting a bit of board, and he calls out, 'Come in to the garden, Maud'—a pretty garden he's a-got there!—'I'm here by the gate alone'; there's no gate within miles of 'un. You can take 'un; he's quiet."

But Hicks's masterpiece, by which he is chiefly remembered in the West, is his great jury story, itself sufficient to make any man's reputation, and itself worth more than the price of the neat little volume in which Mr. William Frederick Collier has collected the very cream of his stories under the title of "Tales and Sayings of William Robert Hicks, of Bodmin" (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—a book that has just reached its third edition. Mr. Collier has not only the advantage of having known Hicks well (and, I may add, the heroes of many of Hicks's stories: like Herodotus, he may say, time after time, "I know the man, but will not mention his name"), but can handle the dialect, or dialects, of South Devon and East Cornwall as a master. Like all the best writers of dialect, he depends as much as possible on idiom and as little as possible on phonetic spelling, elisions, use of accents, apostrophes, diæreses, and the like. Having had some small experience in this matter, I can bear witness to the difficulty of handling this particular dialect, and suspect that the difficulty is found in all dialects. That the way of Thomas Hardy is the best—*maximum* of idiom with *minimum* of eccentric spelling—will, I think, be generally admitted; but few laymen have any idea of the restraint an author must put upon himself before he can come within several miles of Mr. Hardy's success. Now Mr. Collier has come very near indeed. He has given no stories but those he heard from Hicks's own lips; but these are enough to make a book, and a delightful one; and I can only advise anyone intending to visit Cornwall to get it and read it through without delay. If it make him laugh, well and good; if not, he had much better take his holiday somewhere else. A. T. Q. C.

## REVIEWS.

### GRANT DUFF ON RENAN.

ERNEST RENAN. In Memoriam. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE Superior Person we have always with us, but as a rule he is more fitted to grace society than to adorn literature. The *raconteur* may be an amusing person to meet in an idle hour, by preference at a dinner table or in the after-dinner magazine, for then we dearly love a good story or well-spiced gossip; but he ceases to amuse, though he may continue to entertain, when he exchanges the lively tale for the severe exposition, interpreting the mind rather than describing the foibles of the scholars he has known. The republic of letters has in the heart of it, even in its politest and most elegant periods, the passions and ways of a brutal democracy, and these never break out so bluntly as when the person it has smiled on as a patron suddenly claims to be a citizen. It may make Mæcenas the theme of an ode and weave graceful measures in praise of his taste and his munificence, but his attempts at authorship it either buries with elaborate care or forgets with fine disdain. The note of the Superior Person is his conscious and facile ability to be at once the patron of letters and the interpreter of intellect, and those of us who are inferior persons may foolishly feel as if this patronage of mind, as of men, were at times so munificent as to be oppressive. Here, for example, we find M. Renan posthumously rewarded for his many literary virtues by being so patronised. The fitness of "the Right Honourable Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S.," for this office cannot be questioned. Years ago his auroral figure used to flame upon the forefront of the Northern sky, and we waited its annual appearance in order to know exactly what we ought to think about politics and political men throughout the whole world. But these bright appearances have for years ceased, and we have been forced to get on as well as we could

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without these illuminating allocutions. Yet this world has been so constituted that every evil has its compensation, and loss its corresponding gain. The genius that has withdrawn from politics has been given to literature and criticism, and we now know what to think of Renan and his works, just as we used to know what to think of our statesmen and their acts.

The book, indeed, has no interest of its own; it is the work of a man Nature evidently designed to be a literary *raconteur*. Where it is anecdotal and personal, it is excellent; and those who did not know Renan may here and there get a glimpse of him as he lived and seemed, though they will hear little of his vivid and vivacious and suggestive talk. The remark of Mommsen has truth in it: he was "a true savant in spite of his beautiful style." The Roman historian recognised that Renan was, before everything, an artist; that nothing was so hard as to combine the artistic and the scientific spirit, and Renan did not entirely lose the one in his devotion to the other. Still he had the artistic eye for effects, the sensitive subjectivity that idealised what he saw, emphasised what he loved, ignored what he disliked, and enjoyed the thought of the surprise or pleasure his work would give to the appreciative, and also of the shock it would communicate to the Philistines. The more the figure on his canvas could be made romantic, or heroic, or attractive, the more active grew his artistic and the more quiescent his scientific faculty; but the less his imagination was haunted by a single or commanding personality, the more accurate and veracious he became as an historian. Mommsen spoke in 1862, but all Renan's later work showed how truly he had conceived him. The later volumes of his "Origines du Christianisme" have a scientific quality quite absent in his earlier. Where his fancy is dominated by Jesus or Paul, he is an artist, but hardly in any sense an historian. On the other hand, where the Empire and the Church have displaced the pre-eminent creative personalities, he is more of an historian without being any the less an artist.

But to return to Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. Renan takes him to see Littré, who praises "Strauss's 'Dogmatik' as the best book which the Hegelian school had produced," a remarkable example of the philosophical incompetence of the great Positivist and philologist. He also reports a visit to Victor Hugo, who prophesied "that ere long there would be an end of the (Christian) religion." "What would replace it?" "Ces trois mots—Dieu, ame, responsabilité"—which shows what a wonderfully little way we have travelled since the days of Lord Herbert of Cherbury—indeed, we have not moved a single step. Of Dr. Pusey it is said that he assured him that the "Thesaurus" of Gesenius was a very dangerous book, and wrote a letter of more than ten pages to convince him that Isaiah liii. was a prophecy of Christ.

But, indeed, the most instructive things in the book are some of its author's own things, either independent or expository judgments. We all know that Jupiter at times nods, and in this respect our *raconteur* reveals his Olympian qualities. Karl Hase, so long the most picturesque figure in Jena, appears as "Professor Hase of Halle." The same Emperor appears now as "Adrian" and now as "Hadrian." We are told that "Renan's habitual way of treating his foes, however bitter, was precisely that recommended in the Beatitudes." We were not aware that the Beatitudes gave any recommendation on the matter. In literature, we are told, "the Celts may still do great things, while all the efforts they make to attain political importance are doomed, in the very nature of things, to hopeless and, indeed, ridiculous failure." We note the delicate distinction, not in the very nature of the race or the man, but "in the very nature of things." The laws of the universe have ruled it so, and where destiny so speaks, what is the use, by revolutions in France or Home Rule in Ireland, trying to contradict or defeat destiny? Renan and mediæval art have this in

common—each, though in different degrees, saw "the vast importance of the part played by Mary Magdalene" in the creation of Christianity. We had imagined that they conceived her part in a manner precisely the converse to each other: Art saw in Mary the type of the sinner saved, Renan saw in her the sinner saving, or rather, perhaps, making the religion. Of the Apocalypse he says, it is "the one of all the Biblical writings the date of which we know most exactly"; but in saying this he illustrates the well-known ability of the man who knows only the alphabet of a language to explain its forms better than the man who knows its literature. There is no book in the New Testament whose date is so difficult to fix, and where the evidence for alternative reigns is so nearly balanced. He writes of the Acts as if Renan had contributed something new to its criticism, or as if nothing had been done to it since. As a matter of fact, no book has been so much confirmed by archaeological discoveries, or yielded up so authentic historical material to the critical student. When he comes to Paul he is peculiarly sage and incisive. Imitating a famous phrase of Friedrich Schlegel's, he says: "We are all born, I suppose, either to like or dislike St. Paul's cast of thought." He does not say to understand or misunderstand it; but what follows shows that this is what he means. To those who like him he recommends "Conybeare and Howson," a delightful book. So, no doubt, it is, for certain purposes, but certainly anything but the best book for the purpose for which it is here commended. "Renan believed—what is surely as clear as day—that St. Paul was absolutely honest, and in every way an extraordinary person; but he did not think that the influence of that great man upon the quality, as distinguished from the quantity, of Christianity in the world had been favourable." And in so thinking he only expressed his own limitations. St. Paul was too sublime and detached a figure to be clothed in the forms dear to the sensuous imagination; but the Tübingen men, to whom Renan owed almost all his literary criticism, understood these things better. They saw into the universalism and the ethical majesty of Paul as Renan never did. They saw that he was the first to read the real meaning of Jesus, and to transform this religion into a larger and sublimer faith than it had been to the minds of the first disciples. The antithesis of the Sermon on the Mount and the Pauline Epistles is radically false, for there is no commentary on that sermon like 1 Corinthians xiii. and 2 Corinthians iii.—vi. What is implicit in Jesus becomes explicit in Paul, who may not have known Christ after the flesh, but was certainly the first who knew Him after the spirit. Another exquisite, though impersonal, judgment is this:—"What made, indeed, the chief success of the Christian Church was the amount of pure and innocent pleasure which fell to the lot of those who joined it." The art of Parisianising history could hardly be carried further. By its help we see how far we have travelled beyond Gibbon's secondary causes, and we also see how foolishly even a wise man may write when he consults his own consciousness rather than the original sources.

But it is time to take leave of our new guide to Renan. He says of him that on such matters as history and criticism "he knew everything," but it is to be feared that on this point the judge was hardly in possession of the evidence needed for a lucid and final judgment. His speculations, however, "on such matters as the object of the universe" "may be read, like those of a hundred other philosophers, as a method of passing time, agreeable to many minds." But the value of his judgment may be seen from this:—Mr. Lilly is his typical philosopher, a man "as competent as most people to discuss these high and transcendent questions." Even so; then all we can do is, with the poet Thomson, to invoke "expressive silence" to speak the rest.

## MARBOT'S MAJOR.

SOUVENIRS MILITAIRES DE VICTOR DUPUY, CHEF D'ESCADRONS DE HUSSARDS, 1794-1816. Publiés avec une Préface par le Général Thoumas. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

THE extraordinary success of Marbot's Memoirs in France has caused the issue of many other volumes treating the wars of Napoleon in the same colloquial fashion. These books were written by men who held a subordinate position to Marbot, and do not contain so many anecdotes about famous generals. Several recent volumes, devoted to the rough notes of subalterns or simple soldiers who served in the great campaigns of the Revolution and of the Empire, throw a flood of light upon the military manners of the period. They exhibit, like those of Marbot, the fashions of the daily life of a French soldier in war and in peace, and incidentally explain, better than any amount of philosophical analysis, the reasons which made the French army supreme in the days of its glory. It is to be wished that we had more of the same sort of literature in England. We have one great military history in Napier's "Peninsular War," but we have very few anecdotic volumes of recollections of the famous war. Now that Mr. Kipling has brought Tommy Atkins into public notice and public favour, we should like to know more of the Tommy Atkins of the past. Costello's "Adventures of a Soldier," which, alas! has never been reprinted, and is now a rare book, the "Recollections of Rifleman Harris," Surtees' "Twenty-Five Years in the Rifle Brigade," and the "Autobiography of Sergeant Lawrence," are the only books of the sort which can be readily called to mind. Possibly the English private or non-commissioned officer is not so given to writing his memoirs as his French rival, but there may be some volumes of the sort still in manuscript, and, if so, they would be well worth the attention of a publisher.

The volume which has suggested this line of thought contains the recollections of Victor Dupuy, which has just been published in Paris by General Thoumas. Victor Dupuy never rose like Marbot to the rank of General, but he saw almost as much service and was wounded almost as often. His promotion was slower than that of Marbot, for though he entered the army in 1798 he did not become a corporal until 1802, or a commissioned officer until 1806. In 1814 he became a chef d'escadrons, that is to say, major, in the 7th Hussars, then commanded by Colonel Marbot, and his brilliant service under that officer at the battle of Waterloo entitled him to be called in a special manner "Marbot's Major." Like Marbot, Victor Dupuy's service was entirely in the cavalry, and he also spent some years in a staff appointment. But whereas Marbot was aide-de-camp to five marshals of France, Dupuy was aide-de-camp only to a general commanding a brigade of cavalry. On this very account Dupuy's "Recollections" form a valuable supplement to Marbot's Memoirs. A comparison between the two shows that the same gay spirit, the same devotion to the Emperor, and the same military attitude prevailed in the lower grades of the army as on the staffs of the famous marshals. Dupuy was not the son of a general; he entered the cavalry from sheer love of the service, and if his promotion was not particularly rapid, it seems to have been quite satisfactory to his modest expectations. He did his duty valiantly on many fields, but his admiration for the Emperor Napoleon caused him to be unemployed after the disbandment of the 7th Hussars, in 1816, and he resigned his commission in 1828. After the Revolution of 1830 he might, like his former colonel, Marbot, have re-entered the army, but he declined to do so, and was satisfied with the office of *sous-préfet* of Cognac, which he held until 1846. While unemployed he wrote these "Recollections."

Dupuy was educated for a year at the École de Mars, and was then placed as a clerk in a bank at Paris. He joined the National Guards, and

was wounded in the attack on the Convention in Vendémiaire, 1795, in the suppression of which Napoleon first showed himself as the coming leader. In 1798 he enlisted in the 11th Chasseurs, with which he served in the Army of the Rhine, the Army of the Danube, and in Switzerland. In 1805 the 11th Chasseurs formed part of the army assembled at Boulogne for the invasion of England, and Dupuy held the rank of corporal when the Grand Army was directed on Vienna. Dupuy served with it at the great battles of Austerlitz and Jena, and was made a sub-lieutenant by Napoleon at the review which he held of the victorious French army at Berlin. After being engaged during the Polish campaign of 1806-7, Dupuy was appointed aide-de-camp to General Jacquinet, his former colonel. It was upon the staff that he, like Marbot, was present at the battle of Wagram in 1809, and at the close of that campaign he was promoted captain. As an aide-de-camp he accompanied the army which invaded Russia in 1812, and was promoted chef d'escadrons in the 7th Hussars while Napoleon was at Moscow. Like all who experienced the horrors of the French retreat from Moscow, the narrative of Dupuy rises into eloquence as he tells the story of the frightful sufferings of the retreating French. His regiment practically disappeared and Dupuy joined what was called the Sacred Squadron, in which he acted as a trooper, while Murat was his colonel and General Grouchy his captain. When the French army was reconstituted, Dupuy served with his regiment during the first period of the campaign of 1813 in Germany; but he was not present at the crowning disaster of Leipzig, as he was taken prisoner by the Cossacks at the end of September. He remained a prisoner in Hungary until the peace of 1814, when he returned to France and rejoined the 7th Hussars in his former grade. He was received cordially by the new colonel of the regiment, Marbot, whose appearance, frank manners, and military language inspired him promptly with attachment and confidence. All readers of Marbot's Memoirs know that the 7th Hussars recognised Napoleon after his return from Elba. Dupuy served with it at the battle of Waterloo, where it was placed upon the right of the French army in order to form a junction with the troops under Grouchy. As all the world knows, the Prussians came up upon the French right instead of Grouchy. After the crushing defeat of the French army, the 7th Hussars was ordered by the authorities of the second Restoration of Louis XVIII. across the Loire. Marbot escaped to Germany, and it fell to the lot of Dupuy to disband his regiment. With that act his military career closed. It will be seen from this rapid sketch that Marbot's Major was worthy of his gallant chief, and it may be added that his "Recollections," from their style, their piquant anecdotes and military spirit, form a worthy supplement to his colonel's Memoirs.

## THE TREASURES OF EGYPT.

MEDUM. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. With chapters by F. Ll. Griffith, Dr. A. Wiedemann, Dr. W. J. Russell, and W. E. Crum. London: David Nutt.

It is really too bad of the author to name his book "Medum" and to write the word so throughout. How is it to be pronounced? This book may one day inspire a poet with romantic notions about the days of King Seneferu when the world was young and joyous—four thousand and odd years B.C. Then if he judges things by what they seem, he will make Freedom rhyme with Medum and be laughed at for his pains. Why should it not be printed either *Anglicè* Maydoom, or *classicè* Médûm, or even *Gallicè* Médoum? The present spelling, interpret it how we will, by scientific or popular, English or foreign orthographies, conveys an entirely wrong idea of the sound.

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Having discharged our ill temper upon the little title in its big type, we hasten to admit that Mr. Petrie's account of his excavations at the ancient pyramid are as valuable and interesting as we have learned to expect from this energetic explorer, whose position is now unique in the world. He and his collaborateurs have again provided archaeologists with a work that is many-sided, while the numerous plates, with their faithful reproductions of the earliest-known paintings and sculptures, possess a singular charm.

The pyramid of Médûm is one of the southernmost in the long and stately line of enormous structures which extends for nearly sixty miles along the western edge of the Nile valley from opposite Cairo to the Fayûm. The old Arab writers distinguished the pyramid of "Meidûm" as the false pyramid, believing that the builder had economised labour on his monument by merely encasing and capping an immense rock. This idea has long been disproved: the encased object was not solid rock, but a core—or, rather, one of a succession of skins of masonry that form the bulk of this strangely constructed monument. Ten years ago M. Maspero, at that time official director of archaeological affairs in Egypt, opened the pyramid, but found nothing in its passages and sarcophagus chamber. He even concluded, against the general opinion of archaeologists, that the building with all its surroundings were to be attributed to the comparatively recent age of the Twelfth dynasty, about 2500 B.C. Mr. Petrie was more successful: after much difficult and dangerous work, sinking a great pit in sand and blocks of stone that in some parts were heaped forty feet high against the sides of the pyramid, a small exterior temple was at length reached by the excavators, but only to be immediately reburied in an overwhelming fall of rubbish occasioned by a fierce storm of wind. Undeterred by this mishap, Mr. Petrie redoubled his efforts, and the rude shrine, built against the east side so as to face the fertile valley of the Nile, was soon at the mercy of the finder, who was well rewarded by reading in the graffiti written on its bare walls the name of the builder, King Seneferu. To fix the age of a pyramid is no small feat; to identify that of Seneferu, the predecessor of Cheops, was of extreme importance. The monuments of Egypt commence with Seneferu: his reign is a boundary which no one has yet passed, but every time that boundary is reached the archaeologist can obtain a fresh glimpse of what lies beyond.

The pyramid does not stand alone; around it lies a necropolis of flat-topped "mastaba" tombs, within the deep pits of which rested the nobles of the great king's court. Mr. Petrie cleared and examined several of these, and opened the sepulchral chambers; he planned the tombs, copied the scenes and inscriptions, and, lastly, brought away a few valuable relics—bones, the delight of the physiologist, scraps of pottery, flint and bronze tools.

Unhappily Médûm had been discovered before Mr. Petrie went there. If only the sand had held its secret for twenty years longer the mastabas of Médûm would have furnished us with a series of lifelike pictures and inscriptions from that far-off time of which we can only faintly imagine the interest from the scraps found remaining by Mr. Petrie. The thoughtless greed of discoverers is almost inconceivable. As a speculator fattens on the confiscated earnings of his fellows, so the discoverer in Egypt would seem to earn his reputation by destroying the world's historical inheritance. Would that Médûm were the only site that had suffered; it is but the type of that wanton treatment of antiquities by European agency which infests Egypt, and threatens to reduce a country of almost boundless wealth to archaeological exhaustion.

In the time of Seneferu, the Egyptian people, perhaps under the influence of a conquering dynasty, at any rate urged on by an imperious

king, advanced by a mighty stride in the art of building with massy stone and decorating their buildings in a permanent way. Civilisation must have already taken deep root in the country: the system of hieroglyphic writing was then nearly as complete as in its latest days; only simplicity, freedom, and observance of nature in the decorative arts were more prominent; and even the pictorial symbols in the inscriptions were carefully reproduced by the artists from the objects seen around them. Hence a well-preserved inscription of that time is a mine of information as to architecture, weapons, ornaments, and utensils; and each scene is a faithful illustration of the daily life of 4000 B.C. Sixty centuries ago these Egyptians were alive and building pyramids (we might have thought they would be hunting iguanodons or harpooning ichthyosaurs). Some of those that Mr. Petrie has preserved for us live again in vivid portraiture: here they are cutting up an ox, there tightening the lashings of a papyrus raft: one is kneeling in the shade of a clump of papyrus while he cuts open herrings to dry in the sun: two others have caught an enormous fish which they are fain to carry between them on an oar passed through its jaw. Such scenes are hard to parallel from any later period.

Twenty-one years ago a number of sand-hills marked the situation of the tombs. In 1871 Mariette and his subordinates opened several, and secured the greatest single prize that they contained—the beautiful group of Rahotep and Nefert, now in the Khedivial Museum. The preservation of the paintings and sculptures was marvellous; but without investigating the nature of the buildings, after satisfying themselves that there were no more statues to be had, the explorers took *wet squeezes* of a few of the most striking scenes and inscriptions, and then left them to rot. It is true that some plates were published from these squeezes in the "Monuments Divers," but in that work the hieroglyphs are more or less conventionalised, and the scenes sometimes totally misrepresented by the draughtsman. A second opening in 1881, to judge from Mr. Villiers Stuart's impartial accounts, written before and after the excavations, hurried on the work of destruction and decay, so that Mr. Petrie's plates exhaust the scanty and half-obliterated remains of what might have been a perfect museum of primeval Egyptian antiquities. To our author are due the thanks of every antiquary for the minute care with which he has collected the scraps left by the destroyers, on whose doings he preserves a perhaps inevitable silence.

Let us turn for a moment to the official publication in the "Monuments Divers." Plates 18 and 19 are unusually good; in the "Texte" (p. 4) it is stated that they represent the elaborate subjects upon "a large stela now in the hands of Tigrane Pasha in Cairo." How can that be? In 1889, when this description is written, they are on a "large stela in Cairo;" in 1890, when Mr. Petrie is at work at Médûm, they are on the façade of an enormous tomb, which had been much injured in consequence of the excavations of the very person to whom the faulty description is due.

What is the object of excavation in Egypt? Is it that the destruction of monuments may go on more rapidly? Is it that the archaeologist may have what little he knows authoritatively contradicted? Is it to expose simultaneously as many monuments as possible, in as many places as possible? Is it to leave all these monuments to rot? Is it to forget all about them?

The history of official excavation in Egypt would lead one to answer all these questions emphatically in the affirmative. The only bright feature in the expenditure of enormous sums on excavation is that a marvellous collection of choice objects has been gathered together for the Khedivial Museum. It is, as it were, a city won by reducing the fair provinces around it to a barren desert.

Formerly, when Egypt was in turmoil, infested

by brigands, by bands of rebels or by hordes of Arabs, when the Turk pulled down temples for his palace and the European for his sugar mill, it was fair enough that every traveller should treat the country as *doomed*, and carry off any plunder that he could lay hands on. Now there is no land more delightful and secure for the archaeologist. The Government provides from year to year the means of making immense scientific progress; but the official excavators work as if the next season would see a renewal of the deluge, by which monuments and all (except the Gizeh Museum) would be swept into the Levant.

Instead of this mad thirst for discovery, why is not *record* made the first object? First, record what is above ground; secondly, if there must be excavations, undertake just so much as can be properly attended to and no more. To secure the performance of these two duties by such as are appointed custodians of the monuments should be the aim of everyone who feels an interest in the past history of the human race.

Happily, both French and English are working to make records of the monuments that are exposed. It is now ten years since the French Government established in Cairo the Mission Archéologique Française, which ever since its foundation has received guidance from the brilliant and indefatigable Professor Maspero. More recently the Egypt Exploration Fund has entered upon a large scheme for an Archaeological Survey of Egypt, with excellent results. The appointment of a new director, of practical tendencies, M. Jacques de Morgan, in the department of the Antiquities of Egypt, bids fair to introduce a better order of things in regard to excavation; in him the timid hopes of Nile archaeology are centred; it is for him to transform the official powers, lavishly granted in a country which owes so much to its past, into a mighty agency for recording its history and, when possible, preserving the monuments.

#### CÆSAR.

JULIUS CÆSAR. By W. Warde Fowler, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MR. FOWLER has discharged a difficult task with conspicuous success. He has written an account of Cæsar, which is not only eminently readable, but remarkably free from the inaccuracies and exaggerations which disfigure most biographies of the great dictator. He writes with a thorough knowledge of the surroundings amidst which Cæsar lived and acted, and with an enthusiasm for his hero which is always kept within bounds. Above all, he has drawn his information fresh from the original sources, and his book, therefore, though intentionally popular, is not secondhand.

In one respect Cæsar presents fewer difficulties to the historian than many other illustrious figures in ancient history. Thanks mainly to his own writings and to those of Cicero, we are able to form a tolerably clear idea of his personality, nor does any serious uncertainty attach to the main facts of his career. There were not even in his lifetime and among his political opponents any doubts as to his surpassing ability, or his unequalled power of winning the affections of all with whom he came in contact, and Cicero, at least from 49 B.C. onward, frankly testifies to his magnanimity and moderation. The portrait of Cæsar drawn in ancient literature has, moreover, been generally accepted by modern writers, and is reproduced by Mr. Fowler with much faithfulness and grace. Nor is there much room for dispute as to his achievements, whether as soldier or as statesman. Despite some provoking omissions, and some obscurity as to details, the record of the victories which he won and of the measures which he carried is, on the whole, clear and trustworthy. But when we have drawn the portrait of the man, and compiled a list of his acts,

we have still to face a question to which different answers have been given. What is to be our judgment upon Cæsar as an actor in the great revolution which overthrew the republican government and substituted that of the emperors? Are we to believe that he all along intended revolution, and that a personal rule, a monarchy, was from the first the goal at which he aimed? And again, how far are we justified in regarding him as the real founder of that marvellous system of government under which the civilised world lived for so many centuries in comparative peace and contentment? These difficult questions Mr. Fowler has, we think, handled with great caution and judgment. The view of Cæsar, current among his opponents, that he was at first merely a popular agitator and anarchist, and then nothing better than the traditional Greek tyrant, he, in common with all sane critics, dismisses as absurd, and it may be doubted whether even his bitterest enemies really believed it. At the opposite extreme stands the view which is supported by the high authority of the great German historian of Rome, Professor Mommsen. On this view Cæsar clearly recognised from the outset that the republic was dead, that the only hope for the future lay in the establishment of personal government, that he aimed consistently at a personal supremacy for himself, and even that he had a clear and definite idea as to the form which "the new monarchy" should take. We entirely agree with Mr. Fowler that this view, though it can quote in its favour certain pieces of gossip in Suetonius, is one that cannot be accepted: Cæsar's position and line of action in the early part of his political career were determined for him, as for many others, by the circumstances of his birth and surroundings. The traditions of his house, and his relationship with both Marius and Cinna, bound him to the "popular party," and of that party his high rank and conspicuous abilities soon made him the real if not always the acknowledged leader. To the accepted programme of the party he adhered. Its ancient watchwords—the maintenance of the rights of the people as against the authority of the senate, the extension of the franchise, agrarian reform, and justice to the provincials—were adopted by him as sincerely as they had been adopted by any "popularis" before him. That Cæsar had ambitions for himself may be granted; moreover, the range of political ambition had been widened by the successful usurpation of Sulla, and by the commanding position given to Pompey under the Gabinian and Manilian laws; and though the supposition that Cæsar aspired to imitate Sulla, whose name and methods he uniformly denounced, is improbable, he no doubt aspired to stand one day where Pompey stood. But unless we accept the dubious story of the abortive *coup d'état* in 65, or believe, as we regret to see that Mr. Fowler is half inclined to do, that Cæsar was implicated in Catiline's desperate outbreak, there is no substantial evidence that he contemplated attaining his end by any but legitimate methods. Even as consul in 59, he is still to all appearance, as Mr. Fowler justly says, only the able and successful leader of the popular party. We hold, then, that up to the very eve of the Civil War, Cæsar had no definite intention of revolution; but when his opponents in Rome, sheltering themselves behind the majestic figure of his rival Pompey, forced him to choose between political suicide and war, he chose war, and success in war made him supreme master of the Empire.

In estimating the work accomplished by Cæsar during his brief and stormy rule, Mr. Fowler is careful to avoid the exaggerations into which some writers have fallen. Cæsar, between 48 and 44, ruled, and ruled absolutely. Moreover, he rendered great services to his successors and to the Empire. He dissociated personal rule, "the domination of one man," alike from the older traditions of Greek tyranny, and from the later and, if possible, more hateful ones of the "Sullan monarchy," and associated

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it with just and liberal government, with the maintenance of order, with respect for individual rights and liberties, and with magnanimous clemency. He first brought into clear prominence, as the idea which should guide Roman policy, that of a united empire with equal laws, as distinct from the old theory of a city state ruling a miscellaneous crowd of dependent communities. In addition, he found time to initiate, in more than one department of administration, reforms which those who followed him developed and completed. More than this even his marvellous genius and ubiquitous activity could not effect in the short time allowed him, and amid the storm and stress of war. "He was not," says Mr. Fowler truly, "the founder, much less was he the organiser, of the Roman Empire." The form which the new rule should finally assume, and its relations to the old republic, were questions which he was obliged to leave unanswered; nor do we even know how he would have answered them. The settlement of the frontiers, the reorganisation of the provinces and of the finances, were the work not of Cæsar, but of Augustus.

To Mr. Fowler's general views, then, of Cæsar—if we except his momentary weakness in the matter of Catiline's conspiracy—we heartily assent. In other respects his book is, on the whole, a model of what a brief sketch intended for the general public should be. Especially successful are his accounts of Cæsar's campaigns, and here he is greatly indebted, as he freely confesses, to Colonel Stoffel, whose masterly dissertations and admirable plans have thrown a flood of light on the military history of the time. The book is itself nicely got up, though we confess to thinking that some of the illustrations, especially those representing imaginary scenes in Roman warfare, would be better away.

#### A BUNDLE OF POETS.

THE POEMS OF ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, TOGETHER WITH HIS ESSAY ON THE LYRICAL POEMS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane.

ANNE BOLEYN. London: A. P. Marsden.

MUSA CONSOLATRIX. By Charles Sayle. London: David Nutt.

AN ENCHANTED CASTLE. By Sarah Piatt. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

MESSRS. MATHEWS AND LANE have done altogether well in reissuing some of the prose and poetry of Arthur Hallam, and in getting Mr. Le Gallienne to write the introduction, but by no means well in omitting a portrait of the author. We do not get such a great deal for our five shillings in their slender volume that we can pardon the lack of any visible presentment of one who was so much more remarkable than his work. We turn over page after page of fluid and graceful if cloudy verse, of subtle and serene if academical prose, and come to nothing to bring visibly before us the inspirer of the most famous friendship of the century. Arthur Hallam seems to have been ever deliberate, conscious, and reasonable, with nothing of that wilful and incalculable temperament out of which comes self-portraiture. The very things, perhaps, which made him a loyal and valuable friend made him of no account as an artistic personality. He seems, if one can judge by this book, to have been so preoccupied with excellent reasons and laudable purposes that he had no time for those unconscious feelings and bitter protests through which men express themselves, and out of which they create beautiful things. Since time out of mind the world has looked to its Lancelots and not to its King Arthurs to sing its songs and tell its stories. It expects obviously deliberate, conscious, and reasonable natures to give it critical rather than creative work, and will find, in the present book at any rate, criticism which is of the best and rarest sort. If one set aside Shelley's essay on poetry and Browning's essay on Shelley, one does not know where to turn in modern English criticism for anything so philosophic—anything so funda-

mental and radical—as the first half of Arthur Hallam's essay "On some of the Characteristics of Modern Poetry and on the Lyrical Poems of Alfred Tennyson." We have plenty of criticism in which a stray passage out of one poet is compared with a stray passage out of another, but all mere impressionism of this kind is easy and superficial in comparison to such an exposition of the first principles of a school—and that the least philosophically articulate because the most entirely instinctive of all schools—as is contained in this essay. Writing long before the days of Rossetti and Swinburne, Arthur Hallam explained the principles of the æsthetic movement, claimed Tennyson as its living representative, and traced its origin to Keats and Shelley, who, unlike Wordsworth, made beauty the beginning and end of all things in art. Any who adopt their principles, he explained, share their unpopularity, and "How should they be popular whose senses told them a richer and ampler tale than most men could understand; and who constantly expressed, because they constantly felt, sentiments of exquisite pleasure or pain which most men were not permitted to experience?" "And yet," he went on, "every bosom contains the elements of those complex emotions which the artist feels, and every head can, to a certain extent, go over in itself the process of their combination, so as to understand his expressions and sympathise with his state. But this requires exertion. . . . Since then the demand on the reader for activity, when he wants to peruse his author in a luxurious passiveness, is the very thing that moves his bile: it is obvious that those writers will be always most popular who require the least degree of exertion. Hence, whatever is mixed up with art, and appears under its semblance, is always more favourably regarded than art free and unalloyed. Hence, half the fashionable poems in the world are mere rhetoric, and half the remainder are perhaps not liked by the generality for their substantial merits." The passage we have put in italics is the best explanation we have seen of the popularity of the didactic poets and of the anecdotists of all ages. The whole criticism is indeed so admirable that our one complaint against Mr. Le Gallienne is that he does not give us some other of those essays of which he speaks in his graceful introduction. The poetry is of little account, and many pages might well have been spared to make room for them.

The writer of "Anne Boleyn," who is an evident Roman Catholic, with a brief against Henry and Cranmer, has precision of thought and phrase and some facility for writing dignified blank verse, and with more developed sense of character might write a readable if not an actable play. The present writer has read every word of "Anne Boleyn," and got pleasure out of it; but then he can read almost anything which is written in dramatic form.

Mr. Charles Sayle quotes Verlaine, and has sent forth his book, after the Parisian fashion, in a paper cover. One reads it with a vague sense of instruction, as though one were reading a foreign language; and yet the thing is naught. Mr. Sayle has, however, humility, and in a poem—"To Modern Rhymers"—puts it into verse not without a touch of music—

"I have no strength to blow a blast to fill  
This England glutted with the healthy bread  
Of Liberty and Equal Right. I tread  
A lowlier, silent, older path alone,  
And, challenged, hardly dare to raise my head,  
I sit apart and watch you."

Both Mr. Sayle and the author of "Anne Boleyn" have not a little of Arthur Hallam's fatal love for the laudable and the excellent, and show as yet no clear mastery over that art which resembles the sun in smiling alike upon the just and the unjust, the excellent and the inferior, the laudable and the blameworthy. Turning from them with pleasure to one who has a pure æsthetic ideal, and is a master in her sphere, we take up with relief Mrs. Piatt's delicate, if somewhat mannered, reveries over old buildings and dead celebrities. They are all perhaps

a little obviously American, a little too plainly the tribute of a new nation to an old, a pleasant and comely expression of that instinct which impels a certain Boston gentleman to spend all his days at the British Museum, working up old English genealogies. But, after all, is not our complaint against America's self-assertiveness upon the one hand, and her profound interest in ourselves upon the other, a trifle contradictory. Mrs. Piatt has sung only of this latter feeling, and we have no cause to complain of our flatterer. She is neither profuse nor grudging, and, but for a too copious use of epithets like "Old World," would pay her homage with admirable skill. "In the Round Tower at Cloyne" is surely perfect after its kind—

- "They shivered lest the child should fall;  
He did not heed a whit.  
They knew it were as well to call  
To those who builded it.
- "I want to climb it any way  
And find out what is there;  
There may be things—you know there may—  
Lost in the dark somewhere."
- "He made a ladder of their fears  
For his light, eager feet;  
It never, in its thousand years,  
Held anything so sweet.
- "The blue eyes peeped through dust and doubt,  
The small heads shook the Past;  
'He'll find the Round Tower's secret out,'  
They, laughing, said at last.
- "The enchanted ivy that had grown,  
As usual, in a night  
Out of a legend, round the stone,  
He parted left and right.
- "And what the little climber heard  
And saw there, say who will,  
Where Time sits brooding like a bird  
In that grey nest and still.
- "... About the Round Tower tears may fall;  
He does not heed a whit.  
They know it were as well to call  
To those who builded it."

Mrs. Piatt has not written many pages altogether, and even the present little book is not all new. She seems anxious to constantly remind us, by making the best of her old poems a large part of each new book, of how light a burden she has fashioned for the wallet of Father Time. She knows him to be a lazy porter who loves best the lightest load.

#### FICTION.

BALMORAL: A ROMANCE OF THE QUEEN'S COUNTRY. By Alexander Allardyce. In 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

LIKE A SISTER. By Madeline Crichton. In 3 vols. London: Digby, Long & Co.

THE GIRL MUSICIAN. By Miriam Young. London: Digby, Long & Co.

PAYNTON JACKS, GENTLEMAN. By Marian Bower. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THERE is always room for a good historical romance, and, in "Balmoral," Mr. Allardyce has been happily inspired. Though with no pretensions to rivalling the few really first-rate novels of this class, "Balmoral" is a good strong bit of work, with a fine Highland swing about its stirring lines. The figures live and move, the action is brisk, and the story is in itself an interesting one. Related in autobiographical form, it deals with times of storm and stress; for the book opens on that eventful morning of the 1st of August, 1714, when Queen Anne lay dying at Kensington, and the hopes of the Jacobites ran high. Bold Bishop Atterbury is eager to strike the decisive blow by which James Stuart may be placed in his rightful position on the English throne and the claims of the hated Elector quashed. But the opportunity is missed: George I. establishes his court in London, and the hero of the story, one Edward Bardolph, a young gentleman of good birth

and prospects, is despatched to Scotland on a secret and delicate mission—that of ascertaining the probable extent of the proposed Jacobite rising in the Highlands. Having fallen most romantically in love with a fair Scotch girl whom he has lately rescued from the lawless violence of the Mohocks, young Bardolph eagerly accepts the proffered post. He forthwith joins the forces raised in the far North under the leadership of the Earl of Mar, nicknamed "Bobbing John." In a number of spirited scenes, admirably depicted, we see the quick succession of events in that ill-fated and abortive conspiracy—the secret assembling of disaffected Scottish chiefs and clans, the raising of the Pretender's standard at Braemar, the marching of the brave troops on their desperate enterprise, and the final tragedy at Preston—by which so many gallant lives were sacrificed in a vain attempt. Meanwhile, the private fortunes of young Bardolph have undergone many fluctuations. Though assured of the fair Bess Farquharson's love, he cannot obtain her parents' consent, for the stern Laird of Balmoral destines his only daughter to become the bride of a cousin in the clan. Bardolph, reduced to the desperate expedient of imitating the tactics of young Lochinvar, steals the maiden away from her parents' roof, and is hotly pursued by the enraged father and disappointed bridegroom-elect. The episode of the lovers' flight across the perilous Polach Moss, with its hairbreadth escapes and dramatic ending, is told with fine spirit, and cannot fail to be appreciated by its readers. Indeed, the whole book, full as it is of adventure and incident, is well worth perusal, and deserves success as a vigorous and conscientious attempt to reanimate the dry bones of history.

It is to be hoped that not many heroines in fiction have a sister quite like Kathleen Tredennick, for if there were many such young women in existence, the world would be nearly as dreary as "Like a Sister" is. The strange thing is that Mrs. Crichton does not seem to see how utterly odious and contemptible is the young woman who plays the part of marplot in her story. We can forgive any Tredennick for being a scatterbrained flirt, but it is impossible to think with patience of the plot into which she enters for the purpose of annoying her sister, and by which that sister's happiness is all but shipwrecked; nor can we make the large allowances demanded by the author for the cruel deception the girl practises upon her parents. To lead her sister Kathleen, whom she professes to love, to believe that Ray Clifford, to whom Kathleen is engaged, has transferred his affections to herself, and is about to elope with her, appears to us to be a fraud so cruel and mean as to be past forgiveness. Yet this is what Amy Tredennick does, and the subsequent suffering which she brings upon Kathleen and her lover does not seem to excite the author's pity so much as that which Amy, as the direct result of her wrong-doing, has herself to endure. Kathleen is altogether different in character, and would excite the sympathy and admiration of the reader if only she had shown a little more common-sense and rather less credulity when the unfounded allegations against her betrothed were first made known to her. It is with the men, however, rather than with the women of the tale that Mrs. Crichton is most happy. She has constructed one villain whose blackness is unrelieved by so much as a streak of grey, and who would stalk the boards of the Adelphi in triumph. But some of her intermediate personages, notably Mr. Tomlynnes, who is destined in due time to blossom into an earl, are distinctly human and interesting. So also are some of her pictures of life in Hong Kong. But, as a whole, the book is tedious and irritating—tedious, because of the interminable length at which trifles are dwelt upon, and irritating, owing to the obstinate simplicity of the good people of the story, who resolutely shut their eyes to the most obvious facts, and in consequence fall easy victims to the wicked persons who are bent upon destroying them. Mrs. Crichton writes in fairly good English, and has a

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pretty power of description, but she must reconsider her estimate of human nature and make some allowance for the weakness of her readers if she is to achieve success as a novelist.

Abundant lack of humour, amazing crudeness of composition, and solemn feebleness of expression are the only characteristics of "A Girl Musician." The author seems oppressed by a haunting idea that her true vocation is that of preaching, and certainly she is better qualified to write tracts than novels. She preaches alternately at her readers and her puppets with a torrent of *ohs* and *ahs*, and an inexhaustible store of platitudes and truisms. Queenie, the heroine, is a little orphan living with an uncongenial aunt, from whose roof she flies to London, intent on earning her living by teaching music (at the age of fourteen!). Her beauty and talent attract the attention of one Seaton, a fellow-lodger, who, finding her entitled to a large fortune, designs to marry her in due course. But, as the author warns us, "though cunningly concealed, Seaton was a man without principles;" and the girl musician reserves her affections and fortune for a worthier object. Meanwhile Queenie's aunt has adopted, in the truant's place, an orphan boy named Norman, of whom we learn that he "was born with no silver spoon in his mouth to help him along life's rugged way." Though deprived of this singular crutch, Norman was of good birth—"the gentleman being there could not be got out of him, and this, on looking at him, could not fail to be observed." Like the Good Apprentice, he speedily obtains promotion, marries his employer's daughter, and succeeds to the business. Queenie is left equally happy in the possession of a virtuous husband, a "real Stradivarius of priceless value," and a library in which "George Eliot, Charlotte Young (*sic*), Shakespeare, and Tennyson," jostle each other in unwonted companionship. The story is redolent of youthful pomposness and weak sentimentality; devoid of imagination, interest, or style. "The Girl Musician" is probably the author's first attempt in fiction, and she would be wise to let it be her last.

It is a refreshing and delightful experience to come upon a novel so full of humour, observation, and sympathy as the author of "Paynton Jacks, Gentleman," has given us. Commendably modest in compass, the story loses nothing thereby, for its racy and sparkling pages attract and retain the reader's interest from start to finish. Rich in comic touches is the study of old Josiah Jacks, the hero's sturdy plebeian father, who, having begun life as a vendor of cat's-meat, has amassed a large fortune, and desires to see his only son made into "a gentleman." Fortunately for the lad, that painful process is attended with complete success, aided by his natural refinement and adaptability. Paynton, in truth, turns out a very fine fellow; his masterful character, shrewd intellect, and quiet self-respect being admirably portrayed. The young man is fired with ambition to enter Parliament, and by sheer pluck he achieves his aim, much to the reader's satisfaction. But his highest ambition is one needing a stout heart and a stern chase, for the audacious son of the cat's-meat man aspires to no less an honour than the hand of a certain blue-blooded and haughty damsel, Ellice Hargraves. Between the bold wooer and the disdainful object of his affection ensues an arduous battle of wills, strongly reminiscent of the petulant loves of Benedick and Beatrice. But if Ellice be a Beatrice in her pride and scorn, Paynton is a very Petruchio in his dogged determination to tame the shrew, and the amusing scenes between this wilful pair end, of course, in the victory of the stronger combatant. Comedy is the mainstay of the book, but there is an under-current of subdued pathos in the sketching of two subsidiary characters. The story is vigorous and consistent throughout; and the dialogue both spirited and natural. So good a novel is "Paynton Jacks, Gentleman," indeed, that we shall look with real interest for its successor.

#### OUR COLONIAL EMPIRE.

OUTLINES OF BRITISH COLONISATION. By the Rev. William Parr Greswell. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Lord Brassey, K.C.B. London: Percival & Co.

FEW people really know much—in spite of the movement for Imperial Federation—of that great Colonial Empire which is at once the wonder and the envy of Continental nations. England, as Professor Seeley has remarked, seems almost to have picked it up in a fit (or fits) of absence of mind, and the absence of mind has probably persisted among the great mass of home-staying Englishmen. Mr. Greswell's book ought to go some way towards meeting the want of a handy and serviceable book covering the whole ground. It is not very deep, but it contains a great deal of miscellaneous information, somewhat like that in the introduction to a guide-book, not only about the great Colonies of Canada, Australia, and South Africa, but about such minor gems in the Imperial crown as Nevis (which to most Englishmen only suggests a pretty postage-stamp), the Bahamas, the Straits Settlements, and Hong Kong. We doubt if as much information can be got in any book of similar size. If we must criticise, we should say that the history suffers from over-compression, and that his close study of the proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute has given the author's views an unfortunate turn in the direction of Protectionism. Still, anyone who wants some preliminary notion of the early misfortunes of West Australia, the prosperity of South Australia, the great Fisheries Question in Newfoundland, the hopes of the West Indies, and the future of British West Africa (and French West Africa incidentally), may well read the book. We should like to see more attention paid in our schools to Colonial geography. Mr. Greswell's book is very well adapted to further this movement: not that it can be used as a class-book, but it would be useful to fill up the outlines imparted by class-teaching. But it is quite worth the notice of the general reader who does not mind a good deal of fact, and it contains useful statistical tables and maps. We notice a printer's error which is too effective to let pass. Mr. Greswell meant to say that the date of the discovery of Newfoundland is recorded in "a Bristol chronicle of ancient date." The printer emends, of course, *Bristol Chronicle*, and so antedates the existence of the newspaper press by at least a century and a half.

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

UNDER the quaint title "Round the Black Man's Garden," Mrs. Colville, the French wife of an English officer, has just published a lively and well-written account of an eight months' journey in search of health along the shores of Africa. Her husband, Colonel Colville, was ordered South on sick-leave; and opening the family atlas at haphazard, he chanced upon a map which led him there and then to determine to try the virtues of an old remedy—a leisurely voyage to the Cape. On the principle that variety is the spice of life, the Colonel and his wife made up their minds to go thither by what Mrs. Colville terms "the back way"—in other words, by the east coast route. In the praiseworthy attempt to outwit winter, they accordingly sailed, in the autumn of 1888, down the Red Sea in a rickety Egyptian steamer, which carried them—not without a few mild adventures, which are recorded with mischievous merriment—as far as Aden, where they exchanged into a British India Company's steamer, which carried them as far as Zanzibar. Here, after a pleasant stay, they took passage to Madagascar in a Messageries Company's steamer, on board of which they were fortunate enough to meet with the French Resident-General of that island, through whose courtesy their stay at Tamatave and Antananarivo was rendered singularly interesting. They crossed the island, had an audience with the Queen, and were present at a State festival, which Mrs. Colville describes as a "strange jumble of pantomime, church, picnic, drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, with a considerable mixture of good honest savagery." Afterwards the travellers crossed to Mozambique, and made the best of their way to Cape Town by Durban and the Transvaal. They broke the long homeward voyage by visits to the West Coast Settlements and to the Canary Islands,

\*ROUND THE BLACK MAN'S GARDEN. By Zélie Colville, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.) Demy 8vo.

A HISTORY OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE DURING FIFTY YEARS, FROM ITS FOUNDATION TO THE PRESENT TIME. By A. G. Bradley, A. C. Champneys, and J. W. Baines. Illustrated. (London: John Murray.)

THE EARLY DAYS OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE; OR, PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE BETWEEN FORTY AND FIFTY YEARS AGO. By Edward Lockwood. Illustrated. (London: Simpkin Marshall & Co.) Small Quarto.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PRACTICAL BACTERIOLOGY, FOR PHYSICIANS, CHEMISTS, AND STUDENTS. By Dr. W. Migula. Translated by M. Campbell. Illustrated. (London and New York: Swan Sonnenschein.)

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D. First and Second Series. Portraits. (Oxford and London: George Allen.)

and came to a halt at Bordeaux, having dipped here and there in the course of their widely-extended wanderings at almost every point of the compass into the Black Man's Garden. Although the book does not profess to contain more than a lady's holiday impressions of travel, the shrewdness and common-sense of the writer, as well as the vivacity of her style, make the record one of more than ordinary interest. Mrs. Colville visited, under exceptional circumstances, a great many places, and British and French officials along the African seaboard seem to have vied with one another in making the visit of an English officer and his French wife agreeable. There is humour in the book as well as pleasant observation, but perhaps the strength of the narrative lies in the description of the unconventional pilgrimage across Madagascar. Half the charm of the book is due to the fact that Mrs. Colville makes no attempt to be instructive, and yet contrives to pack daintily into a narrative, which is entertaining without being frivolous, many suggestive facts about places and people. Her pages abound in pen-and-ink portraits of soldiers, sailors, consuls, Mecca pilgrims, Malagasy princesses, and black men, good, bad, and indifferent, of every variety of tint. Two excellent maps and many full-page and text illustrations heighten the interest of this decidedly piquant and unconventional book of travel.

Marlborough took its place amongst the great public schools just fifty years ago, and in honour of its jubilee in August next two books have appeared. One is a brief but authoritative "History of Marlborough College," by Messrs. Bradley, Champneys, and Baines, whilst the other recounts "The Early Days" alike of its author, Mr. Edward Lockwood, and of the institution where, to borrow a phrase of his own, he was once a "sleek and happy schoolboy." The main aim which the founders of Marlborough had in view was to provide a thoroughly good education at a low price for the sons of the clergy, and the institution was founded in the summer of 1843 by a group of clergymen, country gentlemen, and lawyers in an isolated and what was then a languishing Wiltshire town. The idea of boarding large numbers of boys together without thought of private profit was at that time a new one; for fifty years ago the separation between the teaching and boarding departments of school life was considerably more marked than it is to-day—a change largely brought about by Marlborough, which became the pioneer of a new order of schools. It was the first of the great schools to imbibe the traditions of the Rugby of Arnold, and, in spite of the quasi-charitable nature of its origin, many of its founders lived long enough to see the school achieve a position which must have been beyond their most sanguine dreams. Marlborough at the time of its creation met a special need—a circumstance which will be apparent at a glance when we add that upwards of two hundred boys arrived on the first day, whilst in five years the school in point of numbers stood second only to Eton in all England. The truth is, Marlborough would have been ruined by its success if it had not had the wisdom to develop afterwards into a public school upon the ordinary lines, with a foundation confined to the sons of the clergy only. This authoritative history traces in a concise and admirable way the fortunes of the school from the days of Wilkinson and Cotton to those when, intellectually speaking, Marlborough was Bradley. There are chapters in the book which throw considerable light on the internal economy of the school in the old days, the growth of insubordination which led in 1851 to an outbreak which old Malburians still chuckle over as the "great rebellion," the rough times in bullying which once prevailed, and the vicissitudes, financial as well as social, through which the great institution has passed on its way to its present honourable and apparently assured success. Mr. Lockwood's reminiscences of Marlborough are lively and droll, though there are passages in the book which are not pleasant reading. He went there in the tentative years, when cheapness was overdone, and the appetites of growing lads were not enough considered. The hand of authority in other respects seems to have fallen heavily on boys, big and small, at Marlborough in those days, for "occasionally two masters would be caning at the same time, with the rhythm of blacksmiths hammering on an anvil." Perhaps this circumstance, and the fact that his own back was often turned "all the colours of the rainbow," are sufficient explanation of the artless confession of the preface, "I have always felt sore when recalling my school-days." We would have liked the book better, however, if it had not been marked by the parade of old grievances. On the other hand, these reminiscences are not without merit, and ought, at all events, to make the Marlborough boys of the Jubilee year grateful for their mercies.

In some at least of the technical high schools of Germany bacteriology is taught on practical and scientific lines, and, though we have not yet reached this point in England, even here the literature of the subject is becoming formidable. An excellent translation of Dr. Migula's introduction to "Practical Bacteriology" has just been made by Mrs. Campbell, and the book has been edited and new matter in the form of foot-notes added by her husband, the well-known demonstrator of biology at Guy's Hospital. The object of the treatise is to provide the rank and file of physicians and chemists with concise and explicit directions concerning bacteriological experiment and research. Although the book appeals primarily to specialists, those who

make no claim to be so regarded will have no difficulty in mastering its contents. Methods of manipulation are explained and details of apparatus are given, and, though the work is purposely less elaborate than the treatises of Huppe, Frankel, and Gunther, its value as an experimental introduction to one of the most fascinating developments of contemporary science is unquestionable.

There is no need to do more than chronicle the appearance in two handsome volumes of the revised and greatly expanded edition of "Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin." The first series covers the seventeen years which lie between 1843 and 1860—the period of "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "The Stones of Venice," and other epoch-making expositions of the underlying principles of art. The companion volume is concerned with Mr. Ruskin's contributions to literature in the twenty-eight years which divide 1860 from 1888, and it is made up accordingly of admirably-chosen passages from "Unto this Last," "Sesame and Lilies," "The Ethics of the Dust," "Fors Clavigera," "The Laws of Fesole," "Arrows of the Chace," "On the Old Road," and other more or less memorable books. These two volumes are choicely printed on good paper, and have also the further advantage of being quietly but artistically bound.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS AND HIS FRIEND MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS. By Henry Fielding. Two vols. Vols. I. and II. of the works of Henry Fielding in Twelve Vols. Edited by George Saintsbury. (Dent.)
- LABOUR-SAVING MACHINERY. An Essay. By James Samuelson. (Kegan Paul.)
- SPRING FLOWERS AND AUTUMN LEAVES. Verses. By Thomas Brevior. (Allman & Son.)
- DEATH A DELUSION. By John Page Hopps. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
- I AND IT, AND OTHER STORIES. By Eduard Engel. (F. Norgate & Co.)
- IN BLACK AND GOLD. Impressions in Verse. (Digby, Long.)
- THE GIRL MUSICIAN. A Novel. By Miriam Young. (Digby, Long.)
- A NORSEMAN'S WOOING. A Novel. By C. Cole. (Digby, Long.)
- FROM MOEN TILL EVE. A Novel. By E. Dunford. (Digby, Long.)
- THE LAST CRUISE OF THE "TEAL." By Leigh Ray. (Digby, Long.)
- THE QUESTIONS AT THE WELL, AND OTHER VERSES. By Fenil Haig. (Digby, Long.)
- PERSONAL AND SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY. Sermons and Addresses. By the late Russell Lant Carpenter, B.A. With a Memoir by F. E. Cooke. Edited by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. (Kegan Paul.)
- MARION BOYDE. An Everyday Romance. By E. V. Castle. (Digby, Long.)
- THE LIFE OF SIR RICHARD F. BURTON, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S. By his wife, Isabel Burton. Two vols. (Chapman & Hall.)
- SIR FRANCIS RONALDS, F.R.S. A Pioneer in Electricity. By John Sime. (Simpkin, Marshall.)
- REMINI. A Play. By Charles Colton. (Watts & Co.)
- WEST INDIA. "Compensation" to the Owners of Slaves. By Edmund Sturge. (Gloucester: John Bellows.)
- WEST CLIFF. A Romance. By E. King. (Digby, Long.)
- CLAUD BRENNAN. By John Ferrars. (Aitowsmith.)
- EPISCOPACY: HISTORICALLY, DOCTRINALLY, AND LEGALLY CONSIDERED. By John Fraser. (James Clarke.)
- SOMETHING WRONG. By E. Nesbit. *The Whiteaway Library.* (A. D. Innes.)
- THREE LETTERS AND AN ESSAY. By John Ruskin. 1836—1841. (George Allen.)
- VERSES BY THE WAY. By J. D. Hosken. With a Critical and Biographical Introduction by "Q." (Methuen.)
- ANNUAL SUMMARIES. Reprinted from *The Times*. Vol. II. 1876—1892. (Macmillan.)
- COACHING DAYS AND COACHING WAYS. By W. Outram Tristram. New Edition. (Macmillan.)
- A SHORT HISTORY OF IRELAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1608. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D., T.C.D., M.R.I.A. (Longmans.)

#### NOTICE.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1893.

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## THE WEEK.

### PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE disgraceful scene which took place in the House of Commons on Thursday night, when the debate in Committee on the Home Rule Bill came to a close, is not a matter upon which Englishmen will care to dwell. But it is necessary, in the interests of justice, to say that the reports prove conclusively that the persons who were responsible for the whole shameful and degrading episode were Mr. Chamberlain and sundry members of the Tory party. Mr. Chamberlain, still smarting under the castigation he had received some days before from Mr. Gladstone, compared the Prime Minister to Herod—a retort which will strike most persons as being neither clever nor apt, but simply coarse and violent. It was this envenomed outburst on Mr. Chamberlain's part which led to the disorderly cries of "Judas" from the Irish benches. The one Biblical comparison might very fairly have been set against the other. Both were in bad taste, and ought not to have been used; but the Chairman wisely proposed to pass over the incident in silence. This, however, a little knot of Tory members, who have been conspicuous by their disorderly conduct during the Committee stage, refused to allow. They openly disregarded the ruling of the Chairman, and refused to take part in the division which was actually in progress. Nor was this all. A verbal altercation between Mr. Carson and Mr. Logan, in the course of which the latter rather foolishly took his seat beside Mr. Carson, was followed by a violent assault on Mr. Logan, in which the chief actor, according to all the accounts before us, was Mr. Hayes Fisher, the member for Fulham, and lately the private secretary of Mr. Balfour. The scene which followed was shameful and—we must add—blackguardly to the last degree. It has inflicted a wound upon the honour of Parliament from which it can never recover. The very strangers in the gallery hissed the House whilst the uproar lasted. It remains to be seen whether any punishment will be dealt out to the men who struck the first blows, and thus with impious hands tore down the noblest of all the traditions of the House of Commons. Most persons will think that Parliament ought forthwith to purge itself of the presence of these criminals.

It cannot be said that much new light was thrown on the Financial Clauses by the week's discussion. On the one side Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Goschen

made elaborate and detailed attacks upon the Government scheme from the point of view of the British taxpayer. On the other hand, Mr. Sexton and Mr. Redmond made severe, if less lengthy, comments from the point of view of Ireland. Most Englishmen will probably conclude that on the whole the Government have held the balance even between the rival interests. This impression will be confirmed by the speeches of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Fowler. The President of the Local Government Board made a specially successful speech. He is not merely a master of financial detail, but also of clear exposition.

ON Tuesday the Peers went rather further than they ventured to go on Monday, when Lord Cadogan delivered his attack on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. At the very moment when the House of Commons was engaged in rejecting their amendments to the London County Council (General Powers) Bill, they were busy mutilating the London Improvements Bill. In the former case the Peers sought to prevent the people of London having any control through their representatives over the river, the waters of which they are, unfortunately, compelled to drink. In the latter case the object of the House of Lords was to get rid of that principle of "betterment" in which owners of property see an attack upon their unjust privileges. In both cases it was hatred of the County Council, and of the right of the people of London to govern themselves, that clearly animated the House of Lords. The Duke of Argyll, who knows nothing whatever about the County Council, enlivened the debate on Tuesday with an eloquent but wholly superfluous disquisition upon the corruption of American municipalities; forgetting that a brief statement of his own relations with the town of Inverary and its inhabitants would have been distinctly more to the point. In the end the House adopted the resolution of Lord Onslow expunging "betterment" from the Bill, and thus delaying, if not preventing altogether, many urgent metropolitan improvements. It is in this fashion that the peers seek to commend themselves and their party to the people of London. If they wished to impress upon every London voter the fact that every Tory is an enemy of London and its people, they could hardly have taken more effectual steps to attain that end.

AN interesting fact which shows more conclusively than any discussion in Parliament can do the vital interest of Londoners in the question of the representation of the County Council on the Thames

Conservancy Commission was stated in the press on Wednesday. It was that on the previous day a small trawl-net was used in the Thames at Erith, a point fifteen miles higher up than that at which fish have been found during the past twenty years, and a quantity of white-bait, sturgeon, and shrimps captured. This is the direct result of the steps taken by the County Council for preventing the pouring of mere filth from the London sewers into the river. Last year no fewer than 2,000,000 tons of sludge which would otherwise have gone into the river, were intercepted and taken out to sea by steamers, whilst ten thousand tons of solid matter were burned in the destructors. Yet the body which is responsible for these measures, and which, by its practical operations, can do so much for the improvement of the river, is not thought fit by the House of Lords to be represented on the Conservancy Board.

MR. CARSON'S deliciously frank avowal of the reasons for and conditions of his attachment to the Union and the English Crown have attracted a good deal of attention since Monday. Probably the unfortunate ex-Crown Prosecutor—who must have made a handsome income out of the patronage of Dublin Castle whilst Mr. Balfour was in power—blurted out his confession unwittingly. It is the kind of thing, we know, which is freely said by Ulster "loyalists," and for that matter by the so-called "loyalists" of this country, in private conversation; but it is not the kind of thing which wise men like to say on public platforms, or in such a place as the House of Commons. Yet, after all, is it not better that what most of us know to be the case should be stated openly? Everyone who recollects the disestablishment of the Irish Church remembers the wild and treasonable talk in which the so-called loyalists of Ulster then indulged. Everybody who has any acquaintance with this class knows that they are indulging in private conversation in similar talk now; and, happily, most of us are aware that whilst there is a substantial foundation of truth for such assertions as Mr. Carson's, there is not really the slightest intention on the part of the Ulstermen to rebel, or to resort to violence of any kind, when the Home Rule Bill becomes law. It is all a fashion of speech—foolish enough, we admit, but absolutely harmless. Mr. Carson really deserves our thanks for having said in public what so many people say in private without in the least meaning it.

THE political correspondent of the *Times* has not shown himself to be a particularly well-informed person, and he has certainly not shone in his contributions to that journal during the present week. On Monday he made the startling announcement that a grand *coup* was in preparation on the Government Bench, by means of which it was hoped to overwhelm the Opposition. The *coup* resolved itself into the determination on the part of Ministers to bring in the Home Rule Bill next year, not in the House of Commons, but in the House of Lords, and to dissolve immediately after the rejection of the measure by the peers. It is perhaps sufficient for the present moment to remark that this brilliant suggestion came with all the force of novelty to the members of the Cabinet. Not one of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues had discussed it, or even heard of it, before reading the paragraph which told the story in the *Times*. Nor is the proposal one that has any special merits of its own likely to commend it to the acceptance of Liberals. At this moment, when Liberal Members of Parliament happen to discuss the prospects of the House of Commons and the problematical date of the Dissolution, they certainly do not dream of an appeal to the country at anything like

the period indicated by the *Times*. They feel that they and the Ministry are alike committed to certain measures of domestic legislation which must be faced in a serious spirit before the next election, and they scout the idea of a Dissolution before they have done their duty as regards these measures.

ONE of the few statements of the Irish Catholic Unionist point of view which it is possible to read without a certain disgust is that contributed to Thursday's *Pall Mall* by Lord Fingall. Lord Fingall is manifestly a sincere and thoughtful Irishman who shrinks, as some of his fellow Catholic Unionists have not shrunk, from echoing the hollow and insulting libels on his countrymen and co-religionists which form the staple of the common Unionist case. Indeed, at the risk of spoiling whatever argument he has of his own, he somewhat hotly re-enters these libels. He "scouts the idea that any persecutions of the Protestants *qua* Protestants would prevail in the three Southern provinces. It is alien to the spirit of the Irish people, whose representatives have always voted for the removal of the religious disabilities affecting Jews and Nonconformists." Again: "Whatever individual utterances may be cited to the contrary, my firm belief is that most of the thinking Catholics in Ireland, including a not insignificant minority (if it be a minority at all) of the clergy, of the laity, Parnellite, Anti-Parnellite, and Unionist, are bitterly, however tacitly, opposed to any assertion of clerical domination in secular affairs." We will venture to say that this manly and patriotic language better becomes the premier earl of Ireland, the descendant of the Catholic Plunketts, than the attitude he assumes when he talks of the religious liberty now enjoyed in his country, "unthought-of in the days of the Irish Parliament," and forgets that that religious liberty was won solely by the struggles of Nationalists, and that it was thought of in the days of the Irish Parliament. If there are two things more certain than others in Irish history, it is that the Irish Catholic Unionists were emancipated in spite of themselves, and that had the Irish Parliament been allowed to live it would have carried Emancipation long before 1828.

WE confess we find it rather hard to follow Lord Fingall's apprehensions as they wind their way among the numerous admissions which he so honestly makes. But, so far as we can gather, his fear amounts to this—that the Irish clergy under Home Rule will go in more for politics than they do now, to the prejudice of their legitimate moral and spiritual authority amongst their flocks. This might seem to some people to be rather difficult, and Lord Fingall's contention, we are bound to say, seems to be refuted rather than supported by his own statement. At any rate, if this be all he fears, it seems a pity that an Irishman who is so manifestly attached to his country and his religion as he does not throw in his lot with the majority of his people and devote himself and his talents, with the influence of his great name and position, to guarding the Ireland of the future against whatever dangers he may think belongs to a state of things which he, as a clear-headed man, must perceive to be inevitable.

THE result of the Victoria Court-martial was very much in the nature of a foregone conclusion. The evidence taken at Malta this week appears to have been chiefly intended to throw light upon the extent to which Rear-Admiral Markham may have been blameworthy in executing an order which he admits that he knew to be a risky one. The Court has exonerated all the officers of the Fleet except the late Sir George Tryon; but has expressed its regret that Admiral Markham did not carry out his first intention to ask for an explanation of the fatal signal. It does not, however, blame him for

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages!

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having obeyed that signal. This ought to satisfy the public. That there is a point at which a subordinate is bound to exercise his own discretion as to the execution of an order he has received from a superior will hardly be denied by sensible people. But no greater harm could befall a service like that of the navy than any serious relaxation of the bonds of discipline, any acceptance of the idea that the first duty of a subordinate when he received an order was, not to obey at once, but to consider whether the command was one which he ought to carry out. We agree with our contemporary the *Spectator* in thinking that if the promulgation of this idea were to be one of the results of the *Victoria* disaster, it would be a greater misfortune than the loss of the ship itself.

WE do not wish to be too hard upon Mr. J. H. Wilson, who has failed so signally in the two libel suits in which he appeared as plaintiff during the present week. It is satisfactory to know that no imputation was cast upon his personal integrity, and that the mismanagement of certain portions of the affairs of the Sailors and Firemen's Union, which was brought to light during the trial, did not reflect in any degree upon his own honesty. But if we are thus entitled to congratulate him on having got rid of any suspicion affecting his private honour, we are bound to protest against the extreme sensitiveness which he showed with regard to the newspaper criticisms of his society and its affairs. After all, the jury has decided that there was good reason for those criticisms; and even if no such verdict had been given, it must have been clear to most persons that the Sailors and Firemen's Union was a public body, of which any member of the public had a right to express his own opinion so long as he did so without malice. Mr. J. H. Wilson himself is a "hard-hitter," both in Parliament and on the platform; and the hard-hitter ought never to be sensitive regarding attacks upon himself. In future we hope that the secretary of the Sailors and Firemen's Union will find other means of vindicating his character than those afforded by an action for libel.

MR. HUTTON's pathetic plea for the better housing of the London County Council would touch a stonier heart than that of the average Londoner; and it will be their own fault, we think, if its members do not return from the next polls with a clear mandate to do for themselves and their servants what they have already done for lunatics, vagrants, and impecunious artisans. Not in vain, then, will have been the tremendous statistical parade with which the Chairman of the Council amused himself on Tuesday. Some little loving play upon such a string of figures was surely excusable; for never before, certainly, did any first citizen stand forth with a like record of work done. A body which spends £900 a day over its ten thousand odd lunatics; which keeps sixty-six parks and open spaces, thirty-one river bridges, a big tunnel, a ferry carrying over three million passengers yearly, and numerous other public works; whose corporate property is valued at two and a quarter millions sterling; which can be trusted to guard the public health, lighting, drainage, charities, of five millions of people; and (for the list must have an end) which has made bold essays in statesmanship with such delicate problems as "betterment" and "fair wages"—the men who are capable of bearing a burden of this magnitude, and bearing it in the free faith of a civic ideal, merit the utmost consideration and honour. The least that London can do for the nineteen committees into which they divide themselves, and for the permanent staff behind them, is to put a decent home over their heads.

The Midland Railway will, on Saturday, August 5, run cheap excursions to the North and to Scotland, some details of which are given in our advertising columns. Excursions to the Midlands will also be run on August 7<sup>th</sup>.

## ABROAD.

It seemed at one time likely to complicate the situation in Siam that the French Chamber had dissolved before the Siamese reply to M. Develle's ultimatum had been received. That reply having been deemed unsatisfactory by the French Government, and a blockade of the Siamese coast having consequently been declared, the question arose whether that blockade was intended to be "pacific" or "belligerent," and whether, if the former, it could be made effective, and whether, if the latter, it could be valid without an express declaration of war by the French Chambers. The authorities on international law differ on the question of a pacific blockade, though it is a matter of history that Admiral Courbet, in the last French misunderstanding with China, managed to make a so-called pacific blockade effectual enough in every sense. On the question of the necessity of a declaration of war by the Chambers, constitutional authorities in France are likewise at variance. But there is good ground for hoping that neither question will arise in a practical form. The necessity for enforcing the blockade, as was hinted in Parliament on Thursday, may be averted after all. If that should turn out to be the case, the statement made by Lord Rosebery and Sir Edward Grey on Thursday on behalf of the English Government will, we are sure, have done much to assist so desirable an end. It was well calculated to allay by its distinct terms the acute suspicions which had been agitating the French that we were encouraging the Siamese in what Lord Rosebery called with emphasis their "hopeless resistance," or that we had given them any advice beyond, when we were asked, recommending them to settle as quickly as possible with their powerful neighbour. This statement should have a good effect, not merely in Paris but in Bangkok, and even here in London, where a certain section of our Press had begun to talk rather wildly. There is a growing apprehension in France that M. Develle may be engaged on an enterprise as worthless, as costly, and as entangling to France as M. Ferry's adventure in Tonking; and it may be hoped that the public here will be helped to understand (as they may by consulting Consul Archer's blue-book) that the entire left bank of the Mekong, including the much-vaunted province of Luang Prabang, is a profitless country, and that no harm can come to English trade from the French possessing it and the unnavigable river itself. Besides this, the English and French people are beginning to realise that it is not good for either England or France to fall out over such a matter—a sentiment which it may be hoped may in time extend to the feeling that it is not good for these two nations to fall out with each other at all.

FOR the rest there is no foreign news of first importance. It is pleasant amid wars and rumours of wars to note the more ready resort to international arbitration. Gallant little Switzerland has already two such causes in hand, arising out of South American differences. The signing of the Convention whereby the British-German frontier in the Kilima N'jaro district is fixed is also to be noted. Beyond the complete humiliation of the renegade Jew-baiter, Stoecker, the only political news from Germany is of the resignation of the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury, Herr Von Maltzahn, who, however, will retain his office for the present. In Italy the want of petty currency is causing more and more distress. No less than 180 politicians and journalists are involved in the Roman Bank action. It is stated that there will be a further Parliamentary session in November. There has been a great ventilation of grievances in a congress of Roumanians in Hungary at Hermannstadt (Transylvania).

NORWAY continues its anti-Swedish demonstrations. The Storting, having ordered the removal of all

marks of the Union from the Norwegian flag, and having refused to contribute to joint consular expenses, has now reduced the Civil List of the King and the Heir-Apparent. In Belgium, although the difficult task of revision seems as far as ever from completion, the oft-threatened resignation of M. Beernaert is yet unaccomplished. A special session is to be held in October. Holland is no less troubled over its electoral and legislative machinery, and a Liberal-Catholic coalition against the reform scheme is spoken of. The Servian Chamber has adjourned till August 2nd. As to the impeached Ministers, it is to be remembered that their case will probably have to come before the Supreme Court and the Court of Cassation, which have a "Liberal-Progressive," not a "Radical," majority. The Bulgarian Court at Tirnova has distinguished itself by exiling Bishop Clement for life.

**LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.** THE formal announcement of the spelling reforms which the French Academy has decided to introduce was made in Paris this week. We discussed these reforms at some length in an article last February. Perhaps the most interesting thing concerning them is the illustration they furnish of the part played by the French Academy as guardian of the national language, and the unique authority which it wields in that capacity. There is a vulgar idea of the French Academy that it is a sort of fossilised institution in which forty old fogeys strive to keep each other in countenance. People who hold this idea must be astonished at seeing this venerable body introducing by its own motion a rather wholesale scheme of orthographic reform, and, what is more remarkable, at seeing its word instantly becoming law in every printing-office in France. Once the decree of the Academy is promulgated, every newspaper and book published in France adopts the prescribed change. Every proof-reader incorporates the new code in his copy of the Academy Dictionary, a volume which is to him as the statutes of the Medes and Persians.

"OPUS feliciter consummatum"—such, it was aptly said, is the moral of Tuesday's rejoicings on the Itchen. When William of Wykeham founded his college at Winchester, his most sanguine of hopes could not have pictured such a consummation as we have before us to-day in the great English public-school system. But a good-natured world has wisely decided that the unconscious potentialities latent in the acts and words of geniuses are to be written down to their credit, and on this principle we may thank the potent chancellor for the career of Thomas Arnold of Rugby. Indeed, it needed all the "balanced and accurate development of gifts such as is shown in the architectural skill, political foresight, and educational ideals" of Wykeham to hew out of the materials to hand in his day a system which should be lasting. Hitherto the nearest approach to a public school had been the small local nuclei for rudimentary education established by Alcuin under Charlemagne; but though the effect of these, especially on secular learning, had been marked in Europe, they did little more than help to keep in check the advancing tide of hopeless ignorance. When Wykeham, though a Churchman, conceived the idea of a great system of secular learning, he practically insured its existence by introducing two principles which represent the vitality of our public schools to-day. He gave his college into the control of a powerful board of governors who were educational experts, and he founded a corporate body of scholars which should be ruled by itself. When Arnold organised school-games, legalised and limited fagging, and made prefects the governors of the school, he merely developed the idea of five hundred years ago.

WINCHESTER has been the parent of all succeeding public schools. The rule of delegating as much authority as possible filtered through from Winchester to Rugby and from Rugby to the Marlborough of Dr. Cotton. The Winchester statutes were a model to Henry VI. when he contemplated founding Eton. However, Winchester is not only unique in its antiquity, but it is also eminent for its efficiency. The Prince of Wales recognised this fact; and taking the scholarship record of the last seven years, if allowance is made for the number of scholars in each case, Winchester is found to hold its own with St. Paul's. Ancient traditions, time-honoured buildings, and solid achievements in learning, all help to make the sense of brotherhood in Wykehamites exceptionally strong, and lend a peculiar enthusiasm to the singing of "Dulce Domum" by a gathering of the sons of Wykeham. From the service in Chamber Court to the evening ceremony of "Domum in Meads," the Winchester quingentenary (even scholars may ask, Why not quincentenary?) was a great success.

ANNOUNCEMENTS are made of the approaching foundation of that which promises to be a very important new club. It is to be called the Royal Societies Club, and is intended to provide a meeting-place for fellows and members of the Royal Society, the other Royal scientific, literary, and artistic societies and institutions, and generally for what may be called the world of culture. A fine building has been secured in St. James's Street for the accommodation of the members of the new club, which seems likely to start under highly favourable auspices. If the Athenæum were not overcrowded with a list of waiting candidates that will last for nearly twenty years to come, it might not be so easy to understand the *raison d'être* of the Royal Societies Club; but as it is this is one of the new movements which will supply a real want.

SOME of our Scotch friends will remember the great plague of voles that occurred during the middle of last year, when an enormous amount of damage was done in the counties just beyond the Border. To investigate the circumstances of this outbreak, the Board of Agriculture appointed a committee whose report has been recently published. Although the outcome of this investigation does not throw any light on a specified method of dealing with this pest, farmers will find in it many helpful suggestions. Professor Loeffler's method of destroying voles over large areas, by means of bread saturated in a preparation of the bacillus typhi murium, or mouse typhus, was not a very beneficial remedy, although it might be employed judiciously for small areas. The most effective measure, if taken soon enough, seems to be the periodical burning of the grass and heather, followed by an active pursuit by men with spades and dogs, but this can be only adopted at the very commencement of the outbreak. One prominent point on which the committee dwell is the great importance of preserving the natural enemies of these voles. Some of these, such as foxes, ravens, etc., are hurtful to crops and game, but there are others, such as owls, buzzards, kestrels, and the smaller seagulls, that should receive the strict protection of landowners.

**OBITUARY.** THE death of Dr. John Rae, the arctic explorer, removes a picturesque and venerable figure from the scene. Dr. Rae was one of the most intrepid and systematic of explorers, and his contributions to geographical science were not less valuable as results of his expeditions than his better-known achievement, the discovery of the Franklin relics. He was a singularly bright and charming personality, and a wide circle

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of friends condole with his widow, who was as great a favourite as himself with all who had the felicity to know them both.

BARON BAUER had been for five years Austro-Hungarian Minister of War. He distinguished himself in the field at Solferino and Custoza, and had carried out various army reforms. The death of Rear-Admiral Melancthon Smith adds another name to the list of eminent officers lost to the United States Navy. He had seen much active service, and was the last member of an old and distinguished American family. Count Terashima had been Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs and of Public Instruction, and President of the Senate. He had also represented his country at Washington. Mr. H. H. A. Josse, after being imprisoned and expelled for his opposition to Louis Napoleon in 1848, made a substantial commercial position in this country, and succeeded last year in defeating Mr. Heneage at Grimsby by a handsome majority. Canon Frith, one of the oldest Catholic priests in England, was an ardent missionary. He worked safely through epidemics of typhus and cholera, only to suffer violence in the "No-papery" riots. Mr. H. D. Darbishire, M.A., died at the age of thirty at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he was a Fellow. He was distinguished in classics, and in comparative philology; and had been a prominent member of the University Hall Settlement, where, as in other London circles, the news of his early decease caused a grievous shock. Alderman J. W. Davis, Mayor of Halifax, was locally well known as an educationalist and geologist. Mr. E. W. Verrinder was for many years traffic superintendent of the London and South Western Railway.

#### A STAIN TO BE WIPED OUT.

IT is strange, indeed, to think that the scene described in our newspapers of yesterday morning, with the accompanying epithets of "disgraceful," "violent," "shocking," and "unprecedented," actually occurred—not in some little Chamber of a newly-fledged South American Republic, but in the House of Commons itself. The fact must come home with a sharp shock of horror and indignation to all of us. "The mighty mother of free Parliaments" throughout the world has been dishonoured by her own children. It is their sacrilegious hands which have been laid violently upon her. It is they, and not the stranger or the enemy, who have rudely destroyed the finest of all Parliamentary traditions and made the British House of Commons contemptible in the eyes of mankind. Many a man has died on Tower Hill for an act of treason less heinous than this. Many an honoured name has been made infamous for ever because of a less shameful deed. Yet yesterday morning, when the painful and degrading story was told in loathsome detail in our morning newspapers, there was apparently nobody to demand swift and full vengeance upon the misguided men who had struck this foul blow at the character and the honour of their country. Doubtless the very shame with which the story of Thursday night's scene fills every mind must make men eager to forget it as speedily as possible; and it may be that already, in their grief and pain, those who have been wounded most deeply by the outrage are trying to bury it in oblivion. But such an incident as this can never be forgotten, and cannot be passed over lightly. For the first time in its long history the House of Commons was the scene of an actual physical encounter between certain members of the two opposing parties. Blows were struck and returned. Cowardly attacks were made by the physically strong

upon the physically weak. The authority of the Chair was absolutely disregarded, and an orgie of brutal blackguardism was allowed to reign unchecked for several minutes.

Who are the men who are responsible for this shameful scene? Whoever they may be, every Englishman who respects the House of Commons must feel that they are men who have disgraced both themselves and their country, and who have proved their absolute unfitness to take part in public life. Their expulsion from the House of Commons would be a comparatively mild punishment for the crime they have committed. No doubt within the House a different sentiment prevails. There the disposition is rather to cover up the whole disgusting episode and forget it as speedily as may be. The feeling is an entirely natural one within the walls of the House, for unhappily some portion of the shame which has been brought upon the Chamber by the act of a few, falls upon all its members, upon the most blameless and illustrious, as well as upon the actual criminals. But speaking for the outside public, we must say that the incident is not one which ought to be ignored. Ignored! Why, already the civilised world is ringing with the story, and it has taken its place in the permanent records of history! We fully understand the unwillingness of those to whom the reputation of the House of Commons is as dear as their own honour to dwell upon or make much of the scene of Thursday night. But it has happened; the shameful story of it has been told in a hundred different quarters, and it must remain on record against the honour of Parliament for all time to come. Remembering this fact, how can we join in a conspiracy of silence regarding it? To do so will be still further to betray the outraged dignity and reputation of the greatest Representative Chamber in the world. What will our children think if they are told in years to come that the House of Commons took no notice of such a scene as that of Thursday; thought it better to pass over the brutality and violence of certain of its Members without rebuke? Surely they will feel that, after all, there must have been something lacking in the conception of its own dignity and duty on the part of a House which could thus tamely allow itself to be outraged and dishonoured.

We can well believe that for the moment a profound feeling of shame must have fallen upon those who provoked and those who took part in the crime. In cooler moments they already see themselves as they are, and realise that in the eyes of all honourable men they figure as base and contemptible. For the moment they will probably be on their good behaviour. We may expect that for a week or two to come they will not dare to indulge in anything like organised rowdyism. But this is not enough for those Englishmen who are proud of their history, and who have hitherto been proud of their House of Commons—of the House at which the very strangers in the Gallery hissed in scorn and indignation on Thursday night. Such men have a right to insist that the House shall vindicate its honour; that the outrage of which it has been the victim shall be expiated, and that the criminals—we may well call them the traitors—who have brought this shame upon their country shall meet with their deserts. Let it not be forgotten that the whole world was warned beforehand that a "scene" was being prepared for Thursday night. The men who were engaged in the plot doubtless only thought of winning some paltry party advantage for themselves, and did not deliberately intend to commit an act of treason against the honour and dignity of Parliament. But the licentious spirit which has been visibly growing of late in

certain quarters of the House of Commons carried them away when the moment for action came. They had meant to indulge in a farcical melodrama intended to catch the eyes of the mob. They actually took part in a tragedy by which the greatest of British institutions has suffered an irreparable injury. This is their offence, and none greater could be alleged against any body of public men in the world. They have forgotten their own honour; they have forgotten the most sacred duties of the position they hold; they have betrayed the trust of the nation, and exposed the House of Commons to the scorn of the world. If for such a crime as this no expiation is to be exacted, and no punishment inflicted, it will be impossible to say that the hisses with which, for the first time in its history, the House of Commons was assailed on Thursday were undeserved. We cannot believe, however, that the historic Chamber, which has suffered this shameful wrong at the hands of a few unworthy Members, lacks the power to vindicate its character and to avenge itself upon those who have sinned so deeply against it.

#### THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

IT is not often that we have so fine an example of conscious virtue as that which was offered to us by the House of Lords last Monday afternoon. Certain peers of high political standing and pronounced views took upon themselves the task of harrying the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in order to express the pain and horror they feel at the fact that his Excellency is himself a man who is known to have opinions of his own on the questions of the day. Lord Houghton, it seems, has committed the unpardonable sin. Holding the great office of Viceroy, and acting as the representative of the Sovereign in Ireland, he has not preserved an absolute impartiality between the two political parties. That eminently reasonable and liberal-minded peer, the Marquis of Waterford, went so far on Monday as to accuse him of having shown "gross partiality," and the Marquis of Salisbury, not to be outdone by Lord Waterford, let off a few of his characteristic "jibes and flouts and sneers" at the Lord Lieutenant on the same serious pretext. Now it is hardly necessary to comment upon the edifying spectacle which is presented by the Waterfords, the Salisburys, and the Londonderrys of the Upper House when they appear before the public to denounce "partiality" in politics, and to claim that such an official as the Viceroy should be absolutely without bias of his own. Lord Londonderry was himself Lord Lieutenant of Ireland during a somewhat stormy epoch in the history of that country; and we defy his bitterest enemy to charge him with having during that episode in his otherwise uneventful existence ever concealed his personal opinions on the political questions of the hour. He gloried, indeed, on Monday, when he was denouncing Lord Houghton for not having been absolutely impartial, in the fact that when he was himself Viceroy he was ready to engage in active political controversy in the House of Lords. From first to last he was emphatically not merely the Lord Lieutenant, but the Tory Lord Lieutenant; though those who differed from him, and who saw him in constant alliance with Mr. Balfour, did not think it necessary to rush to Parliament to whine over his lack of sympathy with their own political opinions.

It is not, however, so much the absurdity of the spectacle presented by such men as these Tory peers when denouncing political partisanship that strikes

us in looking back at last Monday's debate, as the absolute triviality of their complaint against Lord Houghton. If he had been guilty of that "gross partiality" which Lord Waterford, without a shadow of justification, ascribed to him, we should not have required his accusers to be without sin before listening to their accusations. Unquestionably it is a serious matter when the man who represents the Crown in Ireland lends himself entirely to the service of one political party. But what is Lord Houghton's crime? It is simply this, that whereas he refused when he first went to Dublin to receive two addresses which contained political allusions of a questionable character, he has since permitted some addresses to be presented to him in which allusions of this kind were to be found. Strangely enough, his censors in the House of Lords do not complain of him for having received addresses in favour of Home Rule. What they protest against is his refusal to receive the two addresses which were offered to him last autumn by the Dublin Chamber of Commerce and the Irish Methodists, and in which strong protests against Home Rule were to be found. Surely never was a long debate in the House of Lords, and an indictment of an official of the high rank of the Lord Lieutenant, based upon grounds so ridiculously inadequate. Lord Houghton's defence of himself is the simplest and most convincing that could possibly be given. When he went to Ireland to make his first appearance as the new Lord Lieutenant, he found that there was a great danger of his entrance upon his new duties being made the occasion of an attempt to drag him into the vortex of party politics. On both sides those who were prepared to receive him as the representative of the Queen were apparently anxious to make their formal addresses of welcome the occasion of party utterances. Foreseeing the dangers and inconveniences which must arise from this state of things, the Viceroy wisely intimated that he would not receive any addresses which entered into debatable party questions. This intimation was given *urbi et orbi*. In every instance save in the two referred to in the House of Lords on Monday evening, it was duly attended to. All the addresses which were offered to him, save those of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce and the Wesleyan Methodists, were in accordance with his expressed wish. It was only these two that he was compelled to decline. But he has since accepted addresses in which there were expressions in favour of Home Rule, say his accusers. The statement is perfectly true; but what are the circumstances? The Viceroy has just completed a long tour round a considerable portion of the Irish coast. Wherever he landed he received addresses of welcome—addresses which he often had no opportunity of seeing before the moment when he received them in public. He found in one of these addresses some allusions to party politics. Immediately, in language which is pronounced even by Lord Cadogan to be dignified and proper, he protested against these allusions, and begged that in all future cases they might be omitted. In most instances his wishes were complied with. Once or twice, however, enthusiastic Irishmen were unable to keep Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule out of their expressions of welcome to the Lord Lieutenant, and, time not permitting of the alteration of these addresses, they were accepted under something like friendly protest so far as the political part of their contents was concerned.

This is the head and front of Lord Houghton's offending, and it is scarcely necessary to say that nothing more ridiculous than the attempt to represent transactions at once so simple and so innocent as a breach of duty on the part of the Lord

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Lieutenant has ever been seen in political life. But it is time to turn to another side of the question raised by Lord Waterford, Lord Londonderry, and the rest last Monday. These peers profess to be filled with horror at the thought that a man in whom they recognise the personal representative of the Sovereign should have deviated, however slightly or innocently, from that strict line of absolute political impartiality which constitutional practice assigns to the Queen. We should like to know how they themselves have shown their respect for the Queen's representative in Ireland. It is all very well to use the language of loyalty in the House of Lords when they are trying to win a mean party advantage. But have they shown the loyalty they profess so loudly in their dealings with the Lord Lieutenant in Ireland? They are great Irish noblemen, holding high positions in Irish society. Have they attended the Court of the Queen's present representative in Ireland on any single occasion since he entered upon the high office he now holds? If he is to be considered the Queen's personal representative in one matter, he represents her in all things; and Lord Londonderry and Lord Waterford are bound, if they are as loyal as they profess to be, to show to him in the Vice-regal Court the deference and respect which they would show to the Sovereign herself. Have they done this? Or have they joined in the attempt to bring discredit upon the present Government by treating the Viceroy, not as the Queen's representative, but as Mr. Gladstone's? We know that a silly and contemptible conspiracy of boycotting has been hatched against Lord Houghton by certain persons in Dublin, and that this conspiracy has had the passive, if not the active, aid of no inconsiderable portion of Irish society. It has been treated with just condemnation by men of all parties in England, where it is difficult to realise the depths of folly to which Irish Unionists are capable at times of sinking. But have Lord Londonderry and Lord Waterford joined in this attempt to boycott the Queen's representative, and thus to lower the Crown itself in the eyes of the Irish people? If they have done so, what effrontery is theirs in pretending to be shocked because some humble persons on the West Coast of Ireland have followed their example, and have treated the Lord Lieutenant as being something more than the neutral representative of the throne! We should like Lord Londonderry and Lord Waterford to tell us frankly whether they have or have not been parties to the attempt to induce the Irish people to regard Lord Houghton, not as the Viceroy of the Queen, but as the Agent-General of the Prime Minister. By their statement upon this point we shall be able to judge of the honesty and sincerity of their complaints last Monday.

#### SIAM.

THE statement made to Parliament by Lord Rosebery and Sir Edward Grey on Thursday will have such a soberising effect all round that the only pity is the Government did not find it possible to make it sooner. We might in that case have been spared some of the exhibitions by which the dignity and reputation for good sense of Englishmen have been compromised since this situation arose—exhibitions varying from the ridiculous posturings of Mr. George Curzon, and from exclamations of incredulity in certain newspapers at the "startling" suggestion that the Siamese could for a moment have thought of agreeing to the French ultimatum, all the way round to full-bodied talk of blowing the French fleet out of the water indulged in by some of our contem-

poraries. These performances might have been disregarded, as we disregard the utterances of certain Parisian sheets, if they were merely silly; but, as everyone with any sense of the situation knows, they were mischievous in the highest degree, and for one thing they could have no other effect, as we pointed out last week, than to encourage the Siamese to assume a most foolish attitude. Let us hope that, now that Lord Rosebery has spoken in the sense he has, this sort of irresponsible journalism will cease, and that newspapermen in Fleet Street will place themselves in a position of greater propriety for delivering their rebukes on the ignorance and recklessness of their *confrères* of the boulevards.

The statement of the Government as to our position with regard to Siam is so precise and so important that we had better cite its actual words:—

From the first Her Majesty's Government have refused in any way to intervene in the dispute between France and Siam. On the merits of the quarrel the Government do not feel called upon to pronounce any opinion. They have limited themselves to providing for the safety of British life and property at Bangkok; and it is to be regretted that some people appear to regard those preparations, which are none too great in an Oriental population of 300,000 souls, as an encouragement to the Siamese to persevere in their hopeless resistance. In this connection it may be stated from the commencement of the Siamese difficulty we have scrupulously avoided giving any advice to the Siamese Government except when they have asked for it, beyond recommending them to come to terms as quickly as possible with their powerful neighbour.

This at least leaves no room for ambiguity on the general question as between France and Siam. Lord Rosebery further made it clear that the Government are fully alive to the importance of British commercial interests at Bangkok, and the inconvenience to which they would be subjected in the event of a blockade. He hinted that it was, perhaps, not too much to hope that the necessity for the blockade may yet be averted. From various circumstances calculated to affect the minds both of France and of Siam, we are inclined to think that that hope will be practically realised.

On the territorial question Lord Rosebery used these words:—

The territorial arrangements consequent on this dispute involve matters of British concern. Her Majesty's Government are glad to believe that the French Government are not less alive than themselves to the value of Siamese independence, and that they regard it as a matter of moment, both to France and to ourselves, that we should nowhere have contemninous frontiers in the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, for such a frontier would involve both States in great military expenditure and constant liability to panic.

This statement at least seems to make it clear that the French and English Governments understand each other, and that is the main thing. The territorial question involved, notwithstanding all the high talk that has been used, is really a very small one so far as we are concerned; and it remains to be seen whether our hands have not been tied for us pretty closely by an arrangement said to have been come to three years ago between Lord Salisbury and M. Waddington, when we were annexing to Burma the Shan States. The *Bombay Gazette* announced a good while back that, according to that understanding, France would not object to our taking the Shan States, in spite of Siamese protests, and we would not say nay to France having the whole of the left bank of the Mekong. This is one of the points which will probably be cleared up when the papers promised by Lord Rosebery have been presented to Parliament. In any case, the question of boundaries as affecting this corner of country between the portion of the Mekong contiguous to these Shan States on one side

and the frontier of Tonking on the other is involved in general confusion—a confusion from which Lord Rosebery and M. Develle, judging from the former's reference, do not seem to be entirely free. Lord Rosebery speaks about both Governments being anxious to avoid contiguous frontiers throughout the whole of the Indo-Chinese peninsula. But, according to maps which had been revised by the Indian Office only last year, our Burmese frontier at the present moment actually touches for some hundred and fifty miles the frontier of Tonking. Our own officials, with the cartographical freedom of the gentleman whom Mr. Curzon calls "the egregious M. Deloncle," have been annexing territory for us in that part of the world to the total destruction of our buffer State theory. According to other maps, the frontier of our Shan States, agreed on three years ago, runs about a hundred miles further west, but still on the eastern side of the Mekong; whereas, according to the French demands again, that frontier ought to be the Mekong itself. The question is in that condition from which a friendly Frontier Commission can alone extricate it; and, as we said last week, such a commission ought to be the true issue of the negotiations we are conducting on this particular point with the French Government.

#### THE END OF COMMITTEE.

ON Thursday night the last "compartment" of the Home Rule Bill was voted by a satisfactory majority, and the measure is at length out of Committee. The event has a double Parliamentary significance. The closing of Committee stage means practically the passing of the Bill so far as the House of Commons is concerned. There are two other stages, of course, yet to be gone through—those of Report and Third Reading—before the Bill can go to the Lords; but to all intents and purposes the fiat of the representative branch of the Imperial Legislature was finally given to the measure restoring to Ireland a Home Rule constitution when the Chairman of Committees reported progress on Thursday night. It is a point in Parliamentary history from which there can be no turning back, one of those conspicuous landmarks whose legend the most clouded vision cannot fail to decipher. Henceforward we may expect to see a denser stratum of Tory intellect than that represented by the *Quarterly Review* recognising that Home Rule is inevitable, and settling down to the consideration of the best ways and means by which party advantage is to be derived from the process of helping it into being. As the Bill leaves Committee our readers will perceive—we may, perhaps, be pardoned for referring to the fact—it is practically the Home Rule Bill whose provisions were discussed in *THE SPEAKER* of the first week of January last. Even the amendments which have been introduced since the measure entered upon Committee stage are amendments which are either in accordance with provisions then discussed by us, or with amendments suggested or foreshadowed in our subsequent numbers. The "difficult points" of the Land, Police, Judges, the Retention of the Irish Members, and, finally, of Finance, have been settled exactly as we anticipated. The retention of members was one of those difficulties which, when the Bill was introduced, seemed about to be dealt with in a manner different to that which we had predicted; but the "in-and-out" clause, as everybody knows, was subsequently abandoned in favour of the identical provision which was described in our issue of February 18th. The last compart-

ment of the Bill was chiefly concerned with the Financial Clauses. We have already discussed these clauses in detail; but we may refer here to the two salient features of them which were well brought out during the interesting and, on the whole, very brilliant debate of the week. This financial settlement between England and Ireland is in the first place provisional; and in the second place, if there be any hardship in it as between the two contracting parties, the hardship bears upon Ireland and not upon England. Objections have been raised from the point of view of democratic economy that the arrangement stereotypes our finance. But even if this were true to the sweeping extent of this general assertion—and the matter is at least doubtful—it must be remembered that the stereotyping can only last at the outside six years. From the nature of the case it was essential that the arrangement should be provisional: the financial relations of England and Ireland have got into such a hopeless muddle during the past ninety years that it will take the labours of a Royal Commission to unravel them: and for a provisional scheme nothing could be more simple or workable than the one which has been adopted. By the end of six years the Royal Commission which Mr. Gladstone has already, in response to Mr. Redmond, announced his intention of appointing, will have made its report, and Parliament will then, and only then, have a basis to go upon for a settlement of a permanent character. Mr. Fowler, in a very masterly style, replied to the point raised by Mr. Chamberlain, that "the British taxpayer" would have to "pay for Home Rule." He showed on the one hand how effectually Home Rule, by ending misgovernment, would mean a lessening of Imperial expense, and on the other how unfair a burden of taxation Ireland had to bear, and would have to bear, even under this arrangement, in proportion to her taxable capacity. With a taxable income of £15,000,000, as compared with Great Britain's taxable income of £800,000,000, the poverty of Ireland appeared so striking to the Committee when Mr. Fowler cited these figures that there were general cheers when he declared that the English people did not want to deal with Ireland shabbily, and that while they might reject Home Rule on grounds of Imperial policy they would never reject it upon "a miserable objection of pounds, shillings, and pence."

The fact, however, that the Home Rule Bill passed through its Committee stage by July 27th has a much wider significance than any which attaches to the measure itself in its legislative aspect. It signalises, in a word, the rescue of Parliamentary government from threatened anarchy. It is true that the Home Rule Bill has taken some five months to get from its First Reading to what is after all, strictly speaking, not its final stage—the longest time ever taken by a Bill in Parliament. But there was one moment when it seemed as if the Bill would never get through at all. An unprecedented situation had been created by the fact that the whole regular Opposition, for the first time in history, set themselves deliberately to obstruct the work of Parliament. As a consequence the House of Commons was rendered practically impotent, and the authority of Parliament and its value as a factor of the Constitution were put in imminent jeopardy. If the Government has succeeded in overcoming this danger and in restoring Parliament to the exercise of its functions and to its place in the State, it behoves them, and it behoves the country, to attach its due constitutional significance to the instrument by which this result was brought about. The "Compartment" Closure Resolution was, of course, in one

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sense a temporary expedient; but no thinking man who has studied the proceedings of the present Parliament, and who has regard to the future, in which the democratic demand for legislation must increase, can have any doubt that a permanent reform of procedure which will enable the principle at least of this resolution to be put in force, is as fundamentally necessary as any constitutional reform can be. This necessity may come sharply into evidence even before the present session closes. An Opposition which has so lost the sense of responsibility as the present one will always be capable of committing itself again. As it is, we are threatened with formidable obstruction in Supply, with the object of rendering an autumn session impossible, and the Government is warned by its friends that it will be necessary to make a constant use of the Closure in the interests of public business. But the difficulty of the situation is that it is not in the power of the Government to make effective use of the Closure as the rules of procedure now stand. By a novel device introduced for the first time in 1887 by the Tory Government when reforming procedure with a view to carrying Mr. Balfour's Coercion Bill, the Chairman of Committees or the Speaker may refuse to put the Closure motion even when it is moved by a Minister of the Crown. This discretion, which was meant to save the rule from abuse by irresponsible members, has so operated to hamper the Parliamentary machine—by throwing an unfair, irksome, and unnecessary as well as a totally new onus upon the Chair—that the drastic expedient of the Compartment Resolution was needed to render the Closure at all effective in presence of organised obstruction on a wholesale scale. Now, we do not argue that the Compartment Resolution must be adopted again. Although we had the honour of originally suggesting it, we recognise that it was an exceptional expedient, resorted to when things had got to a desperate pass. Moreover, it is unnecessary, if simply the one flaw in the present Closure motion be amended. The suggestion we urge is that the disability that now exists regarding the moving of this motion be removed *so far only as it affects Ministers of the Crown and Government business*. All the Government have to do is move as an amendment to the existing rule some such words as the following:—

But if the Question under discussion be any stage of a Government Bill, or any Clause or Amendment to a Clause of a Government Bill, or any Vote in Committee of Supply or Ways and Means, or any Government Notice of Motion or Order of the Day, any of Her Majesty's Ministers may claim to move, That the Question be now put, and if such motion is claimed by any of Her Majesty's Ministers it shall be put forthwith by the Speaker or Chairman of Ways and Means.

With such an amendment effected, it will be possible for the Government, by announcing "compartments" beforehand, or otherwise consulting the convenience of all sides, to place the House of Commons in full, permanent and smoothly working control of its business.

#### THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE House of Lords is a nuisance to its friends as well as to its enemies. It has not yet realised that its whole duty to the Unionist party is to throw out the Home Rule Bill, and on all other questions to escape observation. The prejudices which form the bulwark against Home Rule are of two kinds—class prejudices and racial prejudices. Class

prejudices only pay when they are used with discretion; though they are more intense, the racial prejudices have a wider extension, and, therefore, it is on the racial prejudices that the Unionist wire-pullers declare to win. Unfortunately in the House of Lords, though prejudices of all kinds flourish, class prejudices—and especially the unpopular prejudices of the landed class—are, on the whole, the most pronounced. As Mr. Chamberlain put it, speaking at Denbigh in 1884, the House of Lords is "a club of Tory landlords, which, in its gilded chamber, has disposed of the welfare of the people with almost exclusive regard to the interests of a class." When a Tory Government is in office, the peers may sacrifice their direct interests at the bidding of the caucus; but when the Liberals are in power they do not always sufficiently distinguish between the things which pay the party and the things which pay the peers.

We have had a few significant examples of this failing during the past week. To some extent the prolonged obstruction of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends has saved them trouble, for no considerable part of the Newcastle Programme has been sent to them from the Commons. But every little Bill which the Commons have found time to pass has been mutilated by the Lords. For instance, the Places of Worship (Sites) Bill has come back in sorry shape. A Provisional Order, requiring ratification by Act of Parliament, is to be necessary to authorise the taking of a few perches of land for a Primitive Methodist Chapel. But the private Bills of the London County Council have been the greatest sufferers. In two successive cases the Lords have placed themselves in direct opposition to the wishes of the people of London, expressed through their municipality, even though in each case the more progressive Unionists had joined with the Liberals in the House of Commons to support the County Council. In their General Powers Bill the County Council sought representation on the Conservancy Boards for the Thames and the Lea. The Thames Conservancy is composed of twenty-three members, of whom seven are nominated by the City of London, as the old port authority, one by the Board of Trade, and the rest chosen by various bodies of riparian owners. It has two principal duties—to control the traffic on the waterway, and to prevent the pollution of the river, which is at once the chief source of London's water supply and the greatest of London's lungs. The first duty might, perhaps, not require any representation of the County Council on the Conservancy, for the Council is not a port authority. But the second duty, as the Council know by experience, cannot be effectively performed without some more direct representation of the body which is charged with the sanitary superintendence of the County of London. Representatives of the County Council on the Conservancy would force that rather sleepy body to more vigorous action on behalf of the health of London. The hybrid Committee of the House of Commons who considered the Bill were unanimously of opinion that representation should be given, and only divided as to whether they should give four or five representatives to the County Council. Why, unless they are in league with the cholera, the Lords should refuse them all representation passes even the average Tory comprehension. It is true that the Lords did not profess to refuse on the merits. They took an objection of form. London should only get representation in connection with a general reconstitution of the Conservancy. Just so, in 1884, they were not against the extension of the suffrage, but against the extension of suffrage unaccompanied by redistribution of seats. But a clumsy excuse like that deceives no one, and the

Opposition in the Commons did not dare to divide in support of the Lords.

Undismayed by one rebuff, they were at that very moment preparing for themselves another. Another private Bill promoted by the County Council embodies in a modified form the principle of betterment. The principle is not a new one. In America, where re-coupmment has been held to be unconstitutional under the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution as involving the taking of land not strictly required for public purposes, betterment clauses are inserted in almost every improvement Act. The British Parliament has also admitted the principle. Mr. Ritchie's Housing of the Working Classes Act applies it, in a much more thoroughgoing form than the County Council dared to suggest, to cases of removal of obstructive buildings. It has also been inserted, in the form of rates upon specially-selected local areas, in many private Bills. Had such provision been inserted in the Acts authorising the construction of the Thames Embankments, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Cadogan, and Lord Salisbury might have paid a good round sum which has actually been borne entirely by the London occupiers. The London County Council wish to prevent ground landlords reaping the whole benefit while ratepayers pay the whole cost. They therefore ask Parliament to enact that, if, five years after land is taken to form approaches to the Tower Bridge, the Local Government Board permit, an arbitrator shall be appointed to assess the amount of the increase of annual value of the neighbouring lands due to the improvement, and one-half of that increase shall be a charge upon the lands due to the County Council. Nothing could be fairer, nothing could be more moderate, nothing could be more popular, but nothing could be more distasteful to the House of Lords. Far more peers own land in English towns than own land in Ireland. They have done as much to improve the one as the other. In the one case the tenants, in the other the municipalities, have made the improvements. In both cases the House of Lords has maintained a system of law by which the landlords were enabled to pocket the profits. It was not therefore wonderful that Lord Onslow should have discovered that betterment should not be embodied in a private Bill, or indeed in any other Bill which cannot be easily obstructed.

We do not suppose the allies of the peers in the Lower House will support them any more strenuously on the betterment question than on the Conservancy question. Men who live in the actuality of contested elections know that it is quite fatal for any party which wishes to return to office to link itself with the ground landlords. Yet we confess we have some little sympathy with the peers. They probably care more about betterment than they do about Home Rule. It at least affects them more directly. Their chief consolation in struggling against Home Rule is that they think that while Home Rule is the principal measure before the country, no considerable British reform can be carried through. Yet they have had to pass a Local Government Bill and a Free Education Bill to keep their Unionist friends in office, and they are now asked to capitulate to the London County Council lest their friends should never get back to office. All these things must be very galling to a high-Tory and frankly-self-interested peer. They must cause searchings of heart at times as to whether after all the House of Lords will be wise to risk its existence on a struggle against Home Rule and all the while to be effectually gagged on the nearer and dearer questions which touch the peers' pockets. Was it a peer who wrote the article in the *Quarterly*?

## FINANCE.

THE fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange which began on Wednesday morning, had been looked forward to with the greatest apprehension. For some days previously it was reported with much particularity that some of the greatest dealers in the American market were in difficulties, and that several important firms of brokers had been obliged to close their accounts, and would be declared defaulters at the settlement. There were also rumours affecting powerful houses outside. Wednesday, however, passed over with no more than one unimportant failure; there was also but one on Thursday. Even that, however, did not allay the apprehensions that existed, nor put a stop to the rumours. Unfortunately, the troubles existing were aggravated by the discovery that Lord Sudeley, at the time when attempts were made to bolster up Muriettas, Limited, had given guarantees very recklessly. Apparently he was convinced that the Murietta business was so good that he would never be called upon to fulfil his guarantees. He was, however, called upon, and the result is that last week he had to call together his creditors, and to lay a statement before them. He showed that he had mortgaged his estates for £400,000, and that he had got in addition £200,000 from his wife. It is hoped that an arrangement will be arrived at. Further, the Bank of England has applied for an order to wind up the Mexican and South American Trust; and if the Trust to prevent liquidation makes a call upon its shareholders, it is everywhere expected that the Trustees and Executors will also have to make a call. If these matters stood alone, they would be of little importance, though, of course, they add to the general uneasiness. But the main cause of the troubles, as we have been insisting week after week for a long time past in these columns, is the crisis in the United States, and that crisis has seriously deepened this week. Banks continue to fail all over the West. Money in consequence is being withdrawn from New York, where the banks are unable to give accommodation to their customers. Perhaps no better illustration could be found of the utter collapse of credit than the fact that the Erie Railroad Company has been unable this week to renew loans amounting in the aggregate to about £1,200,000, and in consequence that two receivers have been appointed to protect the property. Ever since the time of Messrs. Jay Gould and J. Fisk the company has been in troubled waters, and has been reorganised again and again; but of late it was believed to be doing exceedingly well. It is an open secret that many other struggling railway companies in the States have considerable floating debts, and the fear exists, therefore, that some at least of those companies will likewise break down; while day after day telegrams privately received in the City prepare those concerned for serious failures of banks and commercial houses.

When it came out in New York on Wednesday morning that receivers had been appointed over the Erie property, there was a regular panic on the Stock Exchange. All prices fell ruinously, and two firms of brokers had to suspend. Everyone, according to the telegrams, was anxious to sell, and nobody cared to buy, even though prices were put down with bewildering rapidity. At the same time the rates of interest rose quickly; in some cases Stock Exchange borrowers were glad to pay as much as 50 per cent. per annum. Unfortunately it is only too likely that the panic will continue for some time yet, and that many failures will have to occur. The public is withdrawing money from the banks and locking it up in safe-deposits; the banks are without resources, and the trading public cannot get accommodation. Here in London, on the other hand, it is noteworthy that money is in great abundance, and that rates are very easy. Even Stock Exchange borrowers on Wednesday were able to obtain

accommodation. During the month of July, the rate of exchange of gold for silver has risen in India from 32½ to 33½ rupees in the day, but the moment it was drawn, as to the selling price, and that the 1s. 4d. 1 silver qu

A MID-ARISTOCRATISM of another kind, the contention of men who strength even in souls and possess their beliefs these Churches of their Church of this realm in the Colburgh Revolves of and Dr. divines la man gets the article with the himself interest of his subject interesting which excellent who may

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accommodation from the banks at about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. During the week there has been an upward movement in the rate of discount in the open market to about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; but that is an exceedingly low rate considering all the circumstances. It is, however, to a great extent, a merely nominal rate. If much gold be sent to New York, it will be a sign, as matters at present stand, that the panic there is growing worse, and instantly there will be a sharp rise in rates here. On the other hand, if not much gold is sent, the stagnation will continue. The price of silver has fluctuated during the week between 32d. and 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce, without much business, and the India Council again offered for tender 40 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers on Wednesday, but there was not a single application. For the moment the Council has other funds upon which to draw, but naturally the City is speculating eagerly as to whether it will be able very long to avoid selling. If it must sell, it will have to take a lower price, and that will give an impression to the public that the attempt to fix the value of the rupee at 1s. 4d. has failed. For the moment, however, the silver question is overshadowed.

#### CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM.

**A** MIDST the clash of contending dogmas and the hot rivalry of sects, the fervent Sacramentarianism of one bishop, and the fierce Evangelicalism of another, it is at least amusing to be reminded of the continued existence in our midst of a body of men whose zeal for their religion, if measured by the strength of their antipathies, is great; and who are able even in these bad, unbelieving days to solace their souls and satisfy every religious aspiration they possess by daily non-attendance at the services of their beloved Church. The institution which attracts these Christian heroes, and which enjoys the benefit of their expletives, is, we need hardly add, the Church of England, as by law established within this realm. One of these pious souls has been moved, in the columns of the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*, to attempt a comparison between the lives of Dr. Newman, of the Oratory, Birmingham, and Dr. Lightfoot, of the See of Durham, both divines lately deceased, in which the Roman gentleman gets very much the worst of it. The writer of the article in question, if he has any real acquaintance with the works of either Newman or Lightfoot, does himself injustice, for his treatment of this part of his subject is miserably meagre; but the charm and interest of the article—and it is both charming and interesting—consists in the naïve and sincere revelation which it makes of the religious plight of its excellent and patriotic, though ill-instructed, author, who may be taken as a fair specimen of his class.

To start with, this *Edinburgh* reviewer cannot away with Dogma. It worries him and makes him uncomfortable after the same fashion as Mr. Robert Lowe was made uncomfortable by the sermons of Dr. Pusey. He feels somewhere in the neighbourhood of his midriff that he is a Church-of-England man; not so much because he believes that our Lord was born of a Virgin, as the Creeds confidently recite, as because of his honest hatred of Papists and Dissenters and the Religion of Humanity. Hence his dislike of dogma and consequent abomination of Newman, who, poor, unhappy boy, started life with the false notion that it was a matter of terrible importance to believe aright—whereas, says this reviewer, it is really a matter of quite secondary importance as compared with sticking by the dear old Church of England. This is how he puts it:—

"The falsehood with which Dr. Newman started in life, which he never got rid of, and which vitiated his whole subsequent career, was the idolatry of dogma. . . . But people who really read their New Testament have long ago come to the serene faith that the world is managed by God on principles quite different from these."

Is this serene faith of our reviewer the doctrine of

the Church of England? It certainly seems addressed to a nation of shopkeepers. Small profits and quick returns as opposed to high prices and long credit. But it is a touching and genuinely sincere tribute to Divine Management. The reviewer continues in the same strain and grows bolder as he proceeds, until at last he essays to define Christianity, a task which he finds as easy as it is (in his opinion) to be a Christian. Says he:—

"To believe in Christ and to be sure that while He abhors and will condemn proselyte-hunting and the absorption of the person into an impersonal system, He smiles on all fair inquiry and pardons every honest doubt—is Christianity."

What a picture, to be sure! Christ hung upon the tree in order to smile on "fair inquiry" and pardon "honest doubt." He abhors proselyte-hunting, and is anxious to preserve individual peculiarities; and this, if you please, is Christianity in the columns of the *Edinburgh Review*. What, we wonder, would Dr. Lightfoot have had to say of such a definition of Christianity as this? It would have made his gorge rise, and have been as repulsive to him as to Dr. Newman. Is there a bishop or divine of the Church of England who would not repudiate and condemn such a vulgar travesty of religion?

But Church-of-Englandism is far too robust, too secular-minded, to care a rap about the opinion of bishops and divines, who are but necessary evils, only to be defended when attacked by low-minded Radicals and vulgar Dissenters. It is the external church, the bricks and mortar, the ivy-mantled tower, nestling in the valley hard by the "Blue Boar," the chiming of the bells on a Sunday morning as they fall on the ears of men walking in an opposite direction, that appeal to these stalwart sons of the Establishment. The Church they love is neither the Church of Bishop King nor of Bishop Ryle; it is no Holy Vessel containing the precious Deposit of Dogma which gleams through the discourses of Mr. Gore; it is none of these things, but, in the glowing language of its *Edinburgh* eulogist, it is

"A Church which is so conscious of her veracity and her faith towards God, that she fears not the world at all; a Church whose Chief Pastor goes in and out of Lambeth Palace at all hours of the day and night without guards and without temporary power; a Church which, like most of the Protestant Communions, can afford to ride freely to the anchor of the ancient creeds, because she is afloat and not aground, and can afford to repent of her past sins and present errors, since she makes no preposterous claim to be infallible."

In this passage our enthusiast too obviously confuses the boundaries which separate the sublime from the ridiculous. The spectacle he invites us to behold of Dr. Benson letting himself into Lambeth Palace at two in the morning "without guards" lacks grandeur, and provokes the remark that as the Archbishop, like the Apostle Peter, is a married man, even his nocturnal prowlings cannot fairly be described as entirely unguarded. Dr. Newman once forgot himself so far as to inquire anxiously whether Dr. Arnold was a Christian. It is happily not necessary to direct the same inquiry as to this *Edinburgh* reviewer, for his strong point is not his Christianity, but his Church-of-Englandism. Like the Church of his mature affections, he rides so freely to the anchor of his ancient creeds that we are at times forced to believe that he has slipped it altogether. Nor does his frank avowal that the next century will laugh at "old-world theology" allay our anxiety on this score. But it is idle to argue such points with men like this reviewer, who are for the Church of England because it is not the Church of Rome—who will only consume home-made articles—who will wear neither helmet nor shield nor any of the armour of God unless it is stamped with the broad arrow—who, in short, are Church-of-England men first and anything they please afterwards. To men of this mould to cease to belong to the Church of England is to be a renegade from the national flag—to go over to the enemy. Church-of-Englandism is the religion of England, and it is the

duty of every Englishman to belong to the English religion. What that religion is does not matter, and is perhaps uncertain. But whatever it is, it is a moderate, decent religion, which leaves you alone, or which, at all events, you can leave alone if so minded. We feel certain that the writer of the article in the *Edinburgh Review* has not been inside a church for a twelvemonth. He maintains his fervour by staying away.

#### MR. COVENTRY PATMORE AS PROPHET.

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE, with his little book of essays, "*Religio Poetæ*" (Bell), which are a sort of expanded commentary or exegesis on his odes, is really a prophet. Like almost all prophets, he begins by being misunderstood and misappreciated. And again, like most prophets, this is in no small degree because of certain peculiarities, inconsistencies, eccentricities surrounding his message which distract the attention of the thoughtless and lend themselves even to ridicule. We have watched with some concern the treatment his volume has received at the hands of the Press; that is to say, of the Gentiles. It is sad. Some seized upon his retort discourteous to the emancipators of the fair sex—or the "weaker vessel," as he persists in calling Woman—and they showed its apparent inconsistency with his idea of woman's place in his conception of the beatific vision. The state of these was the more gracious, for though they did not perceive his true inconsistency they had some dim glimmering of what he was driving at. Others assailed him for his fossilised Toryism; others for his art-criticism. In short, he has been as a voice crying in the wilderness; his breath wasted upon the idle air, and none but locusts and ravens to give him comfort. For himself, this probably does not matter to Mr. Patmore, for he has apparently cultivated what he calls, in the language of the Catholic theologians, a "holy indifference" as to the world's fate, once he has discharged his function. But for the world it is a pity, for his small book of essays not only contains what in this day—when there is such fermentation of minds, from Chicago to the Grindelwald, on such subjects as the reunion of the Churches and a universal religion, when Mr. Stead expects a new revelation through the medium of spooks, when new conceptions of the relations of the sexes are in the air, and when many good people are beginning to think again of the millennium—not only contains what in such a day might be taken as something of a "message," but it is also full of very suggestive and original thought applied to other subjects of the times which interest reflective men. Indeed, we do not hesitate to pronounce it, after making all allowances, one of the most noteworthy volumes of essays published in England for some time.

Mr. Patmore, we have said, has inconsistencies. These he might possibly defend on the ground that "distinction has its root in the irrational." Moreover, he is a mystic, and the language of mystics is not always to be measured according to the standards of reason. Mystics "know each what the other is saying, though to a Huxley or a Morley it is but a hooting of owls." His inconsistencies may even enhance the force of his prophecy, as in Balaam's case; for in a sense he prophesies against himself, a fact of which he has a perception. The poet, he says, in a felicitous *mot*, "occupies a peculiar position—somewhere between that of a Saint and that of Balaam's Ass." Thus Mr. Patmore is at once, to take his main inconsistency, both a pessimist and an optimist in his outlook on human affairs. He abhors democracy, and in seeing the era of democracy advancing, he thinks society, law, and everything worth revering, is going to destruction; our new condition will "very much resemble Swedenborg's hell, in which everybody is incessantly engaged in the endeavour to make everybody else virtuous;" but so far will anybody be from succeeding in this endeavour that we shall all be under the tyranny of

"an enslaved multitude," which must "always be in the main self-seeking and unjust," and merely bent on "the acquisition of subtler and baser means for the advancement of individual covetousness, and the indulgence of individual vices." Yet it is in presence of such an infernal saturnalia that Mr. Patmore announces his feeling that we are on the eve of a New Dispensation for "this life," which does not differ much that we can see from the dreams of the more mystical Socialists, humanitarians, and sexualists (as we must call them for want of a better word) of the democratic advance, the prophets of the "New Day" of democracy over which he chaunts so terrible a jeremiad. This strange conjunction of extremes is highly interesting, and the discerning will perceive what a significance Mr. Patmore's inconsistency hereby receives. Let us hear him on his New Dispensation:—

"I think it must be manifest to fitly qualified observers, that religion, which to timid onlookers appears to be in a fair way to total extinction, is actually, both by tendency from within and compulsion from without . . . in the initial stage of a new development, of which the note will be *real apprehension*, whereby Christianity will acquire such a power of appeal to the pure among the Gentiles, *i.e.*, our natural feelings and instincts, as will cause it to appear almost like a New Dispensation. . . . Or would it be too vast a hope that such a development may truly assume the proportions and character of a New Dispensation? . . . A Dispensation under which millions instead of thousands should awake to those facts of life of which Christ said, 'I have many things to say to you, but you cannot hear them yet; but when the Holy Spirit shall come He shall teach you the things I have told you.' Under the first dispensation men were the servants of God; under the second, His sons: 'Sons now we are of God, but what we shall be hath not yet appeared.' What if under a third 'the voice of the Bride and Bridegroom shall be heard again in our streets'? Our Lord, by an intervention which He declared to be premature, converted water into the wine of the Marriage Feast. He did so for hundreds before the time of His manifestation in the flesh; He has done so for thousands who have lived to see His 'coming' since. What if His fuller coming to the whole Church should be a like revelation, even in this life, for every one who so 'seeks first the kingdom of God and His righteousness' that 'all these things shall be added to him'?"

Space will not permit us here to undertake an explanation of Mr. Patmore's thesis; but theologians who read him will perceive that its main interest of novelty consists in its correspondence with the general sentiment regarding the coming of a "New Day" of some kind which in various forms seems to be taking hold of men's imaginations at the present time. For in the main Mr. Patmore but develops some of the conceptions of Thomistic philosophy with the aid of the mystical theologians. The natural love as the "precursor" of the Divine, and a symbol in its various aspects of the relationship of God and the soul; the mystery of triple personality in one Being illustrated by Plato's idea of sex, by the parable of Tiresias, by the Orphic hymn in which the Deity is spoken of as "a beautiful Youth and a Divine nymph;" the glorified body of man, "formed for a dignity prophets but darkly name," resolving into itself, as once before according to the writer of Genesis, thesis, antithesis, and synthesis: these are things familiar to all students of mystical writers; and, indeed, Mr. Patmore himself has sung these themes already in his odes. But somehow, set forth in prose now, with their various developments, and coming in amongst the peculiar ideas of the hour, they seem to take on a new significance; at any rate, a new interest. It is a most strange phenomenon, when one comes to think of it, to see from what diverse and totally unconnected quarters there rises a sort of harmony of agitated soul-cries at certain periods. The aspiration for a "reunion of the Churches," the Collectivist's dream of a universal brotherhood of men and States, the scientific Anarchist's longing for the perfect altruism of absolute individual liberty, the Psychical Research Society groping across the border for evidences of the unseen, the French "feminist" with his idea of the function of beauty, the English womanist (to coin a word) with not merely his

theory of an ego, either self or other, a repugnance almost in both who can as he would which a seeming revolution are there. Perhaps modern in social on the point to testify

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theory of the equality of the sexes, but his assertion of an equal sharing of the respective qualities of either sex as an essential condition for the perfect types of both: all these elements of the contemporary yeast seem to have little in common with each other, and all, one would say, should be equally repugnant to the aristocratic Catholic Tory with his antipathy to democracy in every aspect and his almost fanatical clinging to the idea of authority in both Church and State. Yet—by what mystery who can say?—from Mr. Patmore's "disc of dogma," as he would himself call it, there radiate beams in which are affinities with each and every one of these seemingly crudely-new, conflicting, erroneous or revolutionary ideas and tendencies, affinities which are themselves the cause of a fresh illumination. Perhaps the most distinctly characteristic of these modern ideas, whether expressed in literature or in social and political effort, are the new notions on the "Woman Question." See how even on this point this extremely reactionary prophet is forced to testify in his own despite:—

"It is remarkable (he writes) that in a time when general reverence for religion is greatly diminishing, a true but altogether unenlightened reverence for the holy mystery of natural love should be sensibly increasing among us; and we may, perhaps, hail this circumstance as the precursor of a new development of Christianity which shall exert a hitherto unknown power over men as being based upon and explanatory of their universal instincts and longings, which the symbol is, by universal consent, wholly incapable of satisfying. And, besides the interest of the feelings, the intellect of man, which is now bent upon examining everything, must find in the otherwise inexplicable phenomena of natural love a satisfaction in the prospect of finding its key in another mystery which is, at least, much less inscrutable and does not involve any of the anomalies and absurdities of that passion when it is regarded as an end having no further end. Everyone who has loved and reflected on love for an instant, knows very well that what is vulgarly regarded as the end of that passion is, as the Church steadfastly maintains, no more than its accident. The flower is not for the seed, but the seed for the flower. And yet what is that flower if it be not the rising bud of another flower, flashed for a moment of eternal moment before our eyes and at once withdrawn lest we should misunderstand the prophecy, and take it for our final good?"

Will Mr. Patmore, we wonder, regard it with satisfaction or misgiving if we cite an intimation in sympathy with his theory from the opposite pole to that at which he stands, from the very slough itself of Naturalistic Materialism in France? At any rate the parallelism is interesting. Maupassant in his "L'Inutile Beauté," which is altogether a curious expression of his philosophy, has the following in a closing passage. Husband and wife have had an explanation:—"Alors, il sentit soudain, il sentit par une sorte d'intuition que cet être là n'était plus seulement une femme destinée à perpétuer sa race, mais le produit bizarre et mystérieux de tous nos désirs compliqués, amassés en nous par les siècles, détournés de leur but primitif et divin, errant vers une beauté, mystique, entrevue et insaisissable. . . . L'époux demeurait debout devant elle, stupéfait de cette tardive et obscure découverte. . . . Puis il sortit. . . . sentant naître en lui une émotion étrange, plus redoutable peut-être que l'antique et simple amour!" M. Paul Bourget, by the way, has just been mentioning that Maupassant, some time before being stricken with his fatal malady, had confided to him that his thoughts had been turning much upon religious problems; perhaps this may comfort Mr. Patmore. At any rate, we ought to say that, as interpreted by his poems, Mr. Patmore teaches that the crown of the new dispensation is to be attained not by seizure, but by denial, by "controlled hope." Note the "enigma" with which "The Unknown Eros" concludes:—

"There lies the crown  
Which all thy longing cures.  
Refuse it, Mortal, that it may be yours!  
It is a Spirit, though it seems red gold;  
And such may no man, but by shunning, hold.  
Refuse it, though refusing be despair;  
And thou shalt feel the phantom in thy hair."

## OF THE SLEEPINESS OF JUDGES.

WHEN old Plato saith in his third Polity, or, rather, quaintly induceth the sage Socrates, saying, "For this we need no nodding judge," the learned interpret the quip by a term of the art grammatical, pretending that it is *epitheton otiosum* (meetly, methinks), if not *ornans*, such as you shall find a many of in Homer, and so have done therewith. But this beseemeth not the worthiness of that Academick that was ever forward to discern and explicate ideas; nay, he was like even to have a certain foreknowledge, even such as he compassed in the trope of the One Good Man, and him crucified. Wherefore it behoveth the moderns to make good his affirmation. Now, of this somnolency or lethargy there be many causes. And, first, of the natural—that all men do love slumber, for it refresheth both body and soul, and recreates the whole man, and so the poet saith that it is "Nature's soft nurse," intending that it swaddlETH and handleth the bodily health. And, of a verity, a judge is in the sum but a man, and shall not doff his humanity when he mounteth the curule bench, but rather shall don it the more, if indeed he be not already clad withal as with a coat of armour. And sith his country will have the usufruct of the man, his virtue and his wit, and, if it so fall out, his learning and discreetness, it must e'en be at the charges of any mean or weak matter in his composing. Wherefore, on this count he shall not be holden greatly guilty, but as himself expoundeth *ex cathedra*, he that is in jeopardy shall take the advantage of the doubt: for some by temper are more slumbersome than others, and herein age importeth much, as all the world well knoweth; yea, to say sooth, old age is the second cause of the phenomenon.

And right strange is it that Tully in the "De Senectute" hath not a word of this, whence, perchance, it may be collected that the ancient Romans for their *prætores* and *judices questionis* would have none of old men, or else, of a certainty, we had gotten here much sober entertainment and amusing discourse of their demeanour and aspect in their several magistratures, but whether method be better is no light question and alien from our present disquisition: truth it is we have good store of old men. And of old men, needs must that there be aye more at their doings than their prayers.

Howbeit, when one is spent in years, the physicians affirm that humours do clog the brain, whereby Nature doth gently and leniently, to indoctrinate the apprentice, as it were, by naps and noddings, attempt him to his last sleep, which presently besetteth him about. And so far of causes general: others there be more particular.

And of these, chiefest are the possets and potions, I say not the charms, of counsel, for albeit they work the effects of Circe yet have they not her fairness, though they be bravely tricked forth. But there subsisteth one plain divergency between them: for, in regard of the patient, the drug goeth into the mouth, but the speech proceedeth therefrom and tickleth the ear, and so winneth way into bulk; moreover, the roguish jest chargeth that the medicament is wet but the discourse dry. But of these conceits I wot nought, only that the larger the oration or apologue the deeper the slumber, as I dare testify. And so it fell out on a day as a certain learned counsellor pled before the court, jump upon the hour of refection: "My lord," quoth he; "an it please your lordship, I crave leave to hold over for a space," (for they of that degree oft demean themselves somewhat servilely in the article of language), but my lord did not budge nor spake, and, in short, was fast asleep to all appearance and judgment. But the other, being of a nimble wit and withal having a respect to the justice, did but laugh privily within the sleeve of his gown (he being the merriest man of that mystery in that day, and though you may expel nature with a pitchfork yet it aye recurreth), did incontinently make play with his

theme, to all outward seeming no whit perturbed, and presently my lord awoke, and so to meat.

And one day cometh one of his learned brothers softly from behind, who would fain ask the antient some matter, but he was right astonished and plainly started back as one who marvelled, so that he must rouse his lord, and so did his errand.

Now, if a man of parts and that of high place will blink and boggle at the declamation of so gay and set-up an orator, how is the matter like to stand betwixt the more puisny of his brethren and the ruck of lawyers? which, indeed, do buzz and hum and flit and wrangle like drones about the ears of the former to utter weariness. But given that they argue and ratiocinate seemly and orderly, whereas, truth to tell, their internal contentions do most prick them on, yet are they, for the more part, so dull, prolix and confounded, as, far from binding or underpinning the imagination, doth clout it and predispose the mind to mobility and discursiveness, and so engendereth lack of attention.

Now, in the books of rhetorick, it is writ of the many forms of discourses, forensic and other, and of that type there be the concerted speech, the argument pragmatikal, the appeal, the rejoinder or retort, the peroration to the jurors, and so forth, all shrewdly adjusted to divers purposes, and occasions. Yet shall you not find here the type most commonly used, the soporifical. For, whatsoever else they beget, this their handiwork, at least, may be seen of any beholder, in that their auditors do slink and sneak abroad at divers moments according to their hardness, them excepted who must perforce abide, of whom is my lord. And so some little seasonable hardness of hearing is to be forgiven, provided it be not utter deafness, for so shall many inconveniencies and some pains be avoided. And thus it came to pass on a time that one lewd fellow that would flout a certain judge who was stricken on this wise, not of cunning but by defect, did aver roundly (for his butt could not hear him) that all causes in his lordship's court were part heard, which is a very proper term of their jargon, and did mightily divert the groundlings, yet grieved not my lord. And it is no far cry from deafness to somnolency—nay, if a deaf man but close his eyes, he shall be accounted as one that sleepeth (wherefore the limners who have designed the goddess Justice as blind have taken thought to give her ears, yet not unduly long), and he that sleepeth, if he but winketh, heareth not aright, and so saith Elijah when he mocked the false priests, *Cry aloud, for he is a god: either he is talking or, peradventure, he sleepeth, and must be awaked*, for the twain shall be awaked by crying; but this was a prophet, and knew not the manner of our tribunals; nathless in that tongue God and judge be sometime expressed by the self-same word, as in our text. How, then, may a layman discern these ailments, which be like as sisters, one from another? Yet were it amiss to ignore the fast closing up of the eyes (though not of the mind) as a notorious mark of diligence and overlabour in thought, for so the profoundest have used, to wit, the mystics of old, who are so intituled touching this wont. Yet so to do discomfortably doth darken counsel, for there be times and tides, as the old adage hath it, and if a judge ponder wisely yet deliver no dictum, where is the profit? For if, as Saint Paul teacheth, the private citizen may not be slothful in business no more, but rather less, may the magistrate; for to meditate things philosophical were best in chamber. The which, too, appeareth by exception, for some there be in the ermin so lusty and jolly as cannot but mislike this falling off. And so it is reported of one bolder than his fellows, who, being interrogated how his brother such an one did, doubted not to reply that he did passing well, but in bane of late somewhat suffered from insomnia (which is a new-fangle fetch of present fashion).

And yet another cause, of the order physical, furnisheth forth the tale, for the air of those habitations is gross, and crass, and full of foul,

nasty, and corrupted vapours and odours, and infect with all the taints of a motley rabble of suitors, which must needs sweat and toil there in direst huggermugger. Wherefore, on all seasons there is a reek and fug thereabout, and sometime the varlets do sprinkle rue and divers species of sweet herb around to scent withal, and to the avoiding of megrims and fevers, and especially o' Dog-days, the said mephitick elements be so subtilly compounded and inwrought one with another as grievously to smite the nose, and deforming the cranial alembic, do swamp and drown the brain, which, therefore, falleth of drowsiness; and so outward nature eketh out the plaguiness of men, whereby ariseth the discomfiture. Which, notwithstanding, may be readily relieved against (and that of one man's mere motion if he but have governance) to the end that Justice be not stifled and straitened in her own house. And so in fulness of time this grievance will vanish, but those others will endure, in that they are corporal, and to such bane is there no heal (unless one will alway sit at his elbow to keep him in countenance), for the judge is king in his domain and doth no wrong, and there be none to gainsay him; no, not even if he abdicate his realm and bid his folk go hang, as hath whilom betided for sundry hours and days (and they no holyday), so that the lieges are mulcted of fees and distraught in their own proper business, and so fall a-conceiving they be ill entreated of the law, and do go about to cavil despitefully thereat, and by quick ensample do dissuade a many which else had resorted thereunto of hope there was of speedy despatch. Nay, more, if both usages consist mutually in one person, the State taketh a double hurt and no makeweight.

#### ON CURSES AND COCKROACHES.

OUR excellent contemporary, the *Spectator*, has an enviable capacity for instructing and comforting its correspondents out of the resources of a large and varied wisdom. One faithful reader, who lives at St. Jean de Luz, entreates another to "tell me how he induces the cockroaches to eat hellebore powder." The French cockroach disdains a diet which is probably too coarse for any Gallic palate. But the *Spectator*, snatching its mind for a moment from the contemplation of Mr. Gladstone's "retrograde and unjust policy," sends a message of consolation to St. Jean de Luz. "If the powder be mixed with flour and water," says an editorial note, "the thirsty cockroaches will usually eat it." We sincerely hope that the troublesome insects have yielded to this subtle temptation, and that in our contemporary's next number we shall find a grateful tribute to a practical and homely sagacity. But, unfortunately, the *Spectator* has to deal with a more serious frowardness than that of the cockroach. It has been admonishing its political friends on the impropriety, to say nothing of the inexpediency, of violent language. They can write to the *Spectator* with tolerable serenity when they have some moving anecdote of a dog or a cat, or when they are able to impart the thrilling information that "cock-birds here in Gloucestershire are always called 'Toms.'" But when they find their counsellor and confessor bewailing the "retrograde and unjust policy" of the Prime Minister, they revolt against the feeble inadequacy of that protest. "To countless hundreds like myself," writes one of them, "the success of Mr. Gladstone's policy would be a national sin of the blackest kind. When such a conviction is widely held, some very plain speaking is sure to make itself heard." Our contemporary knows, however, how easy it is for political ignorance, aided by a heated imagination, to create national sins. There is a lively example of this process in the rhetoric of the Church Defence Association, which denounces Welsh disendowment as "robbing God." But the *Spectator's* position becomes pathetic

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when its militant correspondent asks it for a little electioneering advice. Is "strong language effective or not—effective, that is, from the election agent's point of view?" Is it safe to tell the electors that if they vote for Home Rule they will be national sinners? We do not wonder that our contemporary is pained to find itself interrogated in this fashion. Politicians, says the editorial monitor, who on the next page prescribes for thirsty French cockroaches, must be "conscientious men." They must "deny themselves the use of violent and misleading language, even though it obtains votes. It is not the politician's business to get votes by unworthy means, but to go without them if he cannot get them by worthy means."

This, no doubt, is a hard saying for the rudimentary patriots who seek enlightenment from so estimable an oracle. They are asked to learn the simple lesson that what a man dislikes in politics is not necessarily an abominable crime, and that the decencies of public life cannot be maintained if "countless hundreds" refuse to distinguish between the policy they detest and the character and motives of its author. It is more exhilarating to curse than to convince, to swear at large than to credit your opponent with honourable impulses; but what the *Spectator* wishes to impress on its flock is that the conspicuous sign of the conscientious man is self-control, and that the abuse of religion by partisan temper is the stamp of the uncivilised. It seems easier, however, to beguile cockroaches than to exorcise the old Adam out of the average Unionist. What does our contemporary say to the Reformed Irish Presbyterians who exhibit their reformation by denouncing Home Rule as unscriptural and hostile to Christ? One clerical champion inveighs against Mr. Gladstone as the "garrulous old traitor"; another describes him as the "betrayed, the barterer, the panderer to murder and robbery." Even this abuse is surpassed by what Professor Tyndall calls "a refreshing freedom of speech" in the letters he receives from Australian correspondents. Mr. Gladstone, says one, is "the criminal lunatic at the head of the British Government." "It is surely a most pernicious doctrine that one may run the whole gamut of baseness and treachery—that one may herd and traffic with the abettors of assassination—and yet that it should be regarded as no shame to talk effusive rubbish at mayoral dinners about the 'most distinguished figure in the public life of the country,' and the like." Mr. Tyndall quotes this with approval, and suggests that it is the sort of "devil" which is "needed on the part of the leaders of the Opposition." Lord Randolph Churchill, we imagine, has already fulfilled this ideal of honourable warfare, and Mr. Tyndall is waiting for Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour to do their duty in the campaign of grotesque slander. "Not from Australia alone," says this professor of the new chivalry, "but from many of the most illustrious intellects in this country, I receive the expression of similar opinions regarding the idol of the items." We may be excused for feeling dubious about any "illustrious intellect" which seeks such a fellowship. Let them come out into the open, these stupendous intelligences which are eager to climb the mountain of ridicule with a frantic professor capering on the summit. Let Mr. Tyndall publish their letters, so that we may have this new Golden Book of the exalted minds which charge a great Englishman, who has grown old in the faithful service of his country, with deliberate "baseness and treachery" and connivance at murder. If Mr. Tyndall is not deceived in his estimate of their intellectual importance, what a commentary on education as the infallible guide in political morals! What is the *Spectator*, more in sorrow than in anger, to say to "illustrious intellects" which convict themselves of an ignoble meanness impossible to many an illiterate voter?

Fortunately, there is a saving humour in the public mind which rates these ebullitions at their

proper value. We are in no danger of being demoralised by the rancour which passes for intellect with the Tyndalls. A miscellaneous assemblage of dukes, professors, and baffled partisans, giving themselves the airs of transcendent virtue and political insight, while they descend to the mental level of the Irish Reformed Presbyterians, amidst the lamentations of the *Spectator*, is the most ludicrous sight which has been witnessed in our time. It may set all the shrews, male and female, agog with admiration, while it makes our judicious contemporary grieve. But if we may venture to offer a suggestion to the *Spectator*, it is that preaching to "illustrious intellects" is vain. They are too thickly encased in their own righteousness to feel the sting of any sermon. It is true the *Spectator* might take another line quite as serious, and announce that, as it is the politician's business to go without votes if he can get them only by the "use of violent and misleading language," it behoves every conscientious Unionist to give up the cause. There would be a fine sacrificial gravity about this renunciation which might have the effect of bringing Professor Tyndall and his "illustrious" correspondents to reason. But if this is a counsel of perfection, let our contemporary try a plan which, after all, is much more congenial to the case. The utility of Mr. Tyndall would be made agreeably luminous by a second editorial note for the benefit of the faithful reader at St. Jean de Luz. "Take a letter of Professor Tyndall's, dissolve in water with a little flour, and the thirsty cockroaches will swallow it readily."

#### WILLIAM LAW.

WERE anyone engaged in the defence of the last century against the shallow abuse with which it is so often bespattered by the admirers of this nineteenth century, now tottering to the grave in the sure and certain hope that nobody will ever be at the pains of reviving it or any of its works, he could not overlook or fail to appreciate the writings of the celebrated Non-Juror, William Law.

Law, who like his great contemporary Bishop Butler was the son of a tradesman, was born at King's Cliffe, near Stamford in Northamptonshire, in 1686, and received his College education as a sizar and scholar of Emmanuel, Cambridge, where he was elected to a fellowship in 1705. He took Holy Orders about the same time, and officiated as a curate both in the neighbourhood of Cambridge and in London. He was always a High Tory, and though he managed to acknowledge Queen Anne, the Elector of Hanover was more than he could stomach, and accordingly, on the accession of our first George, he refused the oaths and was thus providentially spared from preferment in the Church of England.

Law began writing in 1717, when he published his "Three Letters to Bishop Hoadley," which alone preserve the Bangorian Controversy from utter oblivion. "A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life, adapted to the State and Condition of all Orders of Christians," was published in 1729, and by 1772 had reached its tenth edition. Law continued busy with his pen till his death, which occurred on the 9th of April, 1761. The following year a collected edition of his writings appeared in nine volumes, which have maintained their price to this day. Law led a holy and consistent life, a short but excellent account of which has been contributed by Mr. Leslie Stephen to the 32nd volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography." His connection with the family of the famous historian of the Roman Empire is well known. One of his admirers was that odd fellow Dr. John Byrom, of Manchester, one of the inventors of shorthand and no mean wit, though his habit of hitching religious argument into familiar couplets cannot be wholly commended.

For the purpose of obtaining a general view of the tone, temper, and disposition of this remarkable

man, no better book can ever be constructed than one edited by Dr. Whyte, of Edinburgh, and lately published in a most attractive form by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, entitled, "Characters and Characteristics of William Law, Non-Juror and Mystic." Law possesses all the notes of a great writer. His sarcasm and portrayal of characters excited the admiration of Gibbon, who said of him, in much the same tone as that adopted by Macaulay in speaking of Carlyle: "Had not Law's vigorous mind been clouded by enthusiasm, he might be ranked with the most agreeable and ingenious writers of his time." His piety moved the soul of George Whitefield, whilst his exhortations arrested the wandering attention of one who was never a very patient listener—Dr. Johnson.

Law's writings exhibit the mastery of style and treatment of an accomplished and well-informed man of the world, whilst at the same time they are the vehicle not only of the personal and moving fervour we are accustomed to associate with what is called Evangelicalism, but of the more dignified and graceful piety of those who have embraced a sacramental theory of religion. The present-day reader who has the wisdom either to study Law's works as a whole or Dr. Whyte's admirable selection, will find himself again and again reminded, now of Carlyle, now of Newman, and, indeed, of almost every English author who has deeply stirred his emotional nature.

"Oh, dear reader," Law exclaims in his appeal to all that doubt, "stay awhile in this important place and learn to know thyself. All thy senses make thee know and feel that thou standest in the vanity of time. But every motion, imagination, and thought of thy mind, whether in fancying, fearing, or loving everlasting life, is the same infallible proof that thou standest in the midst of eternity, art an offspring and inhabitant of it, and must be for ever inseparable from it. Ask when the first thought sprung up, find out the birthday of truth, and then thou wilt have found out when the essences of thy soul first began to be. Were not the essences of thy soul as unbeginning, as unchangeable, as everlasting as truth itself, truth would be at the same distance from thee, as absolutely unfit for thee, as utterly unable to have any communion with thee, as to be the food of a worm."

Men, we may perceive, communed with the Infinite even in the year 1740, and in the fat county of Northampton. Where shall we find, in the pages of Newman, a purer strain of piety, or language more exquisitely adapted to accomplish its divine end, than in the following extract from the character of Serena in the "Serious Call"?—

"As you have no mistress to serve, so let your own soul be the object of your daily care and attendance. Be sorry for its impurities, its spots and imperfections, and study all the holy arts of restoring it to its natural and primitive purity. Delight in its service, and beg of God to adorn it with every grace and perfection. Nourish it with good works, give it peace in solitude, get it strength in prayer, make it wise with reading, enlighten it by meditation, make it tender with love, sweeten it with humility, humble it with penance, enliven it with psalms and hymns, and comfort it with frequent reflections upon future glory. Keep it in the presence of God, and teach it to imitate those guardian angels which, though they attend on human affairs and the lowest of mankind, yet always behold the face of our Father which is in Heaven."

But for the emotions so lovely a passage stirs in our heart, we could cry "Well hit! Eighteenth Century." With one more quotation we conclude:—

"All religion is the spirit of love; all its gifts and graces are the gifts and graces of love—it has no breath, no life but the life of love. . . . Love is of no sect or party—it neither makes nor admits of any bounds; you may as easily enclose the light, or shut up the air of the world into one place, as confine love to a sect or party. It lives in the liberty, the universality, the impartiality of heaven."

With such words in our ears it is impossible to stop to consider the alleged unorthodoxy of Law, who undoubtedly troubled good people who would have liked to love him by the absence from his writings of what may be called the mechanics of conversion, "those all-refreshing and comforting views of the Gospel," as they have been called. Law, along with Butler, and with a Kempis, at-

tached importance to pious habits, and considered no child of Adam disqualified to lead a holy life. He speaks no jargon of the Divinity School, his words tremble with emotion, and hence it is he is dear to many who never hope to scale the dizzy heights of his creed.

## THE DRAMA.

"LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT"—"THE SLEEP-WALKER."

THE present revival of *La Fille de Madame Angot* at the Criterion is less interesting for its intrinsic merits, which are by no means of remarkable quality, than for the reminiscences which it is bound to call up in the mind of every playgoer who is no longer in his first youth. With music by M. Charles Lecocq, and words by MM. Siraudin, Clairville, and Koning, the opera was brought out at the Folies Dramatiques in 1873, and took all Paris by storm. Its success was probably due to more causes than one. The vogue of Offenbach was virtually exhausted, and there was a general anxiety to welcome a "new man" in the field of light opera; the Parisians were beginning to shake off the depression caused by the war, and to yearn once more for "la joie de vivre, ohé, ohé," of which light opera is, I take it, the aptest musical expression; and this particular opera had a spice of political malice which gave a fillip to the nerves of partisan playgoers, who were quite ready to join Clairette in the refrain of her revolutionary song—

"C'était pas la peine, assurément,  
De changer de gouvernement."

The opera crossed the Channel, and, strange to say, was as triumphant in *partibus infidelium* as at home. Strange, because here a story of political intrigue under the Directorate could not possibly have, as in Paris, the zest of sly contemporary allusion; nor could references to Barras and Madame Tallien and Augereau, or the antics of *muscadins* and *dames de la halle*, be expected to arouse a keen interest in a public very imperfectly versed in the anecdotal of the French Revolution, and probably quite innocent of any acquaintance with the works of Debucourt or of Rétif de la Brétoune. Be that as it may, we all—all of us who were in our salad days—fell under the obsession of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, and the "Conspirators' Chorus" was not only encored three times every night, but whistled by every errand boy and ground out by every barrel organ in the kingdom. After a lapse of twenty years, the old tunes are heard once more; but where, oh where, is the old fascination? So many things have happened in the interval; the rise (I had almost added, and fall—but that would be premature) of Savoy opera, a surfeit of Parisian opera-bouffe, and, most important thing of all, no doubt, the gradual loss of our own illusions, the fascinating illusions of our salad days. Now, we are quite capable of saying in cold blood—what it would have been impious merely to think twenty years ago—that the story of *Madame Angot* is silly, its vocal score thin, and its orchestration altogether too naïve. Some of the blame for our disillusionment must, I fear, rest with the present players. They lack the riotous fantasy, the wild and whirling extravagance indispensable for the adequate rendering of such a piece as this. Miss Decima Moore, for instance, is altogether too refined and "missish" for Clairette; while Mr. Courtice Pounds is a very lamb-like representative of the dare-devil conspirator and ballad-singer, Ange Pitou. They are, in fact, two Savoyards applying the delicate drawing-room methods of the Savoy to material of quite a different order. If they would forget all the traditions of English respectability, reticence, and virtue, and become frankly vulgar, blatant, and wicked, they would be better suited to their parts—but this, I suppose, is an immoral

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hypothesis. Miss Amy Augarde, the Mlle. Lange, has a voice and knows how to use it; also, like Sir Willoughby Patterne, she "has a leg"—and knows how (with the help of a divided skirt) to show it. As for Mr. Sydney Valentine, Mr. W. Blakeley, Miss Frances, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, and the other members of the regular Criterion company, one can only say that their talents—by no means inconsiderable—are not the talents appropriate to comic opera. It must be added that the costumes have not been selected with any great care for accuracy, and that both chorus and orchestra are sadly in need of strengthening.

By the way, there is a quasi-historical side to this opera which is not generally known. At first sight it is not quite clear why its story should be entitled *Madame Angot's Daughter*, for *Madame Angot* is not seen and *Clairette's* parentage has no essential bearing upon the action. The explanation is that MM. Siraudin, Clairville, and Koning, in dragging in *à tort et à travers* their reference to *Madame Angot*, have only been following out one of the firmest traditions of the Revolutionary epoch with which they deal. *Madame Angot* seems to have been one of the great caricatural types of the Directorate, as M. Prudhomme or, in another way, Robert Macaire was of the Louis Philippe time. She was the heroine of innumerable plays, pamphlets, and ballads, all so many chapters, as it were, in one vast *Angotiad*. *Madame Angot, ou la poissarde parvenue*, the first of the theatrical series, produced at the Gaité in 1797, was quickly followed by *Le Repentir de Madame Angot* (1799), *Les Dernières Folies de Madame Angot* (1803), *Madame Angot au Sérail de Constantinople* (there is an allusion, you may remember, in the modern opera to the lady's sojourn in the harem of the grand Turk), *Madame Angot dans son ballon*, *Madame Angot au Malabar*, and so forth. I get these details from a twenty-year-old article of M. Jules Claretie's—if I pretended to have discovered them for myself you would scarcely believe me, so I may as well make a clean breast of it. They show, I submit, that even so apparently trivial and ephemeral a thing as a comic opera may have unsuspected value as a "document." I offer this as an inducement to the "serious intellects" to visit the Criterion.

At the Strand Mr. Willie Edouin has produced *The Sleepwalker*, a farce founded by Mr. C. H. Abbott on a story by Mr. W. S. Gilbert. There ought to be humorous possibilities in the root-idea of this little piece—a young fellow, to get himself out of a scrape, pretending to be a somnambulist and finding himself hoist by his own petard—impecunious relatives appropriating all his belongings with the excuse that he had given them away in his sleep. But these possibilities are only latent: they have not been realised by Mr. Abbott, who has preferred to rely upon the ordinary irrelevancies of knockabout farce—Miss Alma Stanley singing "Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow," Mr. Edouin capering in a kilt, and Mr. Harry Paulton giving a Paultonian variant of Mr. Penley in *The Private Secretary*. After this, if I admit that I laughed at many things in the piece, I stand convicted of imbecility—but I did. What would you? One must keep up one's spirits somehow in the "off" theatrical season.

A. B. W.

#### THE SALE AT CHRISTIE'S.

LAST week the printers referred my readers to a book entitled "Modern Painters" for explanation of a reference made in the course of my last article to German cigars and the moon at Bushey. I will venture to question the trustworthiness of this advice. I will even venture to say that no information concerning German cigars or Bushey moons will be found in "Modern Painters." Perhaps I may be allowed to suggest that my estimable

adviser is ignorant of the existence of a modest and humble work entitled "Modern Painting," without likeness soever, except in name, to Mr. Ruskin's masterpiece of prose style. The book is little known, I admit; but I happen to preserve a very distinct recollection of its impertinences, and remember laughing immoderately over an allusion to German cigars. But the Bushey moon finds no place in its pages; it may have been revised out or withdrawn as the book was passing through the press. Frequent allusions, however, are to be found to that luminary in the writings of a certain professor, and it has been confidently predicted that it will be next perceived in the south-west ascension, above the central façade of the Tate Gallery.

So, having cleared up a knotty point, and saved future commentators much trouble and vain research, I may be permitted to say that I went to Christie's last Friday. I had read that there were some half-dozen Ruysdaels for sale. The writer suggested that this sale should be kept a secret from the National Gallery; meaning that if it were not, the National Gallery might buy the whole six. This because some short time back the National Gallery had bought a Ruysdael when it might have bought a Watteau. I note these little bickerings as my pen runs, for I cannot help regretting that so many writers on art lose sight of the real question, and confine themselves to side issues: "Mr. So-and-So is painting a picture of—the man is on the left, the woman on the right; the picture will be exhibited in the Royal Academy." Why do not the authorities at the National Gallery bring the water colours upstairs? Why do they still continue to conceal them in the cellars? Are the Mulreadys cracking? Is it the fault of the hot water? Did Lord Carlisle recommend an Indian binding? Could the binding have been bought for less money than the authorities at South Kensington paid for it? Was the price sixteen pounds, or was it fourteen pounds? There is just enough room on the sheet on which I am writing to ask if there is nothing better worth discussing in the art world than these trifles.

On entering the large room at Christie's the first thing I saw was a portrait group by Reynolds. The carnations are gone; the picture is a wreck, a ghost of its former self. But how beautiful are the remains! It was sold for 290 guineas, and in my opinion is well worth the money. Close at hand there was a small picture, worth, in my opinion, two pounds ten in the Brompton Road. I find it described in the catalogue as follows:—"Hobbema: a woody landscape with a water-mill in the centre, etc.—Signed." I notice in the account of the sale published by the *Daily Chronicle* that this picture does not seem to have been sold. I should like to have heard the auctioneer's appraising of this picture and the dealers' remarks. On the right of this picture was one of the Ruysdaels. Well, it may have been a Ruysdael once. I do not pretend to judge of what has been scrubbed away. I can only say that that is not Ruysdael as I know him. I am speaking of a river falling over some rocks, with a hill on the right. There was another close by which seemed to me to be still more unlike a Ruysdael, but on turning to the catalogue I found it described as "a beautiful production of art. . . Nothing ever came from the pencil of the painter more faithful to nature, or more perfect in its mechanism and general arrangement." The first of these pictures sold for £1,200, the second for £1,300. I wonder if the gentlemen who bought these pictures are acquainted with "Le Buisson" and the "Coup de Soleil" in the Louvre, with the "Cascade" in the National Gallery, or the "Cascade" in the Dulwich Gallery? I suppose they are, and I may take it for granted that they trace some likeness between their purchases and the pictures I have mentioned. Both was not a great painter, but Lord Cheylesmore secured an unmistakably genuine article for 330 guineas. I noticed a large picture inscribed in the

catalogue as a Wilson. But, can this be? I really don't want to hurt anyone's feelings, but surely the most ignorant and the least experienced ought to be able to see that it is a copy. It does not appear in the account of the sale, so I suppose that purchasers doubted its genuineness; but why doubt the authenticity of the Wilson after having accepted the Rysdaels as fine specimens of that great master's work? Mystery! But everything is possible when a purchaser was forthcoming for Paul de la Roche's picture of "Napoleon Crossing the Alps." £750!!! But far, indeed, it is from my intention to cast the slightest doubt on the genuineness of this picture. Paul de la Roche was a sufficiently bad painter to have done it. But I swear to you that I never saw a more detestable picture. Far rather Haydon's picture of "Quintus Curtius" jumping into Messrs. Gatti's coffee-rooms.

One of the features of this sale were three pictures by Turner. The best of the three was unquestionably "The Trout-stream." There are some grand things in it; but the *Daily Chronicle* tells me that it is regarded as Turner's finest landscape. I cannot say that it struck me at all in that light. "The Nore" is surely a very, very inferior example. It is surely difficult to believe that no other hand but Turner's is in this picture. Not to put too nice a point upon it, I have great difficulty in seeing Turner in this picture at all. I do not contest its genuineness—there can be little doubt that Turner had something to do with it; but I solemnly aver that the ingenious Mr. Webb could have painted something a great deal better and a great deal more like a Turner than the "Nore." Mr. Webb would not have perpetrated that sky, nor would he have placed those boats straight across the broken waves. I think he would have introduced some movement into the groups, and not have steated men in tossing boats like folk in a club smoking-room. Moreover, Mr. Webb's price wouldn't have been £4,100. "The Trout Stream" was sold for £4,800. "Walton Bridge" £4,100. This seems to me the very madness of fashion. I was very much disappointed indeed to hear that in a room into which I did not go there was a beautiful Wilson, one of the best he ever painted, and a Lancret that was described to me as being almost as good as a Watteau. The Wilson was a little oval picture with an oval lake. On a rock in the foreground there are two figures, one in red—and the red is most beautiful. My friend continued describing the Wilson a long while, for we both love this painter. He ended by making a pencil sketch of the picture from memory. It is lying on the table before me now, and into its few suggestive pencil lines it is easy to read adorable blue tints.

G. M.

#### A HOMELY TRAGEDY.

THERE is a high ridge of heavy clay that runs for six miles or more to the west of the Far End of Ash Soham. It is in winter a desolate stretch of open country; a dreary road set with deep ditches on either side; heavy ploughed lands and chill meadows with sullen-looking stagnant ponds and "pits" whence all the drinking-water is drawn for the neighbouring homesteads. Here the north and east winds blow their keenest. Half way between the Far End of Ash Soham and Bocking a little lane branches off from the main road, and at the end of it, in the heart of fields, stands a lonely farmhouse of two gables, built in lath and plaster and facing east. The house is moated, as so many homesteads in Suffolk are; another moat encloses a kitchen garden with rows of cabbage, a bush of "May-balls" or guelder-roses, and a tumble-down "bower."

It was in this farm that Ursula Thirkettle had lived all her life. She had been born in it, and when her father died, she married the in-coming tenant,

Bethuel Thirkettle, who was her cousin. She was a middle-aged woman now, plain and hard-featured, with the care-worn expression of labouring women who have scarcely ever tasted pleasure, or even rest, through all their days of care and toil. Her eyes were blue, as Suffolk eyes so often are; the hair, a bleached and faded yellowish flaxen; the mouth large and kindly; every line of her homely person told of motherliness and of honest work. Her husband, a grim, taciturn man, was a small working farmer, leading much the same life as a labourer, as regards hardship, but superior to the labourer's lot in so much that he was his own master and had something to look forward to—an aim in life. For the rest of it, his days were uninterrupted toil, from early morning to night, and like so many dwellers in the lonely fields, he had contracted a habit of unbroken silence. There had been seven children, but only two, Joseph and Dinah, had lived to grow up. The other five slept under little grassy hillocks behind the square, red-brick meeting-house of the Strict-and-Particular Baptists at Ash Soham. Joseph—or Jewsuf as his name was pronounced—was a strong, handsome fellow, an idler by nature, "bone-lazy." Dinah, ten years older than her brother, had a face and figure like an eight-day clock. She was hard-working, slow of speech and of heart, and thick of understanding. There were troubles early between Jewsuf and his father, troubles that made Mrs. Thirkettle's life a burden to her. She loved husband, children and home with all the concentration of her simple heart; her son was her pride and her terror. One evening, when Jewsuf was a lad of eighteen, he came to find his mother in the little dairy, where she was pouring the new milk into the great earthenware panchions that are brown without and cream colour within. It was growing dusk, and the blackbirds were singing in the bushes; a smell of wallflower and of red blossoming ribis came in through the open lattice that looked northward over the garden. The lad had something to tell his mother, a story of a drunken frolic that had ended badly; he had fired a rick belonging to a farmer in Ash Soham, and the man threatened to take legal proceedings against Jewsuf unless he paid down £20 immediately. Mrs. Thirkettle was speechless with dismay. She did not possess a penny of her own, and it was not in the least likely that Bethuel would consent to part with such a sum as £20. Jewsuf would have to go to prison and be disgraced for ever. But Jewsuf thought otherwise. He knew that his father had put by that amount, or more, towards his rent. His mother knew where this money was kept and could easily take it. Jewsuf would pay the owner of the rick, and would go away to a place in the shires where young men who could milk were offered large wages and their journey expenses. There he would stay until the affair had blown over, and until he could pay back a part at least of the £20.

Mrs. Thirkettle leant against the wall with a face as white as her apron. £20. . . . Jewsuf gone to the shires. . . . The thoughts, she afterwards said, "buzzed in an' out of my head like bees. I fared wholly stammed. Jewsuf, he com to me where I stand agin the wall, and he say, 'Mother,' he say, 'Mother, if you don't do this for me, I shall surely go to Bridewell.' 'My poor chap,' I say, 'I couldn't go for to do such a thing,' I say; 'Fah-ther would be rare an' wexed,' I say." But in the end Jewsuf prevailed.

It had been arranged by Jewsuf, and mournfully agreed to by Mrs. Thirkettle, that she should not confess her theft to her husband until her son had had time to leave the country. The three days that elapsed were days of purgatory to the poor woman.

Thursday came, the Stonebridge market day. Bethuel and Dinah drove off together in the rickety old gig with five tuneless little pigs netted in at the back; but they no more heeded the familiar cries than a London lady is disturbed by the roar and rattle of the streets when she drives through them

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in her brougham. It was May, and the clay ridge was beautiful. The hedges were white with hawthorn and fragrant with the almond scent of the blossom; the meadows were gay with buttercups and rich with tender spring grass, and the deep ditches were clothed by vividly pink campion. The distances were bathed in pale blue mist; the "dag" which had lain along the valleys had floated away, and every tender bough and blade of grass sparkled with drops of water. The old guelder-rose bush in the moated garden was covered with pale green May-balls that were hourly growing white, and the sunny freshness of the spring air and the song of the "mavishes" and the nightingales in the quickset hedge, floated in at the kitchen window where Ursula Thirkettle stood, trying to pare the potatoes that lay in a little brown heap before her, shiny with washing and scrubbing. The heavy salt tears crept down her care-worn face. She had been all her life scrupulously, delicately honest, and now it was in dishonesty that she had sinned, so at least it seemed to her. "That wer wholly the same with Moses, that wer," she thought. "He wer the meekest man that walked the earth, so the Old Book say. And yet he make a sad mistake once through lack of meekness, and we know he never com to the Promised Land."

Earlier than was his wont the farmer came home. Ursula saw at once, in his face, that something had happened. He went straight upstairs to the bedroom where his money was kept. Mrs. Thirkettle caught hold of Dinah's arm.

"What hev your fah-ther happened on, gal?" she cried.

"Somethin' about a rick, and Jewsuf, mother, but I dun' knaw nawthin' roightly about it."

Dinah moved ponderously out of the room and up the creaking stairs to her room, where she took off her market-day finery and put it away in an oak "hutch" or chest. While she did this, slowly and methodically, a tragedy was going on downstairs. The farmer came white and speechless into the kitchen. He stood facing his wife with such a terrible look in his eyes that she fell upon her knees and hid her face in her hands. The homely kitchen where she had spent so much of her life became suddenly a torture-chamber of unknown horror. Everything seemed to have lost its familiar aspect, and to have become strange and monstrous. After a while words came to Bethuel. He lifted up his right arm and he cursed the wretched woman; cursed her with a wonderful Biblical rhythm—in her going out and in her coming in; in her waking and in her sleeping; in her lying down and in her uprising; in her life and in her death, and at the Judgment Day. The blood ran backwards in her veins as she listened. She had hoped he would have struck her: any blows, any death-stroke would have been better than this. He bade her begone; she was no wife of his. Then silence fell again upon him, and Mrs. Thirkettle crept up the stairs.

Presently Dinah came to her. "That fare a roight bad job, mother, that do," she said, staring fixedly at Mrs. Thirkettle with her dull round eyes. "You hed best goo to uncle's, at Stonebridge. He say he can't put up with the mawther he hev, not noohow. She'll hev to goo, I suppoose, and you can stop along of him."

There was a stock of common-sense underlying Dinah's stolidity, that the family had already found helpful in emergencies. Mrs. Thirkettle let her daughter set her like a child in a chair, while she collected for her a few articles and made them into a bundle. Then Dinah dressed her mother in her Sunday bonnet and shawl. By this time the farm lad had finished milking, and Dinah bade him harness the pony in the gig and drive the Missus to Stonebridge. When she had seen the poor dazed woman into the gig, she went into the kitchen to prepare the farmer's tea. Nothing that happened ever could put Dinah's mechanism out of order.

Stonebridge is a little old-fashioned town on the

steep slope of a hill above a tidal river. The red roofs cluster thickly and irregularly to the left of the market-place and of the stately church, with its quiet graveyard and honey-scented lime avenue down to the river, that is sometimes a broad ribbon of lucent silver water winding between the low hills, and sometimes a waste of brown mud and weed that takes beautiful ripe shades of russet and purple when the sun shines. The town is a little antiquated place, full of vague traditions of past glories. There is a market, chiefly of pigs, every Thursday, which still keeps the town alive. Markets are the one occasion upon which lonely country folk, dwelling in remote corners of a country intersected by the sea, can meet and be in touch for a moment with the outer world. Then the weekly store of groceries is bought, and then, too, the women see the "fashions" in the shops, spending hours of indecision over the purchase of a print gown, fingering the stuffs cunningly with their heads on one side and an air of suspicion pervading their persons, and finally parting with the cherished shillings with a sigh, counting out deliberately the sixpences, the threepenny bits, and the halfpence from unwieldy leather purses, with hands encased in big black thread gloves that stick out half an inch or more beyond the thick work-a-day fingers. Mrs. Thirkettle's bachelor brother was a linendraper, whose little shop fronted the market-place. The small dingy kitchen and living-room where she now spent most of her time looked over the graveyard, away to the meadows and the big trees where the rooks built every spring, but it seemed to Mrs. Thirkettle as though the town hemmed her in and suffocated her. The poor woman lived on as if in a nightmare. Curses and blessings are not what they were to the world in general. But in quiet country places, and above all in simple hearts, the faith in them lives on, and to this day works their fulfilment in a way that is almost miraculous. Ursula felt as the excommunicated in the Middle Ages must have felt—banned, exiled, a leper.

Mrs. Thirkettle suffered keenly from home-sickness. "Stonebridge is rare and fine," she would say apologetically to her brother, "but that isn't my native." The cry of her heart was for her "native," for the long clay ridge, the forlorn moated farm, and the familiar kitchen that was for her the centre of the earth. Her cheeks grew hollow and her eyes as wistful as those of a dog; she was, as she said, "kind o' paining for her native."

One September evening the longing for home became so strong that after she had washed up the tea-things she slipped out of the house and walked along the winding road towards Ash Soham. It had been a lovely day, and she had imagined with a vividness that seemed to strike auguish through her heart, the harvesting, the hot sun on the level fields, the rhythmic swish of the long scythes, and the regular swing forward of the line of reapers. The sun had gone down, and had taken with it all the warmth of the day. It was chilly; there was an autumnal twang in the air. The yellowing grass was wet with heavy dew. A golden moon was rising over the tops of the black trees in the serene sky; it rode up the pure blue space beyond the dark rim of the earth, like some great lucent ball. Far away in Bucklesham Thicks an owl was hooting—a long, melancholy wail that made Mrs. Thirkettle's heart stand still for an instant with terror. Against her will her memory called up all the tales she had heard, and in which, as a Strict-and-Particular Baptist, she had felt it a matter of religion to disbelieve—at least by daylight. There was the "Queen o' Hell" at Aye: a wicked woman, Madam Muckinger by name, dead these forty years, who still walks the lanes at night, and sits grinning at you on a bank until your blood runs backward in your body. There was the funeral procession of some great earl—Earl Bygot of Norfolk, an anti-quarian would have told her—that passes across the bare heath and along the narrow lane below

Stonebridge: shadowy coaches, headless men and horses, and a great plumed hearse. And there was Shuck, who haunts many parishes in East Anglia, with his rough coat and great saucer eyes that glow like fire. If you touch him he bites you to the bone—you will bear his mark to your dying day. A woman going from Stonebridge to Shottisburgh had once met him, and she had only had the strength to creep home to her cottage, where she had died that night from terror.

But Ursula went on desperately along the lonely roads; she felt she must see the Moat Farm once more, or the longing for it would kill her. She met at long intervals some belated wayfarer, or saw some friendly light in a cottage window which told her that she was still within reach of human hands and sound of human voices.

As she drew near the farm, her heart beat so wildly that she could scarcely draw her breath. Great tears, tears of unspeakable love, gathered in her eyes and rolled down her hollow cheeks. This was her "native," this was home. Everything was very still, so still that she could hear the cows browsing in the meadow. She crept up to the house, and leant against the frame of the kitchen window. It was closed and the shutter was barred, but she seemed to see through it into the familiar room; the dresser with the blue plates and cups, and the two gilt-edged saucers to the right; the big oak table and the bench which had one leg shorter than the other three, and had to be propped up by a brick. She suddenly stooped down and pressed her poor trembling lips against the sill in a long kiss. Then she went slowly away, turning at the gate for a last look. The moon was flooding the grim old moated homestead with light; the black trees stood out in heavy masses against the sky. Far away—a sound never heard by day—Ash Soham Church clock jarred, like a man clearing his throat, and then struck eleven. It was nearly one before the tired woman crept back through the empty streets of Stonebridge.

Three years drifted by. Jewsof reappeared from time to time, but his father refused to receive him, and the young man lived upon his uncle's charity as long as he could, and then went off again in search of work. He had gone rapidly down hill physically and morally. He was only a terror now to his mother, never a joy.

One bitter, ice-bound Christmas Eve an old labourer came to see Mrs. Thirkettle. He had been sent in to Stonebridge to fetch the doctor. Bethuel Thirkettle had been ailing the week before with a chill. He was getting better, and had gone about his work again. A black east wind had blown all day, and the farmer had come in perished with cold. That night he was taken dangerously ill. He refused to see the doctor; but at length Dinah had sent the old labourer to fetch him. The old man had come unbidden to warn his former mistress. He believed that his master would not recover. In agricultural districts we quickly think the worst. The hopeful view of any question is not the apparent one. The reasons for this habit of mind would be worthy of examination. Some of them, I think, might be very sad, telling of hard times and a cheerless struggle for bare existence. Mrs. Thirkettle hurriedly took her seat by the old man in the gig. The Stonebridge bells were ringing out peace and goodwill towards men, and from other villages and hamlets wrapped in darkness, some far away on the bleak heath, came the sound of bells. The high wind had fallen. At any moment now the snow from the heavy clouds might fall. The roads were a sheet of ice, and the old pony crept painfully along between the black hedges. Mrs. Thirkettle dared not hope that her husband would loose her from his curse; yet her whole heart went out to him in tenderness, and in a longing that seemed a physical pain—that stabbed like a knife and burnt like a fire. When they reached the Moat Farm they found that the doctor had been and gone. Thirkettle was still alive, but the doctor did not expect him to live until

morning. He died just as the night was giving way to the new day, snow-laden, icy chill, with lowering clouds of dirty yellow, that broke as the cold hours crept on, and fell in large white flakes upon the desolate country.

On the day after Christmas Day the clergyman of Bocking called, hearing that there had been a death in the house. He was a newcomer, and the slow Suffolk ways were strange to him. Something of Mrs. Thirkettle's history had reached him, but when he was told that she was at the Moat Farm he hoped there had been a reconciliation. Dinah received him in the dim living-room, where the blinds excluded the little daylight there was. She took him upstairs after the country fashion to show him the corpse. Thirkettle's face looked stern and set; the dignity and severity of the features that were now like a yellowish waxen mask were those of some mighty lawgiver; you would have scarcely thought that this was the dead face of a small farmer who had lived all his life in a little narrow world. But in death the lineaments of some Puritan ancestor came out in him strongly. The heavy, coarsely-bound family Bible lay upon his breast; his hands, from which Death had taken away all the marks of toil, all the ingrained soils and wrinkles, lay folded below the Book.

The clergyman looked long at the corpse. Then he asked Dinah—

"Your mother came in time to see him alive?"

"Yes, Mr. Arden, she com in time."

"Did he—did he speak to her?"

"He didn't say nawthin' to her."

"Perhaps," the rector went on, "he didn't know her?"

"He knew her roight enow," Dinah said deliberately. "When fah-ther, he see mother a-comin' in, he just hev strength to turn hisself around, and he sot his face agin the wall away from her. He were wholly weak; but there weren't no doubt fah-ther, he knew mother roight enow." C. FELLOWES.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### COINCIDENCES.

SIR,—I see you have an article on Coincidences. Here is one of which I was the subject.

Some years ago I, in travelling from Paris to Brussels with a friend by the night express, got out at a small wayside station for some fruit, and the train started before I could rejoin it. I waved a farewell to my friend, and resigned myself to some hours of waiting in a dismal and unknown little frontier town. There was a detachment of French soldiers on the platform, and I got talking with the young lieutenant in charge. Here is our conversation:—

I: "Have you ever been in England?"

He: "Yes, in N——" (my native town).

I: "Indeed; I live there. Do you know anybody in N——?"

He: "Yes, two people; Mr. A——, Mr. B——."

The first name was that of my companion in the flying train—my uncle by marriage—the second that of my father-in-law.

That was a fairly long stretch of the arm of coincidence. I enclose my card, and am, yours, etc.,

London, July 24th.

M.

### UNCONSCIOUS THOUGHT.

SIR,—When the claim is made by many notable people both in ancient and modern times that they had received special intuitions or projections into their minds from some outside sphere or plane, notably in the cases of Laurence Oliphant, Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Besant, and others mentioned by Mr. Stead, we have no reason to believe that these writers and thinkers are stating what they know to be untrue; but is it not possible that they may be deceived by an action of their brain which may be termed unconscious thinking? For some chess-players may probably have had an experience which I have had repeatedly after playing an intricate game—viz., that some time after, when not consciously thinking about chess, the correct move which I should have made at a critical point in the game will steal suddenly into my mind. Others, too, will have had the experience of trying to remember a name or date in vain, and after they had given up thinking about it (as they supposed) it will unexpectedly appear to their mental vision. The solution

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probably is that the brain goes on unconsciously working away at the subject which we think we have dismissed from the mind until sufficient force is accumulated to break out once more into conscious thought. When the subject upon which the brain had been consciously employed was of a speculative, intangible character, the results of the after unconscious thinking would (when they flashed into conscious thought) appear strange and unknown to us, as all the intermediate steps by which these results had been arrived at would be unknown to the conscious mind, consequently we should not recognise them as our own, but think they had been precipitated into our minds by some outside force.

There is probably nothing new in this idea, as there is very little (if any) new thought, but it may explain a very puzzling phenomenon.—Yours truly,

J. B. S.

Leeds and County Liberal Club, July 24th, 1893.

#### ETHICS AND ECONOMICS.

SIR,—Miss Earp reads in my letter a desire to “merge ethics and economics virtually into one.” But I admitted that the two are theoretically distinguishable, and only denied the rightness, the wisdom, and the practicability of their being separated in action. Miss Earp herself, in fact, speaks of the “ethical assumptions of economics.”

That the ethical assumptions underlying present economical theory are in the main non-altruistic can hardly be denied; else what is the meaning of Professor Marshall’s defining “normal” as implying a condition of “unrestricted competition”? Is it possible to identify the spirit of “competition” which underlies Individualism with the spirit of “co-operation” underlying Socialism?

But economics at present, Miss Earp tells us, devotes itself exclusively to explaining “what is.” If, then, “what is” has in the main a self-regarding colour, how can the science which describes it be morally “neutral”?

Besides, Miss Earp will hardly deny the fact that this up-in-the-air science, economics, has been to a great extent made the basis of our economic legislation during about half the present century, the vulgar (including Parliament) having naturally supposed that, as the art of land-surveying had been founded on the science of geometry, and the art of steam engineering upon the sciences of mechanics and thermodynamics, so they were at liberty—and, indeed, were intended—to employ the principles laid down by economists as the foundation of the art of economic legislation. Nor, so far as I know, did political economists ever protest against such an application of their science. Whately, indeed—one of them—predicted that ere long economists would rule the world!

Not all economists, however, have narrowed their science to Miss Earp’s definition. Dr. Cunningham, *e.g.*, of Cambridge, has defined political economy as “a reasoned treatment of the fittest means of obtaining wealth.”

And suppose the South Kensington Department became convinced that domestic economy as usually practised in this country were a failure, and determined, in the interests of housewives (and of husbands as well), to put forth a treatise on the subject, instilling the true principles that ought to guide the art, would anyone blame it in case it entitled such treatise the “Science of Domestic Economy”? Is there any good reason for limiting the application of the term “economy”—*i.e.*, house regulation—to the particular sort of house regulation which prevails at present?

But Miss Earp further tells us that economics furnishes “considerations by which all social systems may be tested.” How is this possible, I ask? How can a science which deals only with “what is,” and which treats as “normal” only such phenomena as are due to competition, be used as a criterion of any social system that almost wholly ignores competition? If a “test” always implies condemnation, no doubt the proposition is true.

I quite admit that the prevailing system is not of the pure egoistic type; but then it is not “logical and self-consistent.” Just, in fact, as orthodox Allopathy has learnt many lessons from unorthodox Homœopathy, so has Individualism begun to take leaves out of the Socialistic book.

As to the word “Isophily,” I defined it, if I remember right, as “equal regard for others and oneself,” *i.e.*, as a feeling and a motive force to reign in individual breasts, and not—like the principle of “every one to count for one, and no one for more than one”—a mere rule to follow in constructing systems.

Under such a State Socialism as I advocate, the reward of labour would in no case or degree be determined by competition. As to prices, in so far—but so far only—as they depended on the relative scarcity and demand for the raw material element in products, would competition have a voice in fixing them? But it would take up too much of your space to show these points in detail.

That “many individualists heartily approve of equality of economic opportunity” I hear for the first time. It is a remarkable admission, since it is demonstrable that equality of economic (*i.e.*, income-making) opportunity cannot obtain in the absence of any one of the following conditions:—(1) equal

access, for industrial purposes, to land and capital; (2) equal educational advantages; and (3) payment according to the moral merit of the worker rather than the market value of his work—a tri-unity which—“Socialism.” Mr. John Morley has, it is true, given, as an essayist, his opinion that Liberal principles aim at securing equal opportunities as far as practicable; but between an irresponsible essayist and a Cabinet Minister there is a gulf as wide as that between a parish parson and a bishop!

E. D. GIRDLESTONE.

July 23rd, 1893.

#### DR. HYDE’S “CONNACHT BARDS.”

SIR,—In your issue of the 15th inst. your reviewer has a highly appreciative notice of Dr. Douglas Hyde’s new volume, “Songs of the Connacht Bards.” It is cheering to find in the more thoughtful and more liberal-minded portion of the English press of to-day a tendency to more enlightened views on the value of Ireland’s native literature and a desire to know more about that literature. But when your reviewer, commenting on the lamentable decay of the Irish tongue in so many parts of Ireland, and the consequent loss of the once rich native folk-lore in those parts, expresses his astonishment “that the ridiculous and vulgar spirit of the anti-Irish Irishman . . . should have so far prevailed amid the upper classes of Ireland that Erin should have herself (!) destroyed the best expression and proof of her superiority in imagination above other nations, that she should have herself (!) exchanged her ancient birthright for a paltry gentility”—I must say that most Irishmen will have serious ground of complaint against his assumption. That Ireland has her share of snobs—like every other country—is unhappily true enough—creatures that affect never to see anything good in things Irish, that delight in fouling their own nest, that would boast, like some of their breed at the time of the Union, they were “d—d glad to have a country to sell;” but to declare the people of Ireland themselves responsible for the loss of their national language—so far as it has been lost—and responsible for the decay of the national spirit, is most surprisingly unjust. Not to go back to the penal times when all education of Irish Catholics was prohibited under heavy penalties, when the native language was banned from every public place and office, and when the education of the Anglo-Irish was, in letter and spirit, exclusively English, we must never forget, in accounting for the Ireland of to-day, that the present generation of Irishmen is the product of fifty years of a system of “national” education forced on Ireland, in the guise of justice and liberalism, by an English Government whose real object was to wean the people from all things truly national. Under this system all teaching of Irish history, of the native literature, and of the native language, was rigorously forbidden and excluded from those very “national” schools—nay, the very mention of these matters was prohibited, and the fact of their very existence suppressed and ignored. To this day the system is virtually the same. In the face of these facts is it not cool, to say the least, to tell us that Ireland herself, of her own free will, “exchanged her ancient birthright for a paltry gentility”?

When we think of the persistent efforts made to wipe out the ancient lore and all the other marks of our distinct national life, when we consider the poverty and privations of the people in their struggle for bare existence, and the storm and stress of the political agitations of the past half-century, the wonder rather must be that so much of Ireland’s native language still survives—that we are not all, body and soul, entirely English. That we are not is a triumph of Celtic tenacity, Celtic love of the past, Celtic love of the spiritual over the material.

I know that occasionally even Irishmen will thoughtlessly make the charge that your reviewer makes—that the present deplorable state of things in regard to our native language and literature is our own fault. Dr. Douglas Hyde himself, in the preface to his fine collection of Irish Gaelic stories, “Beside the Fire,” is inclined to make the complaint. But this must have been in a moment of passionate forgetfulness. So, too, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, in his inaugural lecture on Irish Literature to the “Irish Literary Society”—an excellent lecture in many ways—strangely blames nobody but ourselves for the present state of things. Is not this going too far with the maxim, “Forgive and Forget”?

We Irish used to be called “flowery-spoken.” Really, some of us should now rather be called *mealy-mouthed*.

Yours very truly,

Forest Gate, July 22nd, 1893.

T. J. FLANNERY.

#### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

##### RUSKINIANA.

VERY soon one will have to be a millionaire in order to study Mr. Ruskin’s life and works as Mr. Ruskin would wish them to be studied. And as one can hardly become a millionaire in these times

without either sticking up a tall brick chimney or dirtying one's hands with other people's money, it would seem to follow that Mr. Ruskin's determination to make his books a precious possession is beginning to lead to some rather queer results.

Now the publication of "Three Letters and an Essay. By John Ruskin. 1836-1841. Found in his Tutor's Desk" seems to mark the point at which the present fashion of handling "Ruskiniana" becomes a downright public nuisance. Here are some hundred-and-ten pages of honest, good paper, printed (of course) in the very best of types. They are published, the fly-leaf tells us, "with permission, for the benefit of Malling Abbey and the preservation of its ancient buildings"—which means, I take it, that the profits of the volume will be devoted to these worthy objects. So far all is commendable, even highly commendable. But what do these pages contain?

Nine of them are given up to a preface by the lady who edits the volume, and of this preface about a third is printed between inverted commas. Of the rest a large proportion is expository of matters which in ten minutes' time must have explained themselves to a reader of any intelligence at all. This preface contains the following acute reflection:—"The remarks on the Oxford movement are particularly valuable, because one feels a natural curiosity as to how so powerful an influence affected the various thinkers then at the University:" and the following English sentence—"Not forgetful of the principal interest of his correspondent, he describes his impressions of the religious life of the country he travels through, writing from the Evangelical standpoint, from whence Mr. Ruskin has since moved, but which at that time was a subject of agreement between him and Mr. Dale."

Then follow six pages of "Publisher's Notes," in which (as the *Saturday Review* once complained of Philip Henry Gosse) Mr. George Allen of Orpington, Kent, takes us on his knee and talks to us like a grandfather. "In connection with the essay 'Does the perusal of works of fiction act favourably, or unfavourably, on the moral character?' references should be made," says Mr. Allen, "to Mr. Ruskin's amplifications of the subject as well as—" But wait a moment. Mr. Allen has inserted four pages of advertisement at the end of the volume, and from these I will take the liberty of conveying the prices at which Mr. Allen publishes the treatises commended, and of inserting them in Mr. Allen's text.

"—As well as his desultory allusions in such works as "Modern Painters" [5 vols., £6 6s.], "Fors Clavigera" [8 vols. and index vol., 7s. each], "On the Old Road"—more particularly the articles on "Fiction, Fair and Foul" [30s. the 3 vols.: not sold separately], "Elements of Drawing" [5s.]—in the appendix on "Things to be Studied," "Munera Pulveris" [5s.]—the chapter on "Government," "Sesame and Lilies" [5s.], "Arrows of the Chace" [20s. the 2 vols.: not sold separately], "Præterita" [vols. 1 and 2, 13s.], "Love's Meinie" [not quoted], and "The Queen of the Air" [5s.]. With regard to the various subjects touched upon in the first of the letters, Mr. Allen tells us that we will "find it useful" to refer to "The Two Paths," "Lectures on Art, 1870," "The Bible of Amiens," "Fors Clavigera," "Modern Painters," and works dealing more particularly with Italian art, such as "Val D'Arno," "Ariadne Florentina," and "Mornings in Florence." This, and more to the same effect, says Mr. George Allen.

Now I do not know how it may strike others: but for my own part, while admitting that Mr. George Allen may be a gentleman of vast culture, I confess to some mild indignation at being assured by him that I shall "find it useful" to study certain volumes of his publishing. In short, unless Mr. Allen possess, by public consent, a privilege of speech denied to other publishers, the assurance seems to me a trifle

impudent. Why is it that disciples of Ruskin possess a gift of offensiveness, an esoteric bumptiousness, shared only of late years by those ladies and gentlemen who used to cling to the tail-board of Browning's chariot?

Well, after our "Editor's Preface" and our "Publisher's Notes," we have ninety-three pages left, of which forty-two are taken up with an ESSAY ON LITERATURE, according to the cover of the volume, or, to be exact, with a school-boy exercise on the green old theme, so dear to pedagogues, "Does the perusal of works of fiction act favourably, or unfavourably, on the moral character?" It is just possible that a biographer who knew his business might think a sentence or two of this essay worth quotation, to show that Ruskin at the age of seventeen could write considerably better English than the average boy of that age; that is, if he really believed his readers too dull to guess as much unaided. Or possibly he might find in such a sentence as—

"This is but typical of the audacity of these pismires, these dogs that bay the moon, these foul snails that crawl on in their despicable malice, leaving their spawn and filth on the fairest flowers of literature, but are inferior to the slug in this respect, that their slime can neither slime nor injure."

—some faint foreshadowing of its author's later style in invective. But in itself the composition is worthless. Nobody, I take it, at this time of day, would set great store by the remark that the perusal of Bulwer Lytton's works "must always refine the mind to a great degree, and improve us in the science of metaphysics." The composition is valuable only as a scrap of material for Mr. Ruskin's biographers; and to print it at full length, with every proud circumstance of type and paper, in a volume which it half fills, is to oppress, a thought too heavily, both the purse and the patience of the lover of Ruskin.

There remain three letters written by Ruskin in the years 1840-1 to his old schoolmaster, the Rev. Thomas Dale, of Grove Lane, Camberwell, and St. Bride's, Fleet Street. Ruskin had just left Oxford in broken health, after three years' residence, and was travelling abroad with his parents, and visiting Italy for the first time. Interesting these letters undoubtedly are, and their style removed by a whole heaven from that of the "Essay on Literature." They are interesting as a record of youthful impressions (or, as Mr. Allen prefers to put it, as "some of the earliest-recorded germs of thought emanating from the author's boyish mind"); and they are important, too. But how are they important? Again the answer must be that they are important as material for Mr. Ruskin's biography. Indeed, any biographer who would do justice to this critical period of Mr. Ruskin's development, must desire to quote them at length. And here is part of the mischief. Being thus published, these letters, I suppose, are copyright; and the use of them may, by law, be forbidden for many years to the biographer who might turn them to account. I protest that even for the benefit of Malling Abbey the public ought not to be condemned for forty odd years to have its biographies of John Ruskin cut up into expensive snippets of the order of "Three Letters and an Essay."

A. T. Q. C.

## REVIEWS.

### SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL'S MEMOIRS.

MEMOIRS OF MY INDIAN CAREER. By Sir George Campbell, K.C.S.I., D.C.L. Edited by Sir Charles Bernard. London: Macmillan & Co.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL'S Memoirs should be read by all who would understand the variety of employments and responsibilities, of situation and adventure, that may fall to the lot of a civil officer who is lucky enough to serve in India

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during a stirring and momentous period. He was twenty-two years old when he first received charge of a district on the Sutlej river, which then marked our North-West frontier, in 1846. It was the brief pause or interval between the two Sikh wars, and the Punjab was still vibrating under the shock of our first sharp and sanguinary collision with the Sikh army. In 1848, when the recent war broke out, Campbell was at work in the country which formed the base of our military operations; the Punjab was annexed, and he took his share in the political settlement and administrative organisation of the new province. Then in 1857, just as he was about to leave that part of the country, the Sepoy Mutiny spread tumult, confusion, and the clash of arms all over Northern India. Campbell found himself in the centre of a violent cyclone; he witnessed some striking and even memorable incidents; he was personally acquainted with most of the leading personages; he was thus well placed, both in front of the stage and behind the scenes, for observing and recording his opinion on various prominent events and transactions. His narrative of what he saw, did, and learned between 1846 and 1859 is very interesting; he passes judgment upon Lord Dalhousie, Canning, the two Lawrences, Lord Clyde, and other notables; while his remarks upon the affairs of that important time throw much light upon Indian politics generally, showing independence and originality of mind, with remarkable insight into the true condition of the country and the character of its people.

There are certain problems which the continuous expansion of our dominion or "sphere of influence" in Asia and Africa tends, we are sorry to say, to raise periodically. In 1848, for example, when the Sikh insurrection had been put down, the English Government had to solve the vital question whether the Punjab should be turned into a British province or governed through a native dynasty under the British protectorate. Campbell, who was nothing less than a Jingo, nevertheless advocated annexation in a series of published letters that are still of value because they define the real issues always involved by such a situation. You can, he argued, annex boldly; it is a fresh burden upon your shoulders, but if you do so the population will probably acquiesce quietly. Or else you can set up again a native ruler under your protectorate, but then you must leave him almost entirely to his own devices for internal administration. What you cannot do without certainty of failure is to try a middle course, maintaining a puppet ruler with the semblance of authority, but relieving him of all real responsibility by retaining the substantial power in the hands of English officials placed at the head of the principal administrative departments. "A double government is most assuredly and unmitigatedly bad." It has been supposed, and it is quite probable, that these letters materially influenced the final decision to annex; they undoubtedly attracted much notice, and obtained for the writer a very useful increase of reputation. Moreover, what Campbell called the system of "political dry nursing" has never since been attempted on any scale in India, where the native States are left as much as possible to govern themselves; although it is still on its trial nearer home. When, seven years later, the disorderly state of Oudh brought again before Lord Dalhousie the same problem, the Home Government, says Campbell, overruled the resistance of the Governor-General, who was for some "administrative compromise," and ordered that kingdom's final incorporation into British India.

Campbell's narrative of the Sepoy mutiny, which has been the theme of so much fervid writing, is at least cool and dispassionate. He was present at several skirmishes and raids upon turbulent peasants, and he says that he was the first man to reach Delhi after it was taken, though as a matter of fact another Englishman accompanied him. He shows a disposition to underrate the anarchy and confusion

of the first few months when he writes that "in our own territories, Oudh excepted, there was no considerable civil rebellion at all." And when he insists that all the murdering was done by the sepoys, while the ordinary civil population behaved fairly well, he is by no means accurate; nor does he take into account the fact that a mercenary army in revolt expects, and therefore shows, no mercy. But the book contains some curious and striking particulars and pictures of that arduous struggle, with a generally sound appreciation of the causes and the course of so abrupt an outbreak, and some interesting sketches of the men whom it brought to the front. Of John Lawrence he says, quite truly, that some of his chief officers, the more violent, inveighed against him and took credit for rescuing him from this or that weakness. But, he adds, "I believe they were entirely wrong, and that to Lawrence it is due that the Punjab was made the means of taking Delhi and saving India." The opinions pronounced by Campbell on Lord Canning's policy, on the excessive glorification of Nicholson, upon Neill and Havelock, and upon Lord Clyde's Fabian campaign, may provoke adverse comment, but are in themselves well worth reading as the conclusion of an able man who attentively watched and weighed the facts and circumstances of the time. There was a kind of dry pertinacity about his views and arguments that irritated men in the midst of the heat and turmoil of those days, particularly as he was apt to take the unpopular side, and was not easily worsted in discussion. He wrote from India during the mutiny some letters to the *Times*, which were much noticed, asserting among other things that no atrocities had been committed upon English men and women; when in truth there had occurred a few cases, which had been immensely multiplied by exaggeration.

After the Mutiny had ended, Campbell was given high office in Oudh, where he reorganised the judicial administration, and made a very creditable stand against the landlordism that was then in the ascendant. His unfashionable opinions had much to do with his transfer to the Calcutta High Court, where, as usual, he distinguished himself by a kind of stubborn originality, leading him to construct his own ideas and theories upon every question, and to insist upon them courageously, but too stiffly, in despite of authority or tradition. Although he had a strong intellect, it was cast in an unscientific irregular mould, so that his views and speculations, whether upon law, ethnology, or politics, were tinged by a certain waywardness, almost amounting in some directions to eccentricity. He was at his best, perhaps, in executive administration; he saw things as they were, and was quite untrammelled by forms or routine. He would never have perpetrated the grand blunder of leaving one-fourth of the population of Orissa to die of acute famine by maintaining the pure economical principles of supply and demand. In the Central Provinces he did well as Chief Commissioner; and when, in 1870, he became Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, he considerably fluttered the rather conservative officialism of that province by his projects of radical administrative reform. Of all his more important acts and proceedings during these years the book before us contains ample record, interspersed with some characteristic personal reminiscences and many shrewd observations on current Indian affairs. His critical remarks on the relations between landlord and tenant, and between planters and labourers, in Bengal; on education, the opium revenue, and on various economical and political questions, are still well worth reading by the student of Indian polity. Some of the measures which he initiated have so developed as to prove that in several respects he was in advance of his time; but though he was a kind-hearted, clear-headed man, as a reformer he lacked the persuasive gift, and his minor deficiencies of sympathy and manner led people, in India as afterwards in England, to under-

rate Campbell's honesty, worth, and undeniable capacity.

### OUR CONSTITUTION IN ITS WORKING.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND: ITS ORIGIN, DEVELOPMENT, AND PRACTICAL OPERATION. By the late Alpheus Todd, LL.D., C.M.G. New Edition. Abridged and Revised by Spencer Walpole. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

THIS book has a curious history. Dr. Todd was a self-taught expert in Constitutional Law, who, as Librarian to the Canadian Parliament, was frequently consulted during its early days as to details in Parliamentary procedure and usage. In studying those practical questions that naturally arose in a young country, he accumulated a great mass of notes, which he eventually digested into a most detailed and learned book. But it was coloured very considerably by his own views. He was apparently somewhat apprehensive as to the growth of democracy in the Colonies, and anxious for a strong executive to combat it and to maintain the restraints of precedent and tradition. Moreover, he thought that English writers on Constitutional Law had underrated the position of the Crown in the British Constitution. His work, consequently, is to a great extent an exaltation of the Royal power and influence. For educational purposes, therefore, re-editing and excision were demanded, especially as Dr. Todd, like many self-taught students, did not always manage his material in the most convenient way. He was too fond of excursions and predictions, of giving his own political views and justifying them in detail by minute references to particular periods of history. Mr. Spencer Walpole, therefore, has done good service by this revision and condensation of what, with all its defects, has long been recognised as a valuable and standard book.

Minute criticism of such a treatise is out of place in any journal intended for the general reader. It is a work of great learning, and every statement is backed up by so imposing an array of references that it would require some boldness in a reviewer to combat the views expressed. As a general criticism we may say that it appears open to the same objection as other standard works on the British Constitution. It is too statical. Books of this kind almost unavoidably generalise from particulars taken (let us say) from the years 1760, 1832, 1840, 1860, and 1870, as if they were all on a par. The student might overlook the truth that the Constitution is always in a state of growth and change, and that, though a precedent may be found for its probable working in a given case hereafter, it depends very much on the circumstances of the time whether that precedent will really be acted upon. The people who will use the book are mostly (we hope) aware of this fact, and the cases given are in many cases of too detailed and technical a character to be affected much by outside influences, such as public opinion. Still, it must be very doubtful whether the kind of composite photograph of the Constitution which a reader of this book will form in 1893 will be really applicable in 1896 or 1897.

With this reservation we can heartily recommend the work. It is too technical, indeed, for the use of anyone but professed students of English constitutional history or political science. The plain man of practical politics wants something a good deal plainer and more concise. But it is an admirable book of reference, or text-book for the examinations at the Universities, or for those on entrance to the Civil Service. (We wonder, by the way, how many Members of Parliament could pass an examination in it; especially those of the great Constitutional Party.) And the value of a text-book is often increased by the fact that some of its positions are questionable. This stimulates teacher and pupil alike.

Among positions that most readers will class as

questionable the most conspicuous is that taken up as to the position of the Crown. Not only is it maintained that the Crown actually selects the Prime Minister, but every opportunity is taken to minimise the claim of Parliament to interfere with the Administration. Great weight is attached to the social and moral influence of the Court, especially if, to use Dr. Todd's ponderous and pompous phraseology, "its recreations are becomingly directed into moral and healthful channels." Much stress is laid, for instance, on the personal influence exercised by the Queen in discountenancing the exhibitions of Blondin's imitators in 1863. It is possible, of course, that the share of the Crown in political life may become greater. Now that Labour Parties are scoffing at "mere politics" and that there is a distinct tendency to appeal to the Crown, or the Sovereign People, against the politicians, it is quite conceivable that we may some day see an alliance in many European States between the Crown and the Demos against the Parliament. The "Royal Referendum" in Belgium might have brought this about; some Boulangists, no doubt, would have liked it in France; and we do not see how, if political theory is to go under, we can be permanently safe from it in England. One French thinker, M. Leroy-Beaulieu, believes that not Republics, but great administrative Monarchies, will be the future Governments of Europe. But when the Monarchy is strengthened to this extent the rest of Dr. Todd's book will be very ancient history indeed.

Mr. Spencer Walpole modestly keeps himself out of the text, and appears merely within square brackets in a few necessary and excellent notes. Is it not rather misleading, however, to say that the Sovereign in England is "the Crown, the Lords, and the body of electors that choose the House of Commons?" Surely this is "confounding the legal with the political Sovereign" in a manner calculated to raise John Austin's ghost.

### MR. BUXTON ON HUNTING IN WILD COUNTRIES.

SHORT STALKS; OR, HUNTING-CAMPS—NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, AND WEST. By Edward North Buxton. London: Edward Stanford.

MR. E. N. BUXTON, whose name and work as a politician and educationist everyone knows and respects, gives us here a collection of sketches of his experiences in the pursuit of big game in various parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. He begins with the wild sheep of Sardinia, passes to the chamois of the Engadin, thence to the Rocky Mountains in search of the elk or wapiti and Big Horn sheep of Wyoming, thence to the edge of the Algerian Sahara after Barbary sheep (*ovis tragelaphus*) and the mountain gazelle, thence to Sweden (where he stalks the elk), thence to the interior of Asia Minor (wild goats and red deer), thence to the Spanish side of the Pyrenees (ibex), then back again to Scandinavia for bear and reindeer, winding up with an account of two dangerous excursions on the range of Mont Blanc, in days long past, before that range was known and surveyed in every part as it now is. Thus there is plenty of variety, and though the pursuit of wild creatures is the thread upon which the descriptions of scenery and manners and the bits of personal adventure are strung, the volume is anything but a mere record of slaughter. Mr. Buxton is one of those persons in whom the paradox presents itself as so natural, so obviously inwrought in temper and habits, that one almost forgets to be surprised by it—the paradox, we mean, that it is the love of the beast that makes the hunter wish to kill it. To those in whom the instinct of the chase is not strong, this way of showing fondness seems so unaccountable that they try to account for it by supposing a transmission of the predatory habits of primitive man in brain-cells totally unconnected with those wherein

dwelling the dumb do possess Buxton. hunter, deer as if said the feel sure ness to them. N tells us h over m sponsible animals. his enjoy from the when th agility a difference in which hardship sort of t which se a greater area or in have suc

Howe this book and bette he will fi adventur of scenery wherever be they backwood equal zes and in co late plate perhaps t dealt wit Nature re pictorial is vividly view, bec of the cl elements not to spe which th takes int wide rang keen an e wapiti or heartily, ceiving n energy an himself. They are sentations spots they

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dwell the gentleness and delicacy of feeling towards the dumb creatures which no doubt many hunters do possess, and which is very conspicuous in Mr. Buxton. The Saxon chronicler says of that mighty hunter, William the Conqueror, "He loved the tall deer as if he had been their father." Probably people said the same thing of Nimrod; and Mr. Buxton is, we feel sure, incapable of the slightest act of unfriendliness to any of his quarries except that of slaying them. Nor is it mere slaughter that pleases him. As he tells us himself, he is "in all these journeys, spreading over more than a quarter of a century, personally responsible for the death of less than eighty four-footed animals." We are sensible all through the book that his enjoyment of the process of the chase, quite apart from the result, is such that he is really just as happy when the wild creature foils him by its art or its agility as when he captures it. And there is all the difference in the world between this sort of pursuit, in which skill, activity, and the power of enduring hardships are constantly drawn upon, and the bastard sort of thing which is called sport nowadays, and which seems to consist in the mere vanity of killing a greater number of birds or stags or hares on a given area or in a given day or month than one's neighbours have succeeded in doing.

However, we do not so much wish to commend this book to sportsmen, even sportsmen of the older and better type, as to let the general reader know that he will find it full of genial and simple narratives of adventure interspersed with fresh bright pictures of scenery and manners. The author enjoys himself wherever he goes, and enters into the life of the people, be they Scandinavian peasants or rough American backwoodsmen, Turks, or Berbers, or Norwegians, with equal zest. All his expeditions are among mountains and in comparatively wild countries—the vast desolate plateaux on the borders of Sweden and Norway, perhaps the least wild and certainly the safest of those dealt with—where comforts are unattainable and Nature remains unspoiled. There is not much direct pictorial description of the scenery, but its character is vividly conveyed to us from the hunter's point of view, because the character of the rocks, of the trees, of the climate, and of the smaller animals are all elements in the problems which a hunter has to solve, not to speak of the aptitudes or inaptitudes for help which the people show whom in each country he takes into his service. Mr. Buxton has an unusually wide range of experience in this respect, and has as keen an eye for human peculiarities as for those of the wapiti or izzards. We have enjoyed the book heartily, and think no one will read it without conceiving not only an admiration for the author's energy and perseverance, but a genuine liking for himself. Nor must the illustrations be forgotten. They are charming bits of art and admirable representations both of the creatures pursued and of the spots they haunt.

#### AN INEXACT SCIENCE.

THE HUMAN MIND. A Text-Book in Psychology. By James Sully, LL.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE wisest introduction to Mr. Sully's learned but somewhat misleading volumes would be Professor Jowett's remarks upon psychology in the new edition of his "Plato." For Mr. Sully, though by no means overweening, is disposed to magnify his apostolate, talking rather grandly of "trained scientific observers," "inductive methods," "quantitative measurements," and other belongings of the laboratory—as though the mind could be dealt with like an electric current. But Professor Jowett knows better. So impressed is he with the "infinite subtlety" of that same mind (keeping in view, no doubt, the Shaksperes, Newtons, Platos, and most women, educated or the reverse), that he does not shrink from disparaging psychology as a "fancy science," the outlines of which individuals are apt to fill up according to their good pleasure. Its foundations, he tells us, are "precarious"; the

supposed analogy to physics will not hold; to employ technical language in dealing with it is a mere delusion, which wraps up ignorance in formulas; and, though scattered observations may be registered and have their own value, they remain fragments of knowledge, and "can never become science." How, he would ask, can "introspection" rise to the power and assume the range of "induction"? Not the physical method, but the historical, is that which we ought to pursue in attempting a science of the mind. And now consider if our means of navigating that wide ocean of thought are likely to furnish us with a chart of its under-currents, sunken rocks, and sunless vegetation! The mind, which is a miracle in the universe of matter, has its abysmal depths; and it is the explanation, not the reality, which will turn out to be shallow when we have carefully examined it.

But Mr. Sully takes the Comtist way, which is laid down to be plain sailing because it starts from nowhere and arrives nowhither. Let us get rid of metaphysical assumptions, says Comte. Yes, but can we? That is the question. In these two readable and well-written volumes the supposition is that no metaphysics have been allowed to pass the door. Yet Professor Jowett, like any other idealist, will show that they have somehow slipped in, that they make themselves felt everywhere, and that the system which they imply is the very definite one known as Empiricism. Not, of course, the simple thing taught by Locke, or even by Stuart Mill; but an Empiricism which represents the intelligible side of Bain, Spencer, Ribot, and others of the same school. It professes not to touch the ultimate problems, to be magnificently neutral as regards God, Freedom, and Immortality; nevertheless, one cannot help feeling that decisive hints are dropped as to how these problems ought not to be handled. Necessary beliefs become mere "organised experiences"; the Moral Law is founded on utilitarian, social, and "ego-altruistic" expediency; rational choice is a "tertiary deposit" of consciousness, not in the least requiring that a man shall determine his own acts by free-will; and while "Self" is recognised as the very element without which psychology would be impossible, it is dropped out at the beginning as otiose, and the science marches on more triumphantly than ever did St. Denis, for it does not so much as carry its own head in its hands. The idea that there are "states of consciousness" distinct from one another is, we are told, a fiction; and thus, being deprived both of the "Self" and its states, we come down to a current flowing through time, a "stream of tendency," the processes of which we note by introspection. On the whole, we are reminded of the grammarian who proposed to conjugate his verbs by leaving out the persons. A pretty mess he made of it!

One consequence of these things, however, is an intolerable deal of scholasticism, by which minute and dull observations, random guesses and obscure deductions, are tricked out in all the glory of science. The pleasantest pages are the most valuable, yet as desultory though suggestive reading, not as the "line upon line" and "precept upon precept" characteristic of reasoned knowledge, with its premises, middle terms, and conclusions plainly set out and open to trial. When Mr. Sully quotes from the right hand and the left on subjects like the æsthetic emotions, the influence of the will on belief, the curiosities of hypnotism, dreams, and abnormal intellect, he is interesting by reason of the facts brought together, the possibilities shadowed forth, the rays of light shot into secluded nooks and corners; but he does not travel within a thousand miles of inductive science, nor do we. The spirit of George Eliot hovers about his book—a "great intellect" subdued by feeling, massive and vague rather than clear, and perpetually losing itself in the mist with which the origin of things was veiled for it.

In his references to authorities Mr. Sully makes

a significant choice. With few exceptions they are modern; never medieval, and seldom ancient. Some room is left for Aristotle, nor is Kant wholly silenced. But the schools which maintain that psychology must assume "ideas and a continuing mind" are in practice allowed no weight. Striking, also, it is that the phenomena of "religion" have been dismissed in a couple of pages, being resolved into social and ethical, that is to say, into "humanitarian" elements. May we suggest to the author that a well-balanced treatise, professing to describe even the surface of psychology, would afford its readers a glimpse of the views which prevailed before Comte, and which seem destined not immediately to perish? Text-books written by examiners for the London University should be complete, if they cannot be impartial. What should we think of a political economist who treated all schools of finance except his own as of no consequence? But perhaps the Comtist method, which analyses products with no reference to their value (as though valueless products were worth analysing!), would suffer in the neighbourhood of a less artificial system.

Industry, learning, accurate quotation, and a style which, though not brilliant, has its own merits, we expect in all Mr. Sully gives to the world. Nor is candour, within the limits we have marked, wanting to his chapters. Only let not the public which reads him, whether for enjoyment or for examination, be led to suppose that other students of the mind would not differ in a thousand instances, and on principle, from statements which are here set down with a natural air, as though nothing could be more simple. Assumptions are made, definitions taken for granted, points of view passed over; and the analogy which is to aid introspection and widen its prospect, is confined within the bounds traced by a sect of philosophers who have emptied out the enduring reality of things, whether tangible or intangible, and resolved not to have it in their knowledge. Empirical psychology, though no more than a fragment, has a certain value. When, however, it insinuates a metaphysics, the dogma of which is irretrievable nescience concerning the only subjects about which mankind is seriously troubled, and which alone give to existence its worth and interest, we question whether it deserves any great attention. It is only scholasticism, or mental casuistry in a modern shape.

#### BURNS AND HORACE.

BURNS'S POETICAL WORKS. 3 vols. Aldine Edition. With a Memoir by George A. Aitken. London: George Bell and Sons.

BURNS. The Newberry Classics. Edited by J. R. Tutin. London: Griffith, Farran & Co.

ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE. Translated by Sir Stephen de Vere, with Preface and Notes. London: George Bell and Sons.

THE ODES AND CARMEN SECLARE OF HORACE. Translated by T. A. Walker, M.A. London: Eliot Stock.

WHILE a more robust writer than Mr. Aitken would never have made such a paltry remark as that "Tam o' Shanter" in its subject and treatment is more pleasing than "The Jolly Beggars," he could not possibly have given more attention to collation and annotation than almost every page of the Aldine Burns indicates. It is true that Mr. Aitken's glossary is not by any means an ideal one, and that he takes questionable liberties with the text, yet the actual editing is well done; many new readings are supplied, and some new pieces. The care and conscience for which Mr. Aitken's work is noted are here without stint. In the memoir they are even more conspicuous, especially the neuralgic conscience. Mr. Aitken must have suffered much in writing some of these pages. Our conclusion is that editors of Burns should use menthol or quinine for the conscience-ache, and so escape such a painful memoir as this. Dispassionately we may say of it that the sterility of the literary criticism is matched by the inferiority

of the insinuations regarding Highland Mary and the ineptitude of the attempt to measure Burns by tape and foot-rule. The commonplace notice by Mr. Tutin in Messrs. Griffith and Farran's serviceable popular edition of Burns conveys a truer idea of the poet than Mr. Aitken's carping memoir.

There are no better translations from Horace than those of Sir Stephen de Vere. Beginning with ten Odes in 1885, increasing the number to thirty in 1886, he has now given us eighty Odes and seven Epodes in a handsome small quarto well worth possessing. As English poems—Dr. Johnson's test of translation—most of them read convincingly; as transcript of verse two thousand years old they are really wonderful. Mr. Walker's translation suffers by comparison with Sir Stephen de Vere's. It contains admirable work, and passages of remarkable spontaneity; but his over-familiar manner reduces many of the Odes to the level of the merest *vers de société*, and the "Carmen Seclare" to a Sunday-school hymn: his language is prosaic. Sir Stephen de Vere, versed in the English poets, gratifies the sense with Miltonic and Tennysonian cadences, and an occasional charming conventionality from the last century. His work is thus a true translation into English poetry, most unquestionably full of attraction for the English reader. Distinction, dignity Sir Stephen de Vere brings to his work in ample measure—sometimes almost too ample for the lighter and also for the more fiery pieces. We may mention as special triumphs Book I., vii., Book II., xiii., Book II., xviii., generally the didactic Odes in Book III., and the noble version of "Altera jam teritur."

At the present crisis, when the younger generation thinks it has bidden farewell for ever to the past, and literature, a lean gigantic youth, racked with growing pains, staggers on he knows not well whither, a long-elaborated translation of Horace is significant, if only to inculcate the maxim, *festina lente*—"ca' canny," as the Scotch render it in the most perfect translation in the world. It reminds those who have ceased to hark back that the spirit of every age was new; that what seems so fresh and wonderful was always fresh and wonderful to real intelligence; that science is a prophet of the past, discovering what has been in the world since it began; and that man alone is and always has been modern. Horace said,

"I vex not gods, nor patron friend,  
For larger gifts, or ampler store;  
My modest Sabine farm can lend  
All that I want, and more."

Burns sang, "A man's a man for a' that," and Ibsen tells us "the strongest is he that stands alone." "Trust yourself" has always been and will always be the freshest and greatest of literary messages.

#### FICTION.

GRAYBRIDGE HALL. A Romance. By Adèle Warren. London: Skeffington & Son.

AS A MAN IS ABLE: A STUDY IN HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS. By Dorothy Leighton. 3 vols. London: William Heinemann.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF JIM DUNCAN: A CHRONICLE OF SMALL BEER. By John Pennington Marsden. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited.

"GRAYBRIDGE HALL" purports to be "a romance," and "a romance" appears to mean, from the author's point of view, an indigestible compound of blatant piety, copious sentimentality, and incorrect French. Maude, the extremely wishy-washy heroine of this tedious tale, is called by her long-winded lover a "balle de niege" (*sic*)—a simile which the author offers us on so many occasions that not by the utmost stretch of charity can the error be imputed to the printer. Maude is a ministering-angel sort of heroine, devoting much time to district-visiting under the guidance of her vicar. In this way she makes the acquaintance of an aged crone whose "whisps (*sic*)

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of raven hair" are as remarkable as the "unnatural-shaped head" of her wretched dwarfish grandchild, Minna. But Minna is distinguished by the possession of a "lapis laguli (*sic*) ring," and this ring is destined to play an important part in the fortunes of the dwarf and other personages, for she is the deserted daughter of the villain of the book, one Captain Kendal. Now Captain Kendal is so bold and bad that he casts a "momentarily glance" upon Maude, and that glance (likewise described as "discoloured") is a forerunner of unpleasantness between Maude and her true love, Harry Fielding, ending in a tragic manner for the latter. This seems rather hard on Harry, who had already been annoyed by his sister's persistent playing of "gigs" on the piano—a novel form of torture which he bore so beautifully as to deserve a happier fate. Maude is consoled by her vicar, Minna is restored to her rights, and so ends a wearisome and pretentious tale, best described in the author's own words as "maudling twaddle."

"As a Man is Able" is another of the novels devoted to the discussion of the marriage question—of course from the unorthodox side. We should have been glad if Miss Leighton had exercised her undoubted powers in a more profitable and congenial field. She has considerable knowledge of character, a happy facility in dialogue, and that brightness of style which often does away with the necessity for distinction, and really it cannot be said that she shows any good reason why her present story should have been so painful as it is, for painful it is undoubtedly. A young man who is the nominal hero of the novel, though beyond the name there is nothing heroic about him, falls in love with his tutor's daughter and becomes engaged to her. An irate father sends him out to India to expiate this and other youthful offences in exile on an indigo plantation. He determines that the lady of his love shall accompany him, and as her father opportunely dies, they arrange to be married in Paris at the very moment when he is starting for his Eastern journey. But, alas, they are young, and have quite forgotten the fact that certain formalities, and above all a certain length of residence, are necessary before an English couple can be married abroad. The long and short of it is that, when they arrive in India as Mr. and Mrs. Vandeleur, they are husband and wife in everything save the one essential. Iris, the woman who thus sacrifices herself in the interests of the man she loves, is charmingly drawn and might win sympathy even from Mrs. Grundy. Her husband is a very different personage, and the reader is tempted more than once to wish that he had the power of inflicting some personal chastisement upon him. In due time, however, his punishment descends from the heavens, and the story closes with as pretty a display of retributive justice as the most ardent moralist could have wished for. We have not attempted to touch upon the really conspicuous merits of a story which is far above the average. When next we meet the author, we trust it will be in a pleasanter field than that which she has chosen to cultivate on this occasion.

The sub-title of Mr. J. P. Marsden's book displays an amount of frank humility that goes far to disarm criticism, though it cannot succeed in disguising the fact that the story is one of portentous length and dullness. It is, avowedly, "a chronicle of small beer" that the author has aimed at presenting to his readers, and perhaps it were futile to complain of the conscientiousness with which he has adhered to his purpose; but undoubtedly he would have shown more wisdom had he compressed this very unexciting narrative into one volume. As the book now stands it is a monument of wasted labour, for few people care to wade through three volumes of uninteresting detail unenlivened by humour, satire, or dialogue. The story is told in autobiographical form, narrating the life of a certain James Duncan, a New York merchant; how he fared in love and in business, with voluminous moralisings on his doleful experiences in both these pursuits. There is an air of homely candour about

the book which lends reality, but is powerless to awaken interest; and one follows the course of the hero's prosaic career with much the same polite semblance of attention and inward sense of boredom which are roused by the enforced inspection of photographic portraits. How wooden seem these figures of men and women, how inexpressive their countenances, how undramatic their gestures! They have lived once, perhaps, but they do not live before our eyes. True, at one point of his narrative Mr. Marsden brightens up into something like energy—in his description of the horrible "debtors' prison" which, he informs us, still disgraces the "free country" of which he is a citizen. In this loathsome den, worse than the old Fleet or Marshalsea, the hero is doomed to spend long months of captivity, emerging only to find his wife's affection alienated by his misfortunes—surely an unwomanly feature in the character of one whom the author holds up as a model of all that is loveliest and best in womanhood!

This mild tale of domestic life may please some readers, but they will assuredly not be of that class that demands brisk action, witty dialogue, or literary graces, in all of which essentials "The Personal History of Jim Duncan" is conspicuously lacking.

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

MRS. GORDON has seen a good deal of the world, and in the pages of "Clear Round"—a book which is the outcome of letters from abroad to a group of children at home—she contrives to unite amusement and instruction. There is a saying in Japan which runs to the effect that, if you love your child, you will send him on a journey; and we can well believe that these vivid and picturesque descriptions of the manners and customs of China and Japan, India and Egypt, to say nothing of Canada, will send many imaginative young fireside travellers in the coming winter on a sentimental journey on their own account. Mrs. Gordon writes pleasantly, and there is plenty of evidence in these graceful and well-informed chapters of shrewd observation and generous sympathy. She indulges too freely in poetical quotations—and, unluckily, she does not always quote correctly. Occasionally, moreover, the "Sandford and Merton" tone of the book is pronounced, though it is only fair to add that, as a rule, Mrs. Gordon keeps a firm hand on her didactic and moralising impulses. On the whole, therefore, her narrative may be commended as clear, bright, and easy, whilst the results of a good deal of reading on mythology and folk-lore, quaint legends, lingering superstitions, and the symbolism which has gathered about plants and flowers in different parts of the globe are blended unassumingly with lively impressions of people and clever descriptions of places. Even when Mrs. Gordon abandons poetry for prose slight inaccuracies of statement creep now and then upon the page, and in this respect the book is capable of improvement. In the appendix various points and practices which appeal to older readers are discussed. Wherever she went Mrs. Gordon appears to have made friends of the children whom she encountered, and this circumstance, linked as it is to a pleasant gift of humour, heightens the charm of a book which, in spite of its imperfections, possesses real merit.

In this restless, hard-driven age the world is too much with us, and the call, "Come ye Apart," is one to which it is well to give heed. Dr. Miller has chosen the words as the title of a volume of daily readings in the life of Christ. No claim is set up that these comments on passages in the Gospels are either exegetical or expository; the tone of the book is, in fact, devotional, and its message is practical. "The readings themselves are only fragments of thought suggested by the texts," and yet we suspect they will go a long way in many a quiet life towards the deepening of faith, the brightening of hope, and the kindling of charity. Although this book is chiefly concerned with things unseen as yet, it is quite free from that base and selfish form of

\*CLEAR ROUND; OR, SEEDS OF STORY FROM OTHER COUNTRIES. By E. A. Gordon. Illustrated. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.) Crown 8vo.

COME YE APART: DAILY READINGS IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D. (Ludgate Hill, London: The Sunday School Union.) Crown 8vo.

OUTLINES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By William Renton, author of "The Logic of Style," etc. University Extension Manuals. (London: John Murray.) Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

GUIDE MAP OF SCOTLAND FOR TOURISTS. (Soho Square, London: Adam & Charles Black.) Crown 8vo. (1s.)

MY MUSICAL LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS. By Jules Rivière. Photogravure Portrait. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.) Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

EPISCOPACY, HISTORICALLY, DOCTRINALLY, AND LEGALLY CONSIDERED. By John Fraser. (Fleet Street, London: James Clarke & Co.) Post 8vo. (6s. net.)

other-worldliness against which George Eliot took up her parable.

It requires a bold man to grapple even with the "Outlines of English Literature" in a little book of less than two hundred and fifty pages, but all things are possible to University Extension lecturers. Mr. Renton accordingly has grasped the nettle which Professor Knight and Mr. John Murray bade him pluck for the benefit of the young man of large ideas and modest means, and the result is an admirable, though not a faultless, manual. The arrangement is ingenious, though fanciful, and sometimes the scale of the book is open to objections. Mr. Renton's passing comments and criticisms, though of necessity slight, are seldom superficial. Personal preferences count for something, even with a University lecturer; but, after all, there is nothing excessive in this direction in the present instance. There are some decidedly original diagrams in the volume, an excellent table of contents, and a fairly satisfactory index. Proof-reading is no doubt a tedious occupation, but it is a task which no man has a right to render perfunctory. If Mr. Renton had taken more trouble in this direction the value of his manual would have been increased, and Isaac Barrow's name—to descend to particulars—would not have stared the reader in the face in all the glory of leaded type on page 131 in the almost unrecognisable guise of "Darrow."

The spell of Scotland grows irresistible on the threshold of August, and guide-maps for tourists acquire in consequence a sudden vogue. Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston have fashioned, just in the nick of time, a coloured pocket-map of Scotland which reveals at a glance much more than a tangled labyrinth of names. It is coloured, and, as it measures thirty-four inches by twenty-three, there is ample room for the geographical and historical notes, which form perhaps its most original feature. The railways, steamer-routes, and coach-roads are clearly indicated, and the heights of the mountains are given, and occasionally even the objects of interest in a town or district are stated. The map folds into small compass, and it seems to us that it only needs to be known to be appreciated.

Although there is nothing very remarkable in M. Jules Rivière's "Musical Life and Recollections," the book is not merely readable, but entertaining, for the famous conductor of promenade concerts at Cremorne, Covent Garden, Blackpool, and Llandudno is a man who, in his time, has played many parts. He was born in rural France as far back as 1819, and at one time was intended for the priesthood, but his musical instincts prevailed, and he became a chorister. He remembers the death of Louis XVIII., and was an eye-witness of the midsummer madness in Paris in 1830, when Charles X. was dethroned. Two or three years later Jullien discovered his ability, and whilst still a youth he became a member of that musician's orchestra. He seemed to have found his true vocation and a successful career before him when, by the irony of fate, he was swept by the conscription into the army. M. Rivière gives an amusing account of the figure which he, as a young fiddler, cut in the crack regiment into which he had been drafted. He rose eventually to be bandmaster, and in this capacity was fortunate enough to win the favour of Napoleon III. After quitting the army M. Rivière organised popular concerts in Belgium and some of the chief cities of France, but the passion for high play seized him at Spa, and ruin suddenly stared him in the face. Then it was that he came to England, and he gives a vivid description of his first experiences in London amid the dismal fogs of November, 1857. His resources were strictly limited, and consisted almost exclusively of a knowledge of music and a modest vocabulary of half a dozen English words. His old friend and patron, Jullien, was at that time a prominent figure in the musical world of the metropolis, and he did not turn his back on his fellow-countryman in the hour of need. Within twelve months M. Rivière was appointed conductor at Cremorne Gardens, and since 1858 few bandmasters have been more widely known. The landmarks in M. Rivière's subsequent career are the Adelphi Theatre, the Alhambra, the promenade concerts at Covent Garden, the Westminster Aquarium, and the concerts at the two seaside resorts we have already named. Since his London life began M. Rivière has been both a composer and a publisher of music, and many of his songs, such as "Spring, Gentle Spring," have been widely popular. There are some interesting reminiscences in the book which throw into relief the freaks and foibles of not a few theatrical and musical celebrities, but the tone of the book is not less good-natured than vivacious. There are anecdotes of Jullien, Offenbach, Sir Michael Costa, Sir Julius Benedict, Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and other well-known musicians and singers.

The heart of Mr. John Fraser has apparently been made sad by certain allusions to Apostolical Succession and the Real Presence made by the clergy in a "small village church in the south of England." He was stirred in consequence to what he describes as prolonged research, and the outcome of it all was a course of lectures on "Episcopacy," which were prepared for the benefit of working men. Unhappily, Mr. Fraser's zeal outran his discretion, and the consequence is that his book, in spite of its appeal to doctrine, history, and law, lacks charity, and is too plentifully endowed with temper. He scoffs vigorously at

"episcopal arrogance and sacerdotalism," and he occasionally contrives to shoot a well-directed arrow between the joints of the cumbrous and antiquated ecclesiastical armour of contemporary prelates and priests. He has a mean opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury as an ecclesiastical judge, and he makes no secret of his opinion that the one hundred and twenty-two printed pages which contained the Primate's verdict in the Lincoln case were "largely made up of antiquarian twaddle." It will be seen that our author uses great plainness of speech, and is by no means inclined to bandy compliments with hierarchy, but occasionally the statements are too sweeping in themselves and too violently expressed, with the result that they largely defeat their own purpose. It is a pity that Mr. Fraser, when he was about it, did not write a more calm and more closely-reasoned indictment of Episcopacy; for it is high time—in other places than the small village in the south of England—that daylight was let in on the ridiculous and sinister assumptions of too large a section of the clergy.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- MY MELPOMENE. By Paul Quies. (Howe & Co.)  
 INDEX TO THE STATUTES IN FORCE. Twelfth edition. To the End of the Session 55 and 56 Vict. (1892.) (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)  
 NATIONAL RAILWAYS. An argument for State Purchase. By James Hole. (Cassell.)  
 THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE. A Story of a Man of Character. By Thomas Hardy. (Sampson Low.)  
 W. AND A. K. JOHNSTON'S GUIDE MAP TO SCOTLAND FOR TOURISTS. (A. & C. Black.)  
 LA TYRANNIE SOCIALISTE. Par Yves Guyot. (Paris: Ch. Delagrave.)  
 DOCTOR PASCAL. By Émile Zola. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. (Chatto & Windus.)  
 THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE DIOCESE OF KILMACDUGH. By J. Fahey, D.D., V.G. (Dublin: Gill & Son.)  
 CHARLEY KINGSTON'S AUNT. By Pen Oliver, F.R.C.S. (Sir Henry Thompson.) Revised edition. (F. Warne & Co.)  
 THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN. By Robert Grant. *The Tavistock Library.* (F. Warne & Co.)  
 SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS, DESPATCHES, AND OTHER STATE PAPERS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA, 1857-1858. Edited by G. W. Forrest, B.A. Vol. I. Delhi. (Calcutta: Military Department Press.)  
 REVERIES OF WORLD HISTORY. By T. Mullett Ellis. (Swan Sonnenschein.)  
 THE MONASTERY. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. *Dryburgh Edition.* (A. & C. Black.)  
 SONS OF THE CROFT. By P. Hay Hunter. (Oliphant, Anderson.)  
 FROM WISDOM COURT. By H. S. Merriman and S. G. Tallentyre. (Heinemann.)  
 CATALOGUE OF THE GREEK AND ETRUSCAN VASES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. By H. B. Walters, M.A. Vol. II. Black figured vases. (The British Museum.)  
 THE WELSH CHURCH AND WELSH NATIONALITY. By David Jones, B.A. (Simpkin, Marshall.)  
 CYCLING AND HEALTH. By Oscar Jennings, M.D. Paris, M.R.C.S. England. Revised edition. (Liffe & Son.)  
 EARLY PRINTED BOOKS. By E. Gordon Duff. (Kegan Paul.)  
 INDIGESTION, GOUT, CORPULENCY. By Thomas Dutton, M.D. Third edition. (H. Kimpton.)  
 UP AND DOWN THE THAMES. (Hodder Brothers.)  
 CHIPS BY AN OLD CHUM; OR, AUSTRALIA IN THE FIFTIES. (Cassell.)  
 BIRDS IN A VILLAGE. By W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S. (Chapman & Hall.)  
 THE STORY OF ABIBAL THE TSOURIAN. Translated from the Phœnician by Edward Lovel Lester. Edited by Val C. Prinsep, A.R.A. (Smith Elder.)  
 BALLADEN UND ROMANZEN. Selected and arranged by C. A. Buchheim Ph.D. *Golden Treasury Series.* (Macmillan.)  
 THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE AND THE HEIR APPARENT. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. New edition. (Macmillan.)  
 THE TWO LANCROFTS. A Novel. By C. F. Keary. Three vols. (Osgood.)  
 TALES OF NEW ENGLAND. By Sarah Orne Jewett. (Osgood.)  
 THE FIRST SUPPER AND OTHER EPISODES. By Jonathan Sturges. (Osgood.)

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1893.

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## THE WEEK.

### PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

ATTEMPTS are being made in various quarters, but chiefly on the Tory side of the House, to induce the Government to abandon their intention of holding an autumn session. Whilst everybody must admit that the work of the past six months in Parliament has been sufficiently trying to entitle members to a long recess, we earnestly hope that Ministers will not yield to the pressure now being put upon them. The pledges they have given to their party and to the country ought alone to convince them of the necessity of remaining firm. But even if they had not made promises which they are morally bound to fulfil, they ought to consider the effect which the abandonment of the autumn session must necessarily have upon their opponents. These will regard it, and with good reason, as a victory for Obstruction. It is notorious that even the Obstructive tactics which were used against the Home Rule Bill were really intended to prevent any progress being made this year with British legislation. It was to defeat these tactics that Ministers resolved to hold an autumn session. If, owing to the Obstruction on the Estimates, this intention is now given up, the Obstructives will have secured a substantial victory at our expense.

It is suggested in some quarters that one of the natural objections to an autumn session would be met if Parliament, instead of being adjourned, were to be prorogued in the usual way next month, and a new session summoned for the middle of November. Those who make this suggestion forget, however, that it would involve the sacrifice of the work already accomplished on the Bills at present before the House of Commons. In the case of some of these Bills, such as the Employers' Liability Bill, considerable progress has been made, and it is very undesirable that the time spent on these measures should be lost. Probably an announcement of the intentions of the Government with regard to the future course of business will be made next week. The feeling in the Radical party, it may be noted, is as strong as it ever was in favour of holding a session in the autumn.

MR. GLADSTONE'S letter to the chairman of his Midlothian committee states with sufficient clearness the manner in which the ninth clause of the Home Rule Bill came to assume its present shape. There is

nothing in the letter which will be new to those who have given an intelligent attention to the course of the Bill in the House of Commons. But it is well to meet the persistent misrepresentation which has prevailed out of doors with a plain statement of facts, and this is what Mr. Gladstone has done in his letter. The simple truth is that the solution of the question of Irish representation which has been arrived at was the only possible one. Its dangers are precisely those which exist under the present system; but by the new arrangement they will be greatly lessened. Nobody pretends that the solution arrived at is an ideal one, but it is both practical and safe, and there is no reason to believe that it will not be approved of by the country.

ANOTHER Liberal has seceded formally from the party. Mr. W. H. Grenfell has written to the electors of Hereford to inform them that he can no longer support Mr. Gladstone's Government, first, because the Irish Members are to remain in the House of Commons after Home Rule, and, secondly, because Ministers are not bi-metallists. The combination of reasons is slightly grotesque, and throws some light upon Mr. Grenfell's intellectual characteristics. But Liberals must express their regret that this gentleman is no longer able to act with them, and at the same time acknowledge the honourable manner in which he has made his change of front known. Unlike Mr. Bolton, the only other "rat" of the Session, Mr. Grenfell offers to resign the seat which he obtained as a supporter of the Government, now that he can no longer act in that capacity. We have no desire to make light of the loss the Liberal party has sustained by his change of front. Yet considering the gravity and complexity of the questions with which the new Parliament has had to deal, the fierceness of the conflict in which it has been engaged ever since the opening of the present session, and the tremendous social forces arrayed against Liberalism, we may congratulate ourselves on the fact that the "process of disintegration" with which we were so freely threatened by our opponents twelve months ago, has resolved itself into the loss of the votes of Mr. Bolton and Mr. Grenfell.

THE notice which was taken on Monday last in the House of Commons of the disgraceful proceedings on the previous Thursday seems to us to have been ridiculously inadequate. No doubt it was desirable in the interests of all parties to prevent further irritation or disorder, and to get rid as quickly as possible of a painful and shameful incident. But the House of Commons owes a great debt, not merely to